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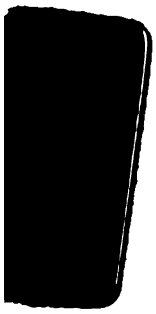

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LETTERS,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN;

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1703 TO 1740.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL,

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.

VOLUME I.

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LONDON,

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

RICHARD EARL TEMPLE,

VISCOUNT AND BARON COBHAM,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL,

AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER;

THESE LETTERS OF PERSONS EMINENT FOR THEIR RANK AND GENIUS ARE INSCRIBED, AS A TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM AND VENERATION, DUE TO A CHARACTER SO HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED FOR PRIVATE AND PUBLIC VIRTUE; FOR THE DISPLAY OF AMIABLE QUALITIES AS A MAN, AND THE EXERTION OF GREAT ABILITIES AS A PATRIOT, BY HIS

LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THOMAS WILKES.

PREFACE.

THE letters here offered to the public were a preſent from the late Dr. *Swift* to Dr. *Lyon*, a clergyman of *Ireland*, for whom he had a great regard; they were obtained of Dr. *Lyon* by Mr. *Thomas Wilkes*, of *Dublin*, and of Mr. *Wilkes* by the bookſellers for whom they are publiſhed.

As many of them mention perſons who have been long dead, and allude to incidents not now generally known, they would have been too obſcure to afford general entertainment or information, if they had not been elucidated by notes.

This neceſſary elucidation I have endeavoured to ſupply, at the requeſt of the proprietors, from ſuch knowledge of the Dean's connections and writings as I was able to acquire, when I reviſed twelve volumes of his works, which were publiſhed about ten years ago, with notes of the ſame kind, and ſome account of his life.

Many paſſages, however, occurred, which, though they wanted explanation, I could

not explain; theſe I made the ſubject of queries, which being ſhewn to the late reverend Dr. *Birch*, he furniſhed anſwers to moſt of them, which are diſtinguiſhed from the other notes by inverted commas. This favour coſt him ſome trouble; but he conferred it with that readineſs and pleaſure, which had made his character amiable upon many occaſions of much greater importance.

It has been thought beſt to print all the letters in order of time, without regarding by whom they were written; for if all the letters of each perſon had been claſſed together, the pleaſure of the reader would have been greatly leſſened, by paſſing again and again through the ſame ſeries, as often as he came to a new collection; whereas the ſeries is now preſerved regular and unbroken through the whole correſpondence. Thoſe which, being of uncertain dates, could not be brought into this ſeries, are printed together in an appendix.

Three letters from the Dean to the late earl of *Bath*, general *Pulteney* was pleaſed to communicate to the editor, by the favour of the reverend Dr. *Douglas*; two of theſe will be found in the appendix, the other

other had been already printed from a copy in the Dean's hand-writing. In the appendix will alſo be found ſome letters between the Dean and Mrs. *Eſther Vanhomrigh*, with a few others, which did not come to the hands of the proprietors till the reſt of the work was printed.

Some letters of a private nature, and ſome that relate to perſons who are ſtill living, have been ſuppreſſed; but the number are very ſmall. Some are inſerted that perſons ſtill living have written; but they are ſuch as would reflect no diſhonour upon the higheſt character.

For the publication of letters, which certainly were not written for the public, I ſhall however make no apology in my own name, becauſe the publication of them is not my own act, nor at my own option, but the act of thoſe, to whom they had been ſold for that purpoſe, before I knew they were in being.

It may, however, be preſumed, that though the publication of letters has been cenſured by ſome, yet that it is not condemned by the general voice, ſince a numerous ſubſcription, in which are many reſpectable names, has been lately obtained,

for printing other parts of the Dean's epiſtolary correſpondence, by a relation who profeſſes the utmoſt veneration for his memory; and a noble lord has permitted Mr. *Wilkes* to place this under his protection.

A recommendation of theſe volumes is yet leſs neceſſary than an apology; the letters are indiſputably genuine; the originals, in the hand-writing of the parties, or copies indorſed by the Dean, being depoſited in the *Britiſh Muſeum*; except of thoſe in the appendix mentioned to have come to the proprietors hands after the reſt was printed, the originals of which are in the hands of a gentleman of great eminence in the law in *Ireland*.

They are all written by perſons eminent for their abilities, many of whom were alſo eminent for their rank; the greater part are the genuine effuſions of the heart, in the full confidence of the moſt intimate friendſhip, without reſerve, and without diſguiſe. Such in particular are the letters between the Dean and Mrs. *Johnſon*, and Mrs. *Dingley*, lord *Bolingbroke*, Dr. *Arbuthnott*, Mr. *Lewis*, Mr. *Ford*, and Mr. *Gay*.

They

They relate many particulars, that would not otherwiſe have been known, relative to ſome of the moſt intereſting events that have happened in this century: they abound alſo with ſtrains of humour, turns of wit, and refined ſentiment: they are all ſtrongly characteriſtic, and enable the reader "to catch the manners living as they riſe." Thoſe from the Dean to Mrs. *Johnſon* and Mrs. *Dingley* are part of the journal mentioned in his life, and from them alone a better notion may be formed of his manner and character than from all that has been written about him.

But this collection muſt not be conſidered as affording only entertainment to the idle, or ſpeculative knowledge to the curious; it moſt forcibly impreſſes a ſenſe of the vanity and the brevity of life, which the moraliſt and the divine have always thought an important purpoſe, but which mere declamation can ſeldom attain.

In a ſeries of familiar letters between the ſame friends for thirty years, their whole life as it were paſſes in review before us; we live with them, we hear them talk, we mark the vigour of life, the ardour of expectation, the hurry of buſineſs, the jollity of

of their ſocial meetings, and the ſport of their fancy in the ſweet intervals of leiſure and retirement; we ſee the ſcene gradually change; hope and expectation are at an end; they regret pleaſures that are paſt, and friends that are dead; they complain of diſappointment and infirmity; they are conſcious that the ſands of life which remain are few; and while we hear them regret the approach of the laſt, it falls, and we loſe them in the grave. Such as they were, we feel ourſelves to be; we are conſcious to ſentiments, connections, and ſituations like theirs; we find ourſelves in the ſame path, urged forward by the ſame neceſſity, and the parallel in what has been, is carried on with ſuch force to what ſhall be, that the future almoſt becomes preſent, and we wonder at the new power of thoſe truths of which we never doubted the reality and importance.

Theſe letters will, therefore, contribute to whatever good may be hoped from a juſt eſtimate of life, and for that reaſon, if for no other, are by no means unworthy the attention of the public.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

FROM AND TO

DOCTOR SWIFT.

LETTER I.

Dr. SWIFT to an intimate friend of Mrs. ESTHER JOHNSON, in *Ireland*.

London, December 16, 1703.

I PUT great violence on myſelf in abſtaining all this while from treating you with politics. I wiſh you had been here for ten days during the higheſt and warmeſt reign of party and faction that I ever knew or read of, upon the bill againſt occaſional conformity, which, two days ago, was, upon the firſt reading, rejected by the lords. It was ſo univerſal, that I obſerved the dogs in the ſtreets much more contumelious and quarrelſome than uſual; and the very night before the bill went up, a committee of whig and tory cats had a

very warm and loud debate upon the roof of our houſe. But why ſhould we wonder at that, when the very ladies are ſplit aſunder into high church and low, and, out of zeal for religion, have hardly time to ſay their prayers? The maſks will have a crown more from any man of the other party, and count it a high point of merit to a member, who will not vote on their ſide. For the reſt, the whole body of the clergy, with a great majority of the houſe of commons, were violent for this bill. As great a majority of the lords, amongſt whom all the biſhops, but four, were againſt it: the court and the rabble (as extreams often agree) were trimmers. I would be glad to know mens thoughts of it in *Ireland:* for myſelf, I am much at a loſs, though I was mightily urged by ſome great people to publiſh my opinion. I cannot but think (if mens higheſt aſſurances are to be believed) that ſeveral, who were againſt this bill, do love the church, and do hate or deſpiſe preſbytery. I put it cloſe to my lord *Peterborow* juſt as the bill was going up, who aſſured me in the moſt ſolemn manner, that if he had the leaſt ſuſpicion, the rejecting this bill would hurt the church,

or

or do kindneſs to the diſſenters, he would loſe his right-hand rather than ſpeak againſt it. The like profeſſion I had from the biſhop of *Saliſbury*, my lord *Sommers*, and ſome others; ſo that I know not what to think, and therefore ſhall think no more; and you will forgive my ſaying ſo much on a matter, that all our heads have been ſo full of to a degree, that, while it was on the anvil, nothing elſe was the ſubject of converſation. I ſhall return in two months in ſpite of my heart. I have here the beſt friends in nature, only want that little circumſtance of favour and power; but nothing is ſo civil as a caſt courtier. Pray let the ladies know I had their letter, and will anſwer it ſoon; and that I obeyed Mrs. *Johnſon*'s commands, and waited on her mother, and other friend. You may add, if you pleaſe, that they adviſe her clearly to be governed by her friends there about the renewing her leaſe, and ſhe may have her mortgage taken up here whenever ſhe pleaſes, for the payment of her fine; and that we have a project for putting out her money in a certain lady's hands for annuities, if the parliament goes on with them, and ſhe likes it.

I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. *Johnſon:* it is a new-faſhioned way of being witty, and they call it a bite. You muſt aſk a bantering queſtion, or tell ſome damned lye in a ſerious manner, and then ſhe will anſwer or ſpeak as if you were in earneſt: then cry you, Madam, there's a bite. I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the conſtant amuſement in court, and every where elſe among the great people; and I let you know it, in order to have it obtain among you, and teach you a new refinement.

LETTER II.

Part of a letter from Dr. SWIFT to the ſame.

London, February 3, 1703-4.

I HAVE been ſo long and ſo frequently purſued with a little paltry ailment of a noiſe in my ears, that I could never get humour and time to anſwer your letter. Pox on the diſſenters and independents, I would as ſoon trouble my head to write againſt a louſe or a flea. I tell you what, I wrote againſt the bill that was againſt occaſional conformity; but it came too late

late by a day: ſo I would not print it, but you may anſwer it, if you pleaſe; for you know you and I are whig and tory. And, to cool your inſolence a little, know you, that the queen and court, and houſe of lords, and half the commons almoſt, are whigs; and the number daily increaſes.

LETTER III.

Dr. SWIFT to the ſame.

London, April 20, 1704.

YESTERDAY coming from the country I found your letter, which had been four or five days arrived, and by neglect was not forwarded as it ought. You have got three epithets for my former letter, which I believe are all unjuſt: you ſay it was unfriendly, unkind, and unaccountable. The two firſt, I ſuppoſe, may paſs but for one, ſaving (as Capt. *Fluellin* ſays) the phraſe is a little *variations*. I ſhall therefore anſwer thoſe two as I can; and for the laſt I return it you again by theſe preſents, aſſuring you, that there is more unaccountability in your letter's little finger, than in mine's whole body. And one ſtrain I obſerve in it, which is frequent enough;

you talk in a myſtical ſort of a way, as if you would have me believe I had ſome great deſign, and that you had found it out: your phraſes are, that my letter had the effect you judge I deſigned; that you are amazed to reflect on what you judge the cauſe of it; and wiſh it may be in your power to love and value me while you live, &c. In anſwer to all this, I might with good pretence enough talk ſtarchtly, and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is, that you think I obſtructed your inſinuations to pleaſe my own, and that my intentions were the ſame with yours. In anſwer to all which, I will upon my conſcience and honour tell you the naked truth. Firſt, I think I have ſaid to you before, that if my fortunes and humour ſerved me to think of that ſtate, I ſhould certainly, among all perſons on earth, make your choice; becauſe I never ſaw that perſon whoſe converſation I entirely valued but her's; this was the utmoſt I ever gave way to. And, ſecondly, I muſt aſſure you ſincerely, that this regard of mine never once entered to be an impediment to you; but I judged it would, perhaps, be a clog to your riſing in the world;

world; and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourſelf and her happy and eaſy. But that objection is now quite removed by what you have at preſent; and by the aſſurances of *Eaton*'s livings. I told you indeed, that your authority was not ſufficient to make overtures to the mother, without the daughter's giving me leave under her own or her friend's hand, which, I think, was a right and a prudent ſtep. However, I told the mother immediately, and ſpoke with all the advantages you deſerve. But the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor ſhall any conſideration of my own misfortune in loſing ſo good a friend and companion as her prevail on me againſt her intereſt and ſettlement in the world, ſince it is held ſo neceſſary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the luſtre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herſelf, whether I was your friend or no in the whole concern; though the part I deſigned to act in it was purely paſſive, which is the utmoſt I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid

all reproach of any ill conſequence, that may enſue in the variety of worldly accidents. Nay, I went ſo far both to her mother, herſelf, and, I think, to you, as to think it could not be decently broken; ſince I ſuppoſed the town had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miſcarry without ſome diſadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always deſcribed her to you in a manner different from thoſe, who would be diſcouraging; and muſt add, that though it hath come in my way to converſe with perſons of the firſt rank, and of that ſex, more than is uſual to men of my level, and of our function; yet I have no-where met with a humour, a wit, or converſation ſo agreeable, a better portion of good ſenſe, or a truer judgment of men and things, I mean here in *England*; for as to the ladies of *Ireland*, I am a perfect ſtranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already; and, if you reſume your deſigns, and would have further intelligence, I ſhall ſend you a particular account.

I give you joy of your good fortunes, and envy very much your prudence and temper, and love of peace and ſettlement, the reverſe of which hath been the great

uneaſineſs

uneaſineſs of my life, and is like to continue ſo. And what is the reſult? *En queis conſevimus agros!* I find nothing but the good words and wiſhes of a decayed miniſtry, whoſe lives and mine will probably wear out before they can ſerve either my little hopes, or their own ambition. Therefore I am reſolved ſuddenly to retire, like a diſcontented courtier, and vent myſelf in ſtudy and ſpeculation, till my own humour, or the ſcene here, ſhall change.

LETTER IV.

CHARLES Earl of BERKELEY * to Dr. SWIFT.

Cranford, Friday Night.

I HOPE you continue in the mind of coming hither to-morrow; for upon my ſincerity, which is more than moſt people's, I ſhall be heartily glad to ſee you as much as is poſſible before you go for *Ireland*. Whether you are or are not for *Cranford*,

* 'He had been envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General in 1689; and in 1699 and 1700, one of the lords juſtices of *Ireland*. He died 24 *Sept.* 1710. Dr. *Swift* had been chaplain to him. This letter is without date, but endorſed by Dr. *Swift* "*about* 1706, or 1707."

I earneſtly intreat you, if you have not done it already, that you would not fail of having your bookſeller enable the archbiſhop of *York* to give a book † to the queen; for, with Mr. *Nelſon* ‡, I am intirely of opinion, that her majeſty's reading of that book of the project for the increaſe of morality and piety, may be of very great uſe to that end. I am intirely yours, B.

LETTER V.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, February 29, 1707-8.

MR. *Frowde* § tells me, that you deſign me the honour of a viſit to-morrow morning; but my lord *Sunderland* ‖ having di-

† 'Dr. *Swift's Project for the Advancement of Religion, and the Reformation of Manners.*'

‡ '*Robert Nelſon*, Eſq; eminent for his pious writings.'

§ '*Philip Frowde*, Eſq; ſon of *Aſhburnham Frowde*, Eſq; comptroller of the foreign office in the poſt-office. Mr. *Philip Frowde* was educated at *Magdalen* college in *Oxford*, and was pupil of Mr. *Addiſon*. He was author of two tragedies, *The Fall of Saguntum*, repreſented at the theatre in *Lincoln's-inn-fields*, in 1727; and *Philotas*, acted at the ſame theatre, in 1731. He died at his lodgings in *Cecil-ſtreet*, in the *Strand*, *December* 19, 1738; equally lamented, as he had been beloved, for his genius, learning, and the amiableneſs of his character.'

‖ 'To whom Mr. *Addiſon* was ſecretary.'

rected

rected me to wait on him at nine a clock, I ſhall take it as a particular favour, if you will give me your company at the *George* in *Pall-mall* about two in the afternoon, when I may hope to enjoy your converſation more at leiſure, which I ſet a very great value upon. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. ADDISON.

Mr. Steele and *Frowde* will dine with us.

LETTER VI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE, Dean of *St. Patrick, Dublin.*

SIR, London, April 15, 1708.

I WONDER whether, in the midſt of your buildings, you ever conſider that I have broke my ſhins, and have been a week confined, this charming weather, to my chamber, and cannot go abroad to hear the nightingales, or pun with my lord *Pembroke*. Pug is very well, and likes *London* wonderfully, but *Greenwich* better, where we could hardly keep him from hunting down the deer. I am told by ſome at court, that the biſhop of *Kildare* *

* Dr. *Wellbore Ellis*.

is utterly bent upon a removal on this ſide, though it be to *St. Aſaph*; and then the queſtion muſt be, whether Dr. *Pratt* will be dean of *St. Patrick*'s, miniſter of St. *Catherine*'s, or provoſt? for I tell you a ſecret, that the queen is reſolved the next promotion ſhall be to one of *Dublin* education: this ſhe told the lord lieutenant. Your new *Waterford* biſhop † franks his letters, which no biſhop does, that writes to me; I ſuppoſe it is ſome peculiar privilege of that ſee. The diſſenters have made very good uſe here of your frights in *Ireland* upon the intended invaſion; and the archbiſhop writes me word, that the addreſs of *Dublin* city will be to the ſame purpoſe, which I think the clergy ought to have done their beſt to prevent, and I hope they did ſo. Here has the *Iriſh* ſpeaker ‡ been ſoliciting to get the *Teſt Clauſe* repealed by an act here; for which I hope he will be impeached when your parliament meets again, as well as for ſome other things I could mention. I hope you will be of my opinion in what I have

† Dr. *Thomas Milles*.

‡ *Allen Broderick*, Eſq; afterwards lord chancellor of *Ireland*, and created lord *Middleton* of that kingdom.

told

told the archbiſhop about thoſe addreſſes. And if his grace and clergy of the province ſend an addreſs, I deſire I may preſent it, as one of the chapter, which is the regular way; but I beg you will endeavour among you, that the church of *Ireland* gentlemen may ſend an addreſs to ſet the queen and court right about the teſt; which every one here is of opinion you ſhould do; or elſe I have reaſon to fear it will be repealed here next ſeſſion; which will be of terrible conſequence, both as to the thing and the manner, by the parliament here interfering in things purely of *Ireland*, that have no relation to any intereſt of theirs.

If you will not uſe me as your book-buyer, make uſe of Sir *Andrew Fountain*, who ſends you his humble ſervice, and will carry over a cargo as big as you pleaſe towards the end of ſummer, when he and I intend my lord lieutenant * ſhall come into our company without fail, and in ſpite of *Iriſh* reports, that ſay we ſhall come no more.

I reckon by this time you have done with maſons and carpenters, and are now beginning with upholſterers, with whom

* *Thomas*, earl of *Pembroke*.

you

you may go on as ſlow and ſoberly as you pleaſe.

But pray keep the garden till I come. I am, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

Direct the incloſed, and deliver it to the greateſt perſon in your neighbourhood.

LETTER VII.

Dr. SWIFT, to Dr. JOHN STERNE, Dean of St. *Patrick*'s, *Dublin*.

SIR, June 1708.

I WRIT to you ſome weeks ago, and incloſed (as now) a letter to your neighbour. But I fear it was kidnapp'd by ſome privateer, or elſe you were lazy or forgetful; or, which is full as good, perhaps it had no need of an anſwer, and I would not for a good deal, that the former had miſcarried, becauſe the incloſed was wonderfully politic, and would have been read to you, as this, I ſuppoſe, will, though it be not half ſo profound. Now are you gone ſome ſummer ramble, and will not receive this in a fortnight; nor ſend the incloſed in as much more. I have often begged you would

would let me buy you one fifty pounds worth of books; but now I have been here ſo long, I believe you will have reaſon to apprehend I may ſink the money. Sir *A. Fountain* * will never be ſatisfied till he gets into the little room, with the three *Aſbes*, the biſhop of *Killala*, and myſelf, to be happy at the expence of your wine and converſation. Here is a ſight of two girls † joined together at the back, which, in the news-mongers phraſe, cauſes a great many ſpeculations; and raiſes abundance of queſtions in divinity, law and phyſic. The boys of our town are mighty happy, for we are to have a beheading next week ‡, unleſs the queen will interpoſe her mercy. *Here is a long lampoon publickly printed*, abuſing by name, at length, all the young people of quality, that walk in the park. Theſe are effects of our liberty of the preſs.

* Dr. *Swift*, in 1708, uſed to lodge with Sir *A. Fountain*, when he was in *London*.

† 'There is a particular account of them in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*, vol. 50. part 2. p. 311, for the year 1758.'

‡ 'Of *Edward*, lord *Griffin*, who had been attainted by outlawry for high treaſon, committed in the reign of king William, and was, on the 15th *May*, 1708, ordered for execution; but reprieved from time to time, till his death.'

I long to know what is become of your new houſe, whether there is yet a union between that and the little one, or whether the work ſtops for want of money; and you pretend it is only, that the boards may have time to ſeaſon. We are ſtill in pain for Mr. *Dopping*'s being in one of the pacquet boats that were taken. He and many more have vowed never to return to *England* again; which if they forget, they may properly be called vows written in water.

Pray, Sir, let me hear from you ſome time this hot weather, for it will be very refreſhing; and I am confined by buſineſs to this ugly town, which, at this ſeaſon of the year, is almoſt inſufferable. I am, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant, J. S.

LETTER VIII.

ANTHONY HENLEY, Eſq; ‖ to Dr. SWIFT.

September 16th, 1708. Grange.

YESTERDAY the weather-glaſs was at 28 inches, which is lower than ever I

‖ 'Of the *Grange*, in the county of *Southampton*, member of parliament for *Melcomb Regis*. He was a perſon of great abilities and learning; who mixed humour in the moſt ſerious debates. He was father of the preſent lord high chancellor, *Robert* earl of *Northington*.'

ſaw

ſaw it; the wind was at eaſt, a very dull quarter; the garden ſo wet, there was no looking into it; and I myſelf, by conſequence, in the ſpleen. Before night the glaſs roſe, the wind changed, the garden dried, I received your letter, and was as well as ever I was in my life, to my thinking, though perhaps you may think otherwiſe. The reaſon why your letter was ſo long a coming to my hands was, its being directed to me near *Winchester*; and *Alresford* is the poſt-town neareſt to me. If the officers ſhould come to you, Doctor, if you want a ſecurity, that your children ſhan't be troubleſome to the pariſh, pray make uſe of me. I'll ſtand 'em all, though you were to have as many as the *Holland* counteſs. We have had a tedious expectation of the ſucceſs of the ſiege of *Liſle*: the country people begin to think there is no ſuch thing, and ſay the news-papers talk of it to make people bear paying taxes a year longer. I don't know how *Steele** will get off of it; his veracity is at ſtake in *Hantſhire*. Pray deſire him to take the town, though he ſhould leave the citadel for a neſt-egg. I han't the honour to know

* 'Who was writer of the *Gazette*.'

colonel *Hunter*; but I never ſaw him in ſo good company as you have put him, lord *Halifax*, Mr. *Addiſon*, Mr. *Congreve*, and the *Gazetteer*. Since he is there, let him ſtay there. Pray, Doctor, let me know whether writing letters be talking to one's ſelf, or talking to other folks; for I think the world has ſettled it, that talking to one's ſelf, which offends no body, is madneſs; and talking to other people, which generally is not quite ſo harmleſs, is wit, or good breeding, or religion, or—I won't write a word more till you have ſatisfied me what I have been doing all this while. I am ſure one need not have writ two pages to introduce my aſſuring you, that I am your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

A. HENLEY.

LETTER IX.

ANTHONY HENLEY Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DOCTOR, Nov. 2, 1708.

THOUGH you won't ſend me your broom-ſtick †, I'll ſend you as good a re-

† Meditations on a broomſtick, written by Dr. *Swift* about this time.

flection

flection upon death as even *Adrian*'s himſelf, though the fellow was but an old farmer of mine, that made it. He had been ill a good while; and when his friends ſaw him a going, they all came croaking about him as uſual; and one of them aſking him how he did? he replied, "In great pain. "If I could but get this ſame breath out "of my body, I'd take care, by G—, how "I let it come in again." This, if it were put in fine *Latin*, I fancy would make as good a ſound as any I have met with. I am your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

A. HENLEY.

LETTER X.

Mr. HENLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

Εὐδαιμονεῖν καὶ Εὐπράτειν.

REVERENDSIR,

IT is reported of the famous *Regiomontanus*, that he framed an eagle ſo artfully of a certain wood, that upon the approach of the emperor *Maximilian* to the opulent city of *Neuremberg*, it took wing and flew out of the gates to meet him, and (as my author has it) appeared as though alive. Give me leave to attribute this excellent

invention to the vehement deſire he had to entertain his maſter with ſomething extraordinary, and to ſay with the poet,

Amor addidit alas.

I am trying a like experiment, whether I cannot make this compoſition of old rags, galls, and vitriol fly to *Dublin*; and if (as the moving lion, which was compoſed by an *Italian* chymiſt, and opened his breaſt, and ſhewed the imperial arms painted in its heart) this could diſcloſe itſelf, and diſcover to you the high eſteem and affection I have for you, I ſhould attain my end; and not only ſacrifice an hecatomb, but cry out, with extatic *Archimedes*, εὕρηκα.

I ſhould not have preſumed to imagine, that you'd deign to caſt an eye on any thing proceeding from ſo mean an hand as mine, had I not been encouraged by that character of candour and ſweetneſs of temper, for which you are ſo juſtly celebrated and eſteemed by all good men, as the *Deliciæ humani generis*; and I make no queſtion, but, like your predeceſſor, an emperor again, you reckon every day as loſt, in which you have not an opportunity of doing ſome act of beneficence. I was moreover embolden'd by the adage, which does

not

not ſtick to affirm, that one of the moſt deſpicable of animals may look upon the greateſt of queens; as it has been proved to a demonſtration by a late moſt judicious author, whom (as I take it) you have vouchſafed to immortalize by your learned lucubrations *. And as proverbs are the wiſdom of a nation, ſo I take the naturalizing ſuch a quantity of very expreſſive ones, as we did by the act of union, to be one of the conſiderableſt advantages we ſhall reap from it: And I do not queſtion but the nation will be the wiſer for the future.

But I have digreſſed too far, and therefore reſume my thread. I know my own unworthineſs to deſerve your favour; but let this attempt paſs on my account for ſome merit,

In magnis voluiſſe ſat eſt.

And tho' all cannot be ſprightly like *F——d*, wiſe like *T——rs*, agreeable like *B——th*, polite like *P——r——de*, or, to ſum up all, tho' there be but one *Phœnix*, and one *Lepidiſſimus Homuncio*, *T—p—m*; yet ſince a cup of cold water was not an unacceptable preſent to a thirſty emperor, I may

* The Lucubrations of *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, in the Tatler.

flatter myſelf, that this tender of my ſervices (how mean ſoever) may not be contemned; and, tho' I fall from my great attempt,

Spero trovar pieta non che perdono,

as that mellifluous ornament of *Italy*, *Franciſcus Petrarcha*, ſweetly has it.

Mr. *Crowder* I have often heard affirm, and the fine thinkers of all ages have conſtantly held, that much good may be attained by reading of hiſtory. And Dr. *Sloane* is of opinion, that modern travels are very behoveful towards forming the mind and inlarging the thoughts of the curious part of mankind.

Give me leave to ſpeak a little from both theſe topics.

In the *Roman* triumphs, which were doubtleſs the moſt auguſt ſpectacles that were ever ſeen, it was the conſtant cuſtom, that the public executioner ſhould be behind the conqueror, to remind him (ſays my author) from time to time, that theſe honours were tranſitory, and could not ſecure him from the ſeverity of the laws.

Col. *Morriſon* of the guards [he lives next door to *Tart-Hall*] his father was in *Virginia*, and being like to be ſtarved, the

company had recourſe to a learned maſter of arts; his name was *Venter*: he adviſed them to eat one another *pour paſſer le tems*, and to begin with a fat cook-maid. She had certainly gone to pot, had not a ſhip arrived juſt in the nick with a quantity of pork, which appeaſed their hunger, and ſaved the wench's bacon.

To apply theſe; Did you never (when rioting in the coſtly dainties of my lord high admiral's * table, when the polytaſted wine excited jovial thoughts, and baniſhed ſerious reflexions) forget your frail mortal condition? or when at another time you have wiped the point of a knife, or perhaps with a little ſpoon taken ſome *Attic* ſalt out of Mrs. *F*——'s cadenat; and, as the Poet ſings,

Qui ſedens adverſus identidem——
Spectat et audit.

Did you not think yourſelf *par Deo?* Pray God you did not; pray God you did not think yourſelf *ſuperare divos.*

Confeſs the truth, Doctor, you did; confeſs it and repent of it, if it be not too late: But, alas! I fear it is.

* *Thomas* earl of *Pembroke.*

And now, methinks, I look down into that bog all flaming with bonny clabber and uſquebaugh; and hear you gnaſhing your teeth and crying, Oh! what would I give now for a glaſs of that ſmall beer, which I uſed to ſay was ſour? or a pinch of that ſnuff, which I uſed to ſay was the curſed'ſt ſtuff in the world? and borrow as much as would lie on a ſhilling the minute after. Oh! what would I give to have had a monitor in thoſe moments to have put me in mind of the ſword hanging by a twine-thread over my head, and to have cried in a voice as loud as *S—th—ll's, Memento,* doctor, *quia Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris?*

Every man in the midſt of his pleaſures ſhould remember the *Roman* executioner: And I have been aſſured, that had it not been for the unfortunate loſs of his royal highneſs, the prince †, Sir *Charles Duncomb* ‡ would have revived that uſeful ceremony, which might be very properly introduced in the lord mayor's cavalcade.

I would not be miſtaken either in what has gone before, or in that which is to

† Of *Denmark*, who died *October* 28, 1708.
‡ Lord mayor of *London*, in 1708.

follow,

follow, as if I took you to be a belly-god, an *Apicius*, or him that wiſhed his neck as long as a crane's, that he might have the greater pleaſure in ſwallowing. No, dear Doctor, far be it from me to think you *Epicuri de grege porcum*. I know indeed you are *Helluo*, but 'tis *librorum*, as the learned Dr. *Accepted Frewen*, ſometime archbiſhop of *York*, was; and *ingenii*, as the quaint Dr. *Offspring Blackall*, now biſhop of *Exeter*, is. Therefore let us return to the uſe which may be made of modern travels, and apply Mr. *Morriſon*'s to your condition.

You are now caſt on an inhoſpitable iſland; no mathematical figures on the ſand, no *veſtigia hominum* to be ſeen; perhaps at this very time reduced to one ſingle barrel of damaged biſcuit, and ſhort-allowance even of ſalt-water. What's to be done? Another in your condition would look about; perhaps he might find ſome potatoes; or get an old piece of iron, and make an harpoon, and if he found *Higgon* ſleeping near the ſhore, ſtrike him and eat him. The weſtern iſlanders of *Scotland* ſay 'tis good meat, and his train oil, bottled till it mantles, is a delicious beverage, if the inhabitants of *Lapland* are to be credited.

But

this ſeſſion, to obtain a repeal of the teſt, and for a toleration on a larger foot than in *England*; and that a fund is raiſed, and agents appointed to ſolicit their affairs, by the preſbyters of the north. I have had ſome intimation, that all diſſenters are not of a mind in this point; the other ſects, if I am rightly informed, being as much afraid of them as of us; and that they would rather be as they are, than run the hazard of coming under the *jus divinum* of preſbytery. Something pleaſant enough is ſaid to have happened on this occaſion: a certain perſon endeavoured to comfort them, and remove their jealouſy, by telling them they needed not to fear; for that the greateſt friends to diſſenters, and who would be moſt zealous for toleration, never deſigned to eſtabliſh any church, but only to deſtroy that, which had the protection of the laws. Whether this will give them ſatisfaction I can't tell, but am certain, that if any have ſo wicked a deſign, they will fail in it.

I am often alarmed with the fears of ſome good men, who would perſuade me, that religion is in danger of being rooted out of the hearts of men; and they wonder

to

to ſee me ſo ſanguine in the cauſe. But I tell them, that I believe it is with religion as with paternal affection; ſome profligate wretches may forget it, and ſome may doſe themſelves ſo long with perverſe thinking, as not to ſee any reaſon for it: but in ſpite of all the ill-natured and falſe philoſophy of theſe two ſorts of people, the bulk of mankind will love their children. And ſo it is and will be with the fear of God and religion: whatever is general hath a powerful cauſe, though every one cannot find it out.

But I have forgot my diſſenters: the reaſon of their applying in *Great Britain* is, becauſe they ſee little reaſon to hope for ſucceſs here; and if I can judge of the ſenſe of gentlemen, that compoſe the parliament, they never ſeemed to be farther from the humour of gratifying them.

As to your own concern, you ſee hardly any thing valuable is obtained any otherwiſe than by the government; and therefore if you can attend the next lord lieutenant, you, in my opinion, ought not to decline it. I aſſure myſelf, that you are too honeſt to come on ill terms; nor do I believe any will explicitly be propoſed. I could give

ſeveral

certain reaſons, that I ſhall let you know, if ever I have the happineſs to ſee you again.

My lord *Sunderland* raillied me on that occaſion, and was very well pleaſed with my anſwer, that I obſerved one thing in all new *miniſtries:* for the firſt week or two they are in a hurry, or not to be ſeen; and when you come afterwards, they are engaged. What I have to ſay of the public, *&c.* will be incloſed, which, I ſuppoſe, will be ſhewn you, and you will pleaſe to deliver as formerly. Lord *Pembroke* takes all things mighty well, and we pun together as uſual; and he either makes the beſt uſe, or the beſt appearance with his philoſophy of any man I ever knew; for it is not believed he is pleaſed at heart upon many accounts.

Sir *Andrew Fountain* is well, and has either writ to you laſt poſt, or deſigns it ſoon.

Dr. *Pratt* is buying good pennyworths of books for the college, and has made ſome purchaſes, that would ſet you a longing. You have heard our mighty news is † extreamly dwindled in our laſt pacquets.

† On the 11th of *November*, 1708, the duke of *Marlborough* and prince *Eugene* obliged the elector of *Bavaria* to raiſe the ſiege of *Bruſſels*.

However,

However, we expected a very happy end of the campaign, which this ſudden thaw and foul weather, begun here yeſterday, will ſoon bring to an iſſue. I am, &c.

LETTER XIII.

WILLIAM lord archbiſhop of *Dublin* to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, Feb. 10, 1708.

I RECEIVED your's of laſt *January* the 6th, and you will find but a ſorry correſpondent of me. I have been confined near two months this winter, and forbid pen and ink by my phyſician; though, I thank God, I was more frightened, as it happened, than hurt. I had a cholic about the year 96, that brought me to extremity, and all deſpaired of my life, and the newsletters reported me dead. It began at the ſame time of the year, and the ſame way it did then, and the winters were much alike; and I verily believe had I not had the aſſiſtance of my old phyſician, Sir *Patrick Dun* *, I ſhould have run the ſame courſe,

* This gentleman founded three profeſſorſhips in the univerſity of *Dublin*, viz. theory and practice of phyſick, chirurgery and midwifery, pharmacy and the *Materia Medica*.

which I could not have ſupported. But with a little phyſic, and the *Spaw* and *Bath* waters, I eſcaped without other hardſhips, than keeping at home; and ſo much for private affairs.

As to the public, I had a letter from my lord *Pembroke*, wherein he told me the firſt-fruits and twentieth parts were granted †, and that my lord lieutenant will bring over the queen's letter for them. I returned him my thanks, and as ſoon as the order comes, he will have a publick acknowledgment.

I have ſeen a letter ‡, that paſſes as from a member of the houſe, *&c.* I think your judgment concerning it is very juſt. But

† It appears from a letter of the archbiſhops and biſhops of *Ireland*, to Dr. *Hartſtonge*, biſhop of *Oſſory*, and Dr. *Lindſey*, biſhop of *Killaloe*, inſerted in this collection, that *Swift* was engaged to ſolicit the queen to exonerate the clergy of *Ireland* from paying the twentieth parts and firſt-fruits, upon which his acquaintance with Mr. *Harley* began. The proceſs of his application may be traced by theſe letters, and he at length obtained a grant of the queen, which is dated *February* 7, 1710. The information, that the grant was obtained at the time this letter was written, 1708, though from lord *Pembroke*, was premature.

‡ In the third volume of the octavo edition of Dr. *Swift*'s works, publiſhed by *Bathurſt* at *London*, in 1754, *is a letter from a member of the houſe of commons in* Ireland, *to a member of the houſe of commons in* England, *concerning the ſacramental teſt*, written in the year 1708, and republiſhed in *Ireland* in 1715.

pray

pray by what artifice did you contrive to paſs for a whig? As I am an honeſt man, I courted the greateſt whigs I knew, and could not gain the reputation of being counted one.

But you need not be concerned; I will engage you will loſe nothing by that paper. I wiſh ſome facts had been well conſidered before vouched: if any one matter in it prove falſe, what do you think will come of the paper? In ſhort, it will not be in the power of man to hinder it from a warm entertainment.

As to the teſt, I believe that matter is over for this ſeaſon. I was much for diſſolving this preſent parliament, and calling a *new* one this ſpring. I had a pretty good account of the future elections, which, as far as my acquaintance reached, were ſettled; and I was ſure, that without great force and artifice, the new members would never have repealed the teſt; but I did not know what the influence of a lord lieutenant * (when well acquainted in the kingdom, and who knew how to take his meaſures juſtly) might have effected, and

* *Thomas*, earl of *Wharton*, had been appointed to that poſt on the 25th of *November*, 1708.

we know very well what force management and timing matters have; and there is hardly any thing but powerful perſuaſions, terror, and oſtentation of intereſt may effect, eſpecially in popular elections. And, to confeſs the truth to you, I am not altogether eaſy in that matter yet, eſpecially if things take any new turn in *England*. It is whiſpered, but I know not by what authority, that the queen herſelf was at the bottom of what paſſed in the houſe of commons with you, and that the miniſtry ſcreened her in that affair, for reaſons that may be gueſſed at.

I am wonderfully pleaſed at the good character you give Mr. *Addiſon* †. If he be the man, that you repreſent him to be, (and I have confidence in your judgment,) he will be able to ſerve his lord ‡ effectually, and procure himſelf love and reſpect here. I can't ſay it will be in my power to do him any ſervice; but my good wiſhes and endeavours ſhall not be wanting.

† *Swift*'s friendſhip for *Addiſon* continued inviolable, during the adminiſtration of *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*, and with as much kindneſs, as when they uſed to meet at lord *Halifax*'s, or lord *Sommers*'s.

‡ The earl of *Wharton*, then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

Mr.

Mr. *Stoughton* preached *a ſermon* ‖ here on the 30th of *January*, king *Charles's* martyrdom, that gives great offence: the government heard it, but I was ill at home; which dean *Sterne* will needs have a providence. If the repreſentation I have of it be true, I am ſure I ſhould have ſuſpended him, if it had coſt me both my reputation and intereſt. I have repreſented what I have heard of it, and have diſcourſed my lord chancellor § about it, and told him of what conſequence I think it to be, both to him and us, and that it ſhould not paſs without cenſure. I have not as yet ſeen my lord primate. Wiſe men are doing all they can to extinguiſh faction; and fools and elves are throwing fire-brands. Aſſure yourſelf this had an ill effect on the minds of

‖ 'Dr. *Swift*, in anſwer to this letter, dated *March* 6, 1708-9, printed in his works, writes thus: "Mr. *Stoughton* is recommended for a chaplain to the lord "lieutenant. His ſermon is much recommended by ſe-"veral here. He is a prudent perſon, and knows how "to time things; others of ſomewhat better figure are "as wiſe as he. A bold opinion is a ſhort, eaſy way to "merit, and very neceſſary for thoſe, who have no "other." It appears from *Boyer's Political State*, Vol. II. p. 639, that this ſermon had been preached on the 30th of *January*, 1705-6, at *Chriſt Church, Dublin*; and that it was burnt by the hands of the common hangman on the 9th of *November*, 1711.'

§ 'Sir *Richard Cox*.'

moſt here; for though they eſpouſe the revolution, they heartily abhor forty-one. And nothing can create the miniſtry more enemies, and be a greater handle for calumny, than to repreſent them, and theſe that eſpouſed them, to be ſuch, as murthered king *Charles* I. and ſuch are all, that approve or excuſe it.

As to your own affairs, I wiſh you could have come over chaplain as I propoſed; but ſince a more powerful intereſt interpoſed, I believe you had beſt uſe your endeavours there; but if nothing happens before my lord lieutenant comes over, you had beſt make us a viſit. Had you been here, I believe ſomething might have been done for you before this. The deanery of *Down* is fallen, and application has been made for it to my lord lieutenant, but it yet hangs, and I know not what will become of it: but if you could either get into it, or get a good man with a comfortable benefice removed to it, it might make preſent proviſion for you. I have many things more to ſay; but they are ſo much of a piece with theſe I have writ already, that you may gueſs at them all by this ſample. God be with you: amen.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

LETTER XIV.

Mr. LECLERC to Mr. ADDISON.

A Amſterdam, le 12, de Fevrier, 1709.

JE m'étois donné l'honneur de vous écrire, Monſieur, des le commencement de cette année, pour vous prier ſur tout d'une choſe, qu'il me ſeroit important de ſavoir au plûtôt. Cependant je n'ai reçu aucune de vos nouvelles. J'ai appris ſeulement, que vous quittiez le poſte, où vous étiez, pour aller en Irlande en qualité de ſecretaire de my lord *Wharton*. Je m'en réjoüis avec vous, dans la ſuppoſition, que ce dernier emploi vaut mieux que le précedent, quoique je ſente bien, que je perdrai par vôtre *éloignement*. Je ne laſſe pas de vous ſouhaiter toute ſorte de ſatisfaction dans vôtre nouvel emploi, & de prier Dieu, qu'il vous donne un heureux ſuccès en tout ce que vous entreprendrez. Je vous avois prié, Monſieur, de m'envoyer le nom propre & les titres de my lord *Halifax*, & de lui demander même, ſi vous le trouviez à-propos, la permiſſion de lui dedier mon *Tite-Live*. Comme vous m'aviez marqué par Mr. *Philips*, que vous aviez oublié la feuille, qui me manquoit de recueïl de

Mr. *Rymer*, je vous avois mandé, que c'eſt la feuille 10 T. ou les 4 pages, qui précedent immediatement l'indice des noms, dans le tome I. Si vous l'avez euë depuis, faites moi la grace de l'envoyer à Meſſ. *Toutton* & *Stuiguer*, bien enveloppée, & de mettre mon addreſſe au deſſus. Je ſuppoſe, Monſieur, que cette lettre vous trouvera encore à *Londres*, parce qu'on dit, que my lord *Wharton* ne partira que vers le mois d'*Avril*. Il ne ſe paſſe rien de nouveau ici dans la republique des lettres, qui merite de vous être mandé. Les Jeſuites de *Paris* ont condamné en termes tres-forts les ſentimens du *P. Hardouïn*, & l'ont contraint de les retracter d'une maniere honteuſe. On verra quelle en ſera la ſuite. Je voudrois pouvoir vous être utile ici à quelque choſe: vous verriez par là, combien je ſuis, Monſieur, vôtre très humble & très obeïſſant ſerviteur,

J. LE CLERC.

LET-

LETTER XV.

WILLIAM lord archbiſhop of *Dublin* to Dr. SWIFT.

REVI SIR, Dublin, March 12, 1708.

THE buſineſs of the twentieth parts and firſt-fruits is ſtill on the anvil. We are given to underſtand, that her majeſty deſigns, out of her royal bounty, to make a grant of them for charitable uſes, and that it is deſigned this grant ſhould come over with his excellency the lord lieutenant. The biſhops in this town at preſent thought it reaſonable to appriſe his excellency of the affair, and to addreſs him for his favour in it, which accordingly is done by this poſt. We have ſent with this addreſs the repreſentation made at firſt to her majeſty about it; the reference to the commiſſioners of the revenue here, and their report, together with the memorial to the lord *Pembroke*. In that there is mention of the ſtate of the dioceſe of *Dublin*, as a ſpecimen of the condition of the clergy of *Ireland*, by which it will appear how much we ſtand in need of ſuch a gift. This we could not well ſend to his excellency, becauſe

cauſe it is very long, and we apprehend, that it might be improper to give him ſo much trouble at firſt, before he was any way appriſed of the matter; but if you think, that his excellency may judge it agreeable, that it ſhould be laid before him, I entreat the favour of you to apply to my lord *Pembroke*'s ſecretary, with whom it is, for the original, or a copy of it, and preſent it to my lord lieutenant, or leave it with his ſecretary. I have engaged for you to my brethren, that you will be at this trouble; and there is a memorial to this purpoſe, at the foot of the copy of the repreſentation made to the earl of *Pembroke*, tranſmitted with the other papers. What charges you are at upon this account, will be anſwered by me.

The good impreſſion you have given me of Mr. *Addiſon*, my lord lieutenant's ſecretary, has encouraged me to venture a letter to him on this ſubject, which I have incloſed, and make you the full and ſole judge, whether it ought to be delivered. I can't be competently informed by any here, whether it may be pertinent or no; but I may and do depend on your prudence in the caſe, who, I believe, will neither omit

what

what may be uſeful, nor ſuffer me to do an officious nor improper thing. I mix no other matter with this, beſides what agrees with all occaſions, the tender of the hearty prayers and wiſhes for you of, ſir, your &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

The reverſal of my lord *Slane's* * outlawry makes a mighty noiſe through this kingdom: for aught I can remember, the deſtroying of our woollen manufactory did not cauſe ſo univerſal a conſternation.

LETTER XVI.

Dr. SWIFT to the lord primate of *Ireland* †.

MY LORD, London, March 24, 1708-9.

I AM commanded by his excellency the lord lieutenant to ſend the incloſed to your grace, in anſwer to a letter his excellency lately received from your grace, and ſeveral biſhops, relating to the firſt-fruits of *Ire-*

* "*Chriſtopher Fleming*, baron of *Slane*, having taken up arms for king *James* in 1689 in *Ireland*, where he was colonel of a regiment of foot, afterwards loſt his eſtate, and was outlawed, till queen *Anne* reverſed his attainder; upon which the houſe of commons of *Ireland*, on the 3d of *June*, 1709, unanimouſly reſolved, that an addreſs be made to the queen, "ſetting forth the fatal conſequences of reverſing the outlawries of perſons "attainted of treaſon for the rebellions in 1641 and "1688." Lord *Slane* was in *November*, 1713, created by her majeſty viſcount *Longford*."

† Dr. *Narciſſus Marſh*.

land.

land. This will ſpare your grace and their lordſhips the trouble of any farther account from me, I ſhall therefore only add, that his excellency commands me to aſſure your grace of his hearty inclination in favour of the church of *Ireland*; and am, with great reſpect, my lord, your grace's moſt dutiful, and moſt obedient ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. ADDISON, to Dr. SWIFT*.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, April 22, 1709.

I AM in a very great hurry of buſineſs, but cannot forbear thanking you for your letter at *Cheſter*, which was the only entertainment I met with in that place. I hope to ſee you very ſuddenly, and will wait on our friend the biſhop of *Clogher* † as ſoon as I can poſſibly. I have had juſt time to tell him, *en paſſant*, that you were well. I long to ſee you, and am, dear ſir, your moſt faithful, and moſt obedient ſervant, J. ADDISON.

We arrived yeſterday at *Dublin*.

* Mr. *Addiſon* at this time was ſecretary to the earl of *Wharton*, lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

† Dr. *St. George Aſhe*.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. ADDISON, to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Caſtle, June 25, 1709.

I AM heartily glad to hear you are ſo near us. If you will deliver the incloſed to the captain of the *Wolf*, I dare ſay he will accommodate you with all in his power. If he has left *Cheſter*, I have ſent you a bill according to the biſhop of *Clogher*'s deſire, of whom I have a thouſand good things to ſay. I do not aſk your excuſe about the yacht, becauſe I don't want it, as you ſhall hear at *Dublin*: if I did, I ſhould think myſelf inexcuſeable. I long to talk over all affairs with you, and am, dear ſir, your's moſt entirely,

J. ADDISON.

P. S. The yacht will come over with the acts of parliament, and a convoy about a week hence, which opportunity you may lay hold of, if you do not like the *Wolf*. I will give orders accordingly.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Nine o'clock, Monday morning *.

I THINK it is very hard I ſhould be in the ſame kingdom with Dr. *Swift*, and not have the happineſs of his company once in three days. The biſhop of *Clogher* intends to call on you this morning, as will your humble ſervant in my return from *Chappel Izzard*, whither I am juſt now going. I am your humble ſervant,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER XX.

Earl of HALIFAX† to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, October 6, 1709.

MY friend Mr. *Addiſon* telling me that he was to write to you to-night, I could not let his packet go away without telling

* This letter has no date: but it muſt have been written ſoon after Dr. *Swift*'s arrival in *Dublin*, which happened on the 30th of *June*, 1709. He ſet ſail from *Liverpool* for *Ireland* on the 29th of *June*, and landed at *Ringſend* the next day; and on the 8th of *September* following, Mr. *Addiſon* returned to *England* with the lord lieutenant.

† *Charles*, earl of *Halifax*: he was auditor of the exchequer.

you

you how much I am concerned to find them returned without you. I am quite aſhamed for myſelf and my friends, to ſee you left in a place ſo incapable of taſting you; and to ſee ſo much merit, and ſo great qualities, unrewarded by thoſe, who are ſenſible of them. Mr. *Addiſon* and I are entered into a new confederacy, never to give over the purſuit, nor to ceaſe reminding thoſe, who can ſerve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to ſhine ‡. Dr. *South* holds out ſtill §, but he cannot be immortal. The ſituation of his prebend would make me doubly concerned in ſerving you. And upon all occaſions, that ſhall offer, I will be your conſtant ſolicitor, your ſincere admirer, and your unalterable friend. I am your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

HALLIFAX.

‡ Dr. *Swift* wrote thus on the back of the letter, *I kept this letter as a true original of courtiers and court promiſe:* and in the firſt leaf of a ſmall printed book, intitled, *Poeſies Chretiennes de Monſ. Jollivet*, he wrote theſe words, "Given me by my lord *Halifax*, *May* 3, "1709. I begged it of him, and deſired him to re- "member it was the only *favour* I ever received from "him or his party."

§ 'He was prebendary of *Weſtminſter*; but did not die till *July* 8, 1716.'

LET-

LETTER XXI.

Mr. STEELE to Dr. SWIFT.

Lord Sunderland's Office, October 8, 1709.

DEAR SIR,

MR. ſecretary *Addiſon* went this morning out of town, and left behind him an agreeable command for me, *viz.* to forward the incloſed, which lord *Halifax* ſent him for you. I aſſure you no man could ſay more in praiſe of another, than he did in your behalf at that noble lord's table on *Wedneſday* laſt. I doubt not but you will find by the incloſed the effect it had upon him. No opportunity is omitted among powerful men, to upbraid them for your ſtay in *Ireland*. The company that day at dinner were lord *Edward Ruſſel*, lord *Eſſex*, Mr. *Maynwaring*, Mr. *Addiſon*, and myſelf. I have heard ſuch things ſaid of that ſame biſhop of *Clogher* with you, that I have often ſaid he muſt be entered *ad eundem* in our houſe of lords. Mr. *Phillips* * dined with me yeſterday; he is ſtill a ſhepherd, and walks very lonely through this un-

* *Ambroſe Philips*, the author of the *Diſtreſſed Mother*, a tragedy, and ſome paſtorals, *&c.*

thinking

thinking crowd in *London*. I wonder you do not write ſometimes to me.

The town is in great expectation from *Bickerſtaffe* †; what paſſed at the election for his firſt table being to be publiſhed this day ſevennight. I have not ſeen *Ben Tooke* ‡ a great while, but long to uſher you and your's into the world. Not that there can be any thing added by me to your fame, but to walk bare-headed before you. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

† *Iſaac Bickerſtaffe* was the name aſſumed by the author of the Tatler, of which the dean wrote, N° 66, on eloquence and action, and the numbers 67, 74 and 81, on the chamber of fame, in which were to be three *tables*; the firſt to contain twelve perſons, the ſecond twenty, and the third one hundred. The election here alluded to is of the twelve perſons for the firſt table, publick notice having been given from the *Grecian* coffee-houſe in the Tatler of the 29th of *September*, 1709, that on *Saturday* the 15th of *October* next, the author would ſettle his firſt table of fame, requeſting all, that had competent knowledge, to ſend in liſts of ſuch twelve perſons as they imagined to be qualified for that pre-eminence. The twelve ſelected by the author are, *Alexander*, *Homer*, *Julius Cæſar*, *Socrates*, *Ariſtotle*, *Virgil*, *Cicero*, *Hannibal*, *Pompey*, *Cato of Utica*, *Auguſtus*, and *Archimedes*.

‡ The bookſeller.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, St. James's Place, April 11, 1710.

I HAVE run ſo much in debt with you, that I do not know how to excuſe myſelf, and therefore ſhall throw myſelf wholly upon your good nature; and promiſe, if you will pardon what is paſſed, to be more punctual with you for the future. I hope to have the happineſs of waiting on you very ſuddenly at *Dublin*, and do not at all regret the leaving of *England*, whilſt I am going to a place, where I ſhall have the ſatisfaction and honour of Dr. *Swift*'s converſation. I ſhall not trouble you with any occurrences here, becauſe I hope to have the pleaſure of talking over all affairs with you very ſuddenly. We hope to be at *Holyhead* by the 30th inſtant. Lady *Wharton* ſtays in *England*. I ſuppoſe you know, that I obeyed your's and the biſhop of *Clogher*'s commands, in relation to Mr. *Smith*; for I deſired Mr. *Dawſon* to acquaint you with it. I muſt beg my moſt humble duty to the biſhop of *Clogher*. I heartily long to eat a diſh of bacon and

beans

beans in the beſt company in the world. Mr. *Steele* and I often drink your health.

I am forced to give myſelf airs of a punctual correſpondence with you in diſcourſe with your friends at *St. James's* coffee-houſe, who are always aſking me queſtions about you, when they have a mind to pay their court to me, if I may uſe ſo magnificent a phraſe. Pray, dear Doctor, continue your friendſhip towards me, who love and eſteem you, if poſſible, as much as you deſerve. I am ever, dear Sir, your's entirely,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER XXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE, dean of *St. Patrick's*, *Dublin*, with a proxy for his appearance as prebendary of *Dunlavin*, at the archbiſhop's viſitation.

SIR, Laracor, April 17, 1710.

YOU have put me under a neceſſity of writing you a very ſcurvy letter, and in a very ſcurvy manner. It is the want of horſes, and not of inclination, that hinders me from attending on you at the chapter.

But I would do it on foot to ſee you * viſit in your own right; but if I muſt be viſited by proxy, by proxy I will appear. The ladies of *St. Mary*'s delivered me your commands; but Mrs. *Johnſon* had dropped half of them by the ſhaking of her horſe. I have made a ſhift, by the aſſiſtance of two civilians, and a book of precedents, to ſend you the jargon annexed, with a blank for the name and title of any prebendary, who will have the charity to anſwer for me. Thoſe two words, *gravi incommodo*, are to be tranſlated, the want of a horſe. In a few days I expect to hear the two ladies lamenting the fleſh-pots of *Cavan-ſtreet*. I adviſe them, ſince they have given up their title and lodgings of *St. Mary*'s, to buy each of them a palfry, and take a ſquire, and ſeek adventures. I am here quarrelling with the froſty weather, for ſpoiling my poor half dozen of bloſſoms. *Spes anni collapſa ruit:* Whether theſe words be mine, or *Virgil*'s, I cannot determine. I am this minute very buſy, being to preach today before an audience of at leaſt fifteen people, moſt of them gentle, and all ſimple.

* Dr. *Sterne* was then vicar-general of the dioceſe of *Dublin*, and was to viſit the clergy in the abſence of the archbiſhop.

I can ſend you no news; only the employment of my pariſhioners may, for memory-ſake, be reduced under theſe heads. Mr. *Percival* is ditching, Mrs. *Percival* in her kitchen; Mr. *Weſley* ſwitching; Mrs. *Weſley* ſtitching; Sir *Arthur Langford* riching, which is a new word for heaping up riches. Well, Sir, long may you live the hoſpitable owner of good bits, good books, and good buildings. The biſhop of *Clogher* would envy me for thoſe three B's †. I am your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXIV.

Sir ANDREW FOUNTAIN to Dr. SWIFT.

June 27, 1710.

I NEITHER can nor will have patience any longer; and, *Swift*, you are a confounded ſon of a ——. May your half acre turn to a bog, and may your willows periſh; may the worms eat your *Plato*, and may *Parviſole* * break your ſnuff-box. What! becauſe there is never a biſhop in

† 'Viz. bits, books, and buildings.'
* The dean's ſteward.

England with half the wit of *St. George Aſhe*, nor ever a ſecretary of ſtate with a quarter of *Addiſon*'s good ſenſe; therefore you can't write to thoſe, that love you, as well as any *Clogher* or *Addiſon* of them all. You have loſt your reputation here, and that of your baſtard the *Tatler* is going too; and there is no way left to recover either, but your writing. Well! 'tis no matter; I'll e'en leave *London*. *Kingſmill* is dead, and you don't write to me. Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. ADDISON, to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Caſtle, July 23, 1710.

ABOUT two days ago I received the incloſed, that is ſealed up, and yeſterday that of my friend *Steele*, which requiring a ſpeedy anſwer, I have ſent you expreſs. In the mean time I have let him know, that you are out of town, and that he may expect your anſwer by the next poſt. I fancy he had my lord *Halifax*'s authority for writing. I hope this will bring you to town. For your amuſement by the way, I have ſent you ſome of this day's news;

to

to which I muſt add, that Drs. *Byſſe* † and *Robinſon* ‡ are likely to be the biſhops of *Briſtol* and *St. David's*: that our politicians are ſtartled at the breaking off the negociations, and fall of ſtocks; inſomuch that it is thought they will not venture at diſſolving the parliament in ſuch a criſis. I am ever, dear Sir, your's entirely,

J. ADDISON.

Mr. Stanh deſires me to ſeal your's before I deliver it, but this you will excuſe in one, who wiſhes you as well as he, or any body living can do.

LETTER XXVI.

IRISH BISHOPS to the biſhops of OSSORY and KILLALOE.

Dublin, Auguſt 31, 1710.

OUR VERY GOOD LORDS,

WHEREAS ſeveral applications have been made to her majeſty about the firſt-fruits and twentieth parts payable to her majeſty by the clergy of this kingdom, beſeeching her majeſty, that ſhe would

† 'Philip, firſt made biſhop of *St. David's*, and then 'of *Hereford*.'

‡ 'John: he was conſecrated biſhop of *Briſtol*, No-'vember 19, 1710, and tranſlated to the ſee of *London* 'in *March*, 1713-14.'

be graciouſly pleaſed to extend her bounty to the clergy here, in ſuch manner, as the convocation have humbly laid before her majeſty, or as her majeſty ſhall, in her goodneſs and wiſdom, think fit; and the ſaid applications lie ſtill before her majeſty; and we do hope, from her royal bounty, a favourable anſwer.

We do therefore entreat your lordſhips to take upon you the ſolicitation of that affair, and to uſe ſuch proper methods and applications, as you in your prudence ſhall judge moſt like to be effectual. We have likewiſe deſired the bearer, Dr. *Swift*, to concern himſelf with you, being perſuaded of his diligence and good affection: and we deſire, that if your lordſhips occaſions require your leaving *London* before you have brought the buſineſs to effect, that you would leave with him the papers relating to it, with your directions for his management in it, if you think it adviſeable ſo to do. We are your lordſhips moſt humble ſervants and brethren,

NARCISSUS ARMAGH.
WILL. DUBLINIENSIS.
W. CASSEL.
W. MEATH.
W. KILDARE.
WILLIAM KILLALA.

To the Right Rev. fathers in God, *John* lord biſhop of *Oſſory*, and *Thomas* lord biſhop of *Killaloe*.

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY *.

Cheſter, September 2, 1710.

JOE will give you an account of me till I got into the boat, after which the rogues made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we ſhould not be able to overtake any ſhip; but in half an hour we got to the yacht, for the ſhips lay by to wait for my lord lieutenant's ſteward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours juſt. Laſt night I came to this town, and ſhall leave it, I believe, on *Monday*: the firſt man I met in *Cheſter* was Dr. *Raymond* †. He and Mrs. *Raymond* were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to ſell their eſtate. I got a fall off my horſe, riding here from *Parkgate*, but no hurt; the horſe underſtanding falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up. My duty to the biſhop of *Clogher* ‡. I ſaw him returning from *Dunlary*; but he ſaw not me. I take it ill he was not at

* Mrs. *Dingley* was a relation of Sir *William Temple*, who accompanied Mrs. *Johnſon* to *Ireland*, when ſhe went thither by *Swift*'s invitation, about the year 1701.

† Vicar of *Trim*.

‡ 'Dr. *St. George Aſhe*.'

convo-

convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold your reſolution of going to *Trim*, and riding there as much as you can. Let the biſhop of *Clogher* remind the biſhop of *Killala* to ſend me a letter, with one incloſed to the biſhop of *Litchfield* ‖. Let all, who write to me, incloſe to *Richard Steele*, Eſq; at his office at the *Cockpit*, near *Whiteball*. My lord *Mountjoy* is now in the humour, that we ſhould begin our journey this afternoon, ſo that I have ſtole here again to finiſh this letter, which muſt be ſhort or long accordingly. I write this poſt to Mrs. *Weſley*, and will tell her, that I have taken care ſhe may have her bill of one hundred and fifteen pounds whenever ſhe pleaſes to ſend for it; and in that caſe I deſire you will ſend it her incloſed and ſealed. God almighty bleſs you, and for God's ſake be merry and get your health. I am perfectly reſolved to return as ſoon as I have done my commiſſion, whether it ſucceeds or no. I never went to *England* with ſo little deſire in my life. If Mrs. *Curry* makes any difficulty about the lodgings, I will quit them.

‖ 'Dr. *John Hough*.'

The

The poſt is juſt come from *London*, and juſt going out, ſo I have only time to pray to God to bleſs you, *&c.*

LETTER XXVIII.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, Sept. 16, 1710.

I RECEIVED your's, by the laſt packquets, of *September* the 9th; and becauſe you have miſſed the two biſhops, I ſend you, with this, the papers relating to the firſt-fruits, and twentieth parts. I ſend them in two bundles, being too big for one letter. The biſhops, ſo far as I can learn from the biſhop of *Oſſory*, have not made any ſtep ſince I left *London*. I will endeavour to get you a letter from the biſhops to ſolicit that affair. In the mean time, open the letter to the two biſhops, and make uſe of it as occaſion ſhall ſerve. The ſcheme I had laid for them is croſſed by my lord treaſurer's * being out; though, perhaps, that would not have done; but her majeſty's promiſe I depended on, and I had engaged the arch-

* 'The earl of *Godolphin* had reſigned his ſtaff, *Auguſt* 8, 1710.'

biſhop

biſhop of *York* in it. When he comes to *London*, I will give you a letter to him. I can likewiſe find means, I believe, to poſſeſs my lord *Shrewſbury* and Mr. *Harley* with the reaſonableneſs of the affair. I am not courtier enough to know the properneſs of the thing; but I had once an imagination to attempt her majeſty herſelf by a letter, modeſtly putting her in mind of the matter; and no time ſo proper, as when there is no lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, which perhaps may be ſoon; but this needs advice.

There are great men here as much out of humour, as you deſcribe your great *viſitee* † to have been; nor does the good news from *Spain* ‡ clear them. I believe, however, they are glad at it, though another would have ſerved their occaſions as well.

I do not apprehend any other ſecret in all this affair, but to get whigs out of all places of profit and truſt, and to get others in them. As for peace, it muſt be on no

† 'Probably the earl of *Godolphin*, who was, perhaps, much viſited by his friends and party, after the reſignation of his ſtaff of lord treaſurer.'

‡ 'Probably of the battle near *Saragoza*, in which king *Charles* of *Spain* gained a complete victory over his competitor king *Philip*, on the 10th of *Auguſt*, 1710.'

other

other terms than the preliminaries; and you'll find a tory parliament will give money as freely, and be as eager to profecute the war, as the whigs were, or they are not the wiſe men I take them to be. If they do ſo, and take care to have the money well diſpoſed of when given, they will break the king of *France*'s heart, and the whigs together, and pleaſe the nation*. There's an ugly accident, that happens here in relation to our twentieth parts and firſt-fruits: at *Midſummer*, 1709, there was ready money in the treaſury, and good ſolvent debts to the queen to the value of 70,000*l.* Now I am told, by the laſt week's abſtract, there's only 223*l.* in the treaſury, and the army unpaid, at leaſt uncleared for a year; and all others, except penſioners, in the ſame condition. Now the great motive to prevail with her majeſty to give the clergy the bounty petitioned for, was the clearneſs of the revenue here; but if that be anticipated, perhaps it may make an objection. I will add no more, but my prayers for you. I am, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

* This opinion of ſo great and good a man as Dr. *King* deſerves particular attention.

LETTER XXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE.

SIR, London, September 26, 1710.

ONE would think this an admirable place from whence to fill a letter; yet when I come to examine particulars, I find they either conſiſt of news, which you hear as ſoon by the public papers, or of perſons and things, to which you are a ſtranger, and are the wiſer and happier for being ſo. Here have been great men every day reſigning their places; a reſignation as ſincere, as that of an uſurer on his death-bed. Here are ſome, that fear being whipt, becauſe they have broken their rod; and ſome that may be called to an account, becauſe they could not caſt one up. There are now not much above a dozen great employments to be diſpoſed of, which, according to our computation, may be done in as many days. *Patrick* † aſſures me, his acquaintance are all very well ſatisfied with theſe changes, which I take for no ill ſymptom, and it is certain the queen has never appeared ſo eaſy or ſo chearful. I found my lord *Godolphin* the worſt diſſembler of

† Dr. *Swift*'s ſervant.

any

any of them, that I have talked to; and no wonder, since his loss and danger are greater, besides the addition of age and complexion. My lord lieutenant * is gone to the country, to bustle about elections. He is not yet removed; because, they say, it will be requisite to supersede him by a successor, which the queen has not fixed on; nor is it agreed whether the duke of *Shrewsbury* or *Ormond* † stand fairest. I speak only for this morning, because reports usually change every twenty-four hours. Mean time the pamphlets and half sheets grow so upon our hands, it will very well employ a man every day from morning till night to read them, and so out of perfect despair I never read any at all. The whigs, like an army beat three quarters out of the field, begin to skirmish but faintly; and deserters daily come over. We are amazed to find our mistakes, and how it was possible to see so much merit where there was none, and to overlook it where there was so much. When a great minister has lost his place, immediately virtue, honour, and

* 'Earl of *Wharton*.'

† The duke of *Ormond* was appointed lord lieutenant, *October* 26, 1710.

wit

wit fly over to his ſucceſſor, with the other enſigns of his office. Since I left off writing, I received a letter from my lord archbiſhop of *Dublin*, or rather two letters, upon theſe memorials. I think immediately to begin my ſoliciting, though they are not very perfect; for I would be glad to know, whether my lord archbiſhop wou'd have the ſame method taken here, that has been done in *England*, to ſettle it by parliament: but, however, that will be time enough thought of this good while.

I muſt here tell you, that the dean of *St. Patrick*'s lives better than any man of quality I know; yet this day I dined with the comptroller ‡, who tells me, he drinks the queen's wine to-day. I ſaw collector *Sterne*, who deſired me to preſent his ſervice to you, and to tell you he would be glad to hear from you, but not about buſineſs; by which, I told him, I gueſſed he was putting you off about ſomething you deſired.

I would much rather be now in *Ireland* drinking your good wine, and looking over, while you loſt a crown at penny ombre. I am weary of the careſſes of great

‡ Sir *John Holland*, Bart.

men

men out of place. The comptroller * expects every day the queen's commands to break his ſtaff. He is the laſt great houſhold officer they intend to turn out. My lord lieutenant is yet in, becauſe they cannot agree about his ſucceſſor. I am your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXX.

Copy of a memorial of Dr. SWIFT to Mr. HARLEY, about the firſt-fruits.

October 7, 1710.

IN *Ireland*, hardly one pariſh in ten hath any glebe, and the reſt very ſmall and ſcattered, except a very few; and theſe have ſeldom any houſes.

There are in proportion more impropriations in *Ireland* than in *England*, which, added to the poverty of the country, make the livings of very ſmall and uncertain value, ſo that five or ſix are often joined to make a revenue of 50*l. per annum:* but theſe have ſeldom above one church in repair, the reſt being deſtroyed by frequent wars, *&c.*

* 'Sir *John Holland.*'

The clergy, for want of glebes, are forced, in their own or neighbouring pariſh, to take farms to live on at rack rents.

The queen having ſome years ſince remitted the firſt-fruits to the clergy of *England*, the biſhop of *Cloyne*, being then in *London*, did petition her majeſty for the ſame favour in behalf of the clergy of *Ireland*, and received a gracious anſwer. But this affair, for want of ſoliciting, was not brought to an iſſue during the governments of the duke of *Ormond* and earl of *Pembroke*.

Upon the earl of *Wharton*'s ſucceeding, Dr. *Swift* (who had ſolicited this matter in the preceding government) was deſired by the biſhops of *Ireland* to apply to his excellency, who thought fit to receive the motion as wholly new, and what he could not conſider till he were fixed in the government, and till the ſame application were made to him as had been to his predeceſſors. Accordingly an addreſs was delivered to his lordſhip, with a petition to the queen, and a memorial annexed from both houſes of convocation; but a diſpute happening in the lower houſe, wherein his chaplain was concerned, and which was repreſented by the ſaid chaplain as an affront deſigned to his excellency, who was pleaſed to underſtand

derſtand and report it ſo to the court, the convocation was ſuddenly prorogued, and all farther thoughts about the firſt-fruits let fall as deſperate.

The ſubject of the petition was to deſire, that the twenty parts might be remitted to the clergy, and the firſt-fruits made a fund for purchaſing glebes and impropriations, and rebuilding of churches.

The twentieth parts are twelve-pence in the pound, paid annually out of all eccleſiaſtical benefices, as they were valued at the reformation. They amount to about 500*l. per annum*; but of little or no value to the queen, after the officers and other charges are paid, though of much trouble and vexation to the clergy.

The firſt-fruits paid by incumbents upon their promotion amount to 450*l. per annum*; ſo that her majeſty, in remitting about 1000*l. per annum* to the clergy, will really loſe not above 500*l.*

Upon *Auguſt* 31, 1710. the two houſes of convocation being met to be farther prorogued, the archbiſhops and biſhops conceiving there was now a favourable juncture to reſume their applications, did, in their private capacities, ſign a power to the

ſaid Dr. *Swift*, to ſolicit the remitting the firſt-fruits and twentieth parts.

But there is a greater burthen than this, and almoſt intolerable, upon ſeveral of the clergy in *Ireland*; the eaſing of which the clergy only looked on as a thing to be wiſhed, without making it part of their petition.

The queen is impropriator of ſeveral pariſhes, and the incumbent pays her half yearly a rent generally to the third part of the real value of the living, and ſometimes half. Some of theſe pariſhes, by the increaſe of graziers, are ſeized on by the crown, and cannot pay the reſerved rent. The value of all theſe impropriations are about 2000*l. per annum* to her majeſty.

If the queen would graciouſly pleaſe to beſtow likewiſe theſe impropriations to the church, part to be remitted to the incumbent, where the rent is large, and the living ſmall, and the reſt to be laid out in levying glebes and impropriations, and building of churches, it would be a moſt pious and ſeaſonable bounty.

The utmoſt value of the twentieth parts, firſt-fruits, and crown rents, is 3000*l. per annum*, of which about 500*l. per annum* is ſunk among officers; ſo that her majeſty,

by

by this great benefaction, would loſe but 2500*l. per annum.*

LETTER XXXI.

Copy of part of a letter to the ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN.

MY LORD, October 10, 1710.

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of *September* 16, but I was in no pain to acknowledge it; nor ſhall be at any other time, till I have ſomething, that I think worth troubling you, becauſe I know how much an inſignificant letter is worſe than none at all. I had likewiſe the memorial, *&c.* in another pacquet; and I beg your grace to incloſe whatever pacquet you ſend me in a paper directed to Mr. *Steele*, and not for me at Mr. *Steele*'s. I ſhould have been glad the biſhops had been here; though I take biſhops to be the worſt ſolicitors in the world, except for themſelves. They cannot give themſelves the little trouble of attendance, that other men are content to ſwallow; elſe I am ſure their two lordſhips might have ſucceeded eaſier than men of my level are likely to do.

As ſoon as I received the pacquet from your grace, I went to wait upon Mr. *Harley*. I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and got myſelf repreſented (which I might juſtly do) as one extremely ill uſed by the laſt miniſtry after ſome obligations, becauſe I refuſed to go certain lengths they would have had me. This happened to be, in ſome ſort, Mr. *Harley*'s own caſe. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greateſt marks of kindneſs and eſteem, as I was whiſpered he would, and the more upon the ill uſage I had met with. I ſat with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone, where I told him my buſineſs, and gave him the hiſtory of it, which he heard as I could wiſh, and declared he would do his utmoſt to effect it. I told him the difficulties we met with by lord lieutenants and their ſecretaries, who would not ſuffer others to ſolicit, and neglected it themſelves. He fell in with me entirely, and ſaid, neither they nor himſelf ſhould have the merit of it, but the queen, to whom he would ſhew my memorial with the firſt opportunity, in order, if poſſible, to have it done in this

inter-

inter-regnum. I ſaid the honour and merit, next to the queen, would be his; that it was a great encouragement to the biſhops, that he was in the treaſury, whom they knew to be the chief adviſer of the queen to grant the ſame favour in *England*; that conſequently the honour and merit were nothing to him, who had done ſo much greater things; and that, for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of *Ireland* for giving him an opportunity of gratifying the pleaſure he took in doing good to the church. He took my compliment extremely well, and renewed his promiſes. Your grace will pleaſe to know, that beſides the firſt-fruits, I told him of the crown rents, and ſhewed the nature and value of them; but ſaid, my opinion was, that the convocation had not mentioned them in their petition to the queen, delivered to lord *Wharton* with the addreſs, becauſe they thought the times would not then bear it; but that I looked on myſelf to have a diſcretionary power to ſolicit it in ſo favourable a juncture. I had two memorials ready of my own drawing up, as ſhort as poſſible, ſhewing the nature of the thing, and how long it had been depend-

ing, *&c.* One of theſe memorials had a paragraph at the end relating to the crown rents; t'other had none. In caſe he had received the motion of the crown rents, I would have given him the laſt; but I gave him the other, which he immediately read, and promiſed to ſecond both with his beſt offices to the queen. As I have placed that paragraph of the crown rents in my memorial, it can do no harm, and may poſſibly do good. However, I beg your grace to ſay nothing of it; but, if it dies, let it die in ſilence, and we muſt take up with what can be got. I forgot to tell your grace, that when I ſaid I was empowered, *&c.* he deſired to ſee my powers; and then I heartily wiſhed them more ample than they were; and I have ſince wondered what ſcruple a number of biſhops could have to empower a clergyman to do the church and them a ſervice without any imagination of intereſt for himſelf. Mr. *Harley* has invited me to dine with him to-day; but I ſhall not put him upon this diſcourſe ſo ſoon. If he begins it himſelf, I ſhall add it at the bottom of this. He ſays Mr. ſecretary *St. John* deſires to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together. That may be a

further

farther help, though I told him I had no thoughts of applying to any but himself; wherein he differed from me, and desired I would speak to others, if it were but for form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of being thought to do such a thing alone. But an old courtier, with whom I consulted (an intimate friend) advised me still to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations, and credit with the queen. I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lies in my memory; but perhaps it may give your grace a truer idea how matters are, than if I had writ in more order.

LETTER XXXII.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, October 16, 1710.

I HAVE before me your's of the 4th instant, which I received two posts ago. It was very grateful to me, and I hope it will have a good effect as to the church in general, and be of use to you in particular, which I heartily wish. My lord primate is out of town, and I have not seen him since

I received your's, nor do I ſee any haſte to communicate it to him; but in due time there will be no need to make a ſecret of it. I durſt not have ſaid any thing of it, if you had not given me the caution, leſt any accident ſhould intervene, to which all matters of this nature are liable. It puts a man out of countenance to raiſe expectations, if he ſhould not be able to ſatisfy them. I underſtand, that her majeſty deſigned this ſhould be her own act; but the good inſtruments, that have been ſubſervient, ought not to be forgot; and, with God's help, I will do my endeavour, that they ſhall not. I ſhall be impatient to ſee the accompliſhment of this charitable work.

We are here in as great a ferment about chooſing parliament-men, on a ſuppoſition, that this parliament will be diſſolved as ſoon as your's in *England*. And it is remarkable, that ſuch, as deſign to betray their country, are more diligent to make votes, than thoſe, that have ſome faint intentions to ſerve it. It would prevent a great deal of needleſs charges and heats, if we certainly knew, whether we ſhould have a new parliament or no.

All

All buſineſs in chancery, and in truth all public buſineſs, is at a ſtand, by the indiſpoſition of my lord chancellor. I would tell you, that I am engaged moſt unhappily this night to execute this ſhort letter; but the plain truth, I think, will do as well; which is, that I have no more to ſay but my prayers for you, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XXXIII.

Power from the LORD PRIMATE and ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN.

SIR, October 24, 1710.

WE directed a letter to the biſhops of *Oſſory* and *Killaloe* laſt *Auguſt*, deſiring and empowering them to ſolicit the affair of our firſt-fruits and twentieth parts with her majeſty, which has depended ſo long, notwithſtanding her majeſty's good inclinations, and ſeveral promiſes of the chief governors here, to lay our addreſſes before her majeſty in the beſt manner. We were then apprehenſive, that thoſe biſhops might return from *England* before the buſineſs could be effected; and therefore we deſired them to concern you in it, having ſo good aſſurance

knot of your ability, prudence, and fitneſs to proſecute ſuch a matter. We find the biſhops returned before you came to *London*, for which we are very much concerned; and judging this the moſt proper time to proſecute it with ſucceſs, we intreat you to take the full management of it into your hands, and do commit the care of ſoliciting it to your diligence and prudence; deſiring you to let us know from time to time what progreſs is made in it: and, if any thing farther be neceſſary on our part, on your intimation we ſhall be ready to do what ſhall be judged reaſonable. This, with our prayers for you, and the good ſucceſs of your endeavours, is all from, Sir, your affectionate humble ſervants and brothers,

NARCISSUS ARMAGH.
WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XXXIV.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, November 2, 1710.

THE declaration of his grace the duke of *Ormond* to be our lord lieutenant has ſtopped the further letters of recommenda-

tion

tion designed to be sent to you, because the bishops were unwilling to solicit the affair of the first-fruits and twentieth parts by any other hand. I gave them some account how far you had been concerned in it; and they ordered a letter to Mr. *Southwell*, to give him an account, that the papers were in your hands, and to desire you to wait on him with them, and take your own measures in soliciting the affair. I am not to conceal from you, that some expressed a little jealousy, that you would not be acceptable to the present courtiers, intimating, that you were under the reputation of being a favourite of the late party in power *. You may remember I asked you the question before you were engaged in this affair, knowing of what moment it was; and by the coldness I found in some, I soon perceived what was at the bottom. I am of opinion, that this conjuncture of circumstance will oblige you to exert yourself with more vigour; and if it should suc-

* Dr. *Swift* recommended himself to Mr. *Harley*, to whom he applied on this occasion, by getting himself represented as a person, who had been extremely ill used by the last ministry, because he would not go certain lengths which they would have had him; this being in some sort Mr. *Harley*'s own case. See his letter of *October* 10, p. 69.

ceed,

Pembroke's time*, that the queen had paſſed the grant, which, after a whole year's expectation and ſolicitation, proved only a mouthful of moon-ſhine. But, if it ſucceeds better now, we muſt owe it, next to the queen's goodneſs and bounty, to the great care of the great man, to whom you have applied, and to your management. It is ſeven or eight years ſince we firſt attempted this affair, and it paſſed through ſeveral hands; yet no progreſs was made in it, which was certainly due to the ill methods taken to put it forward; which, in truth, inſtead of promoting, obſtructed it. At the very firſt motion, it was promiſed, and in a fair way; but the biſhops here, out of their abundant deference to the government, made the ſame wrong ſtep they would have done now; and we could never make the leaſt progreſs ſince till now, and I pray God we have not put it back again.

You muſt not imagine, that it is out of any diſaffection to you, or any diſtruſt of your ability or diligence, that the biſhops here were ſo cold in their employing you; but they reckoned on party; and though ſeveral knew what you were, yet they ima-

* See p. 34, and the note.

gined, and ſome vouched, that you were looked on at court as engaged on the other ſide; and you cannot do yourſelf a greater ſervice than to bring this to a good iſſue to their ſhame and conviction. I heartily recommend you and your buſineſs to God's care. I am, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XXXVI.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Dublin, December 16, 1710.

THIS is to acknowledge the receipt of your's of the 20th inſtant, which came not to my hands till *Thurſday* laſt, by reaſon of winds, that kept the pacquets on the other ſide.

I find the matter of our firſt-fruits, *&c.* is talked of now. I reckon on nothing certain till her majeſty's letter comes in form: and quære, why ſhould you not come and bring it with you? It would make you a very welcome clergyman to *Ireland*, and be the beſt means to ſatisfy mankind how it was obtained, although I think it will be out of diſpute. I am very well appriſed

of the diſpatch you gave this affair, and well pleaſed, that I judged better of the perſon fit to be employed, than ſome of my brethren. But now 'tis done, as I hope it is effectually, they will aſſume as much as their neighbours, which I ſhall never contradict.

Things are taking a new turn here as well as with you; and I am of opinion, by the time you come here, few will profeſs themſelves whigs. The greateſt danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the fury and indiſcretion of ſome of our own people, who never had any merit, but by embroiling things; they did, and I am afraid will yet do miſchief. You will ſoon hear of a great conſpiracy diſcovered in the county of *Weſtmeath*. I was uſed to ſo many diſcoveries of plots in the latter end of king *Charles*'s time, and the beginning of king *James*'s, that I am not ſurpriſed at this diſcovery. I muſt not ſay any thing of it, till all the witneſſes be examined: ſo many as have depoſed are not deciſive. The deſign of it is to ſhew all the gentlemen of *Ireland* to be a pack of deſperate whigs, ready to riſe up in arms againſt her majeſty

for the old miniſtry, aſſociating to that purpoſe. Whether it be for the intereſt of *Ireland* to have this believed you may judge; and ſure there muſt be good evidence to make any reaſonable man believe it. Mr. *Higgins* * has drawn up the narrative, and ſent it to *England*, and will pawn all he is worth to make it good. I heartily recommend you to God's favour, and am, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN †.

* 'Francis *Higgins*, M. A. an *Iriſh* clergyman, extremely vehement againſt the whig party.'

† The archbiſhop, in another letter, gives this ſhort account of the plot: That four or five gentlemen of ſmall fortunes are ſaid to have ſigned an aſſociation to fight up to the knees in blood againſt the new miniſtry. The diſcoverer is one *Langton*, who ſwore to it: he was a converted prieſt. Several of the gentlemen were his pariſhioners. Mr. *Meares*, Mr. *Jones*, Mr. *Sbourn*, and Capt. *Newſtead*, are in the number. This informer was a ſervant of Mr. *Meares's*, who told him, that Capt. *Newſtead's* ſon brought the paper or parchment containing this aſſociation, as he believes; for he neither ſaw it, nor heard it read. The ſervant being examined denies he ever ſaw any ſuch paper, or knows any thing of it, or ever told Mr. *Langton* any ſuch thing. This, with ſome ſeditious words ſpoken by ſome of thoſe gentlemen at dinner in their cups, or converſation, ſo far as I can remember, is the ſum of the evidence for the plot. A commiſſion of oyer and terminer went down to the country to find bills againſt the gentlemen; but the grand jury would not find the bills upon that evidence.

LETTER XXXVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE * to Dr. SWIFT.

Sunday, paſt twelve, [January 7, 1710.]

THERE are few things I would be more induſtrious to bring about, than opportunities of ſeeing you. Since you was here in the morning, I have found means of putting off the engagement I was under for to-morrow; ſo that I expect you to dine with me at three o'clock. I ſend you this early notice, to prevent you from any other appointment. I am ever, Rev. Sir, your obedient humble ſervant,

H. ST. JOHN.

Dr. SWIFT's anſwer.

SIR,

THOUGH I ſhould not value ſuch uſage from a ſecretary of ſtate, and a great miniſter; yet when I conſider the perſon it comes from, I can endure it no longer. I would have you know, Sir, that if the queen gave you a dukedom and the garter to-morrow, with the treaſury juſt at the

* Then principal ſecretary of ſtate for the ſouthern provinces.

end

end of them, I would regard you no more than if you were not worth a groat. I could almoſt reſolve, in ſpight, not to find fault with my victuals, or be quarrelſome to-morrow at your table: But if I do not take the firſt opportunity to let all the world know ſome qualities in you, that you take moſt care to hide, may my right hand forget its cunning. After which threatening, believe me, if you pleaſe, to be with the greateſt reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

January 7, 1710-11.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, *January* 9, 1710.

I RECEIVED your's of *December* the 30th by the laſt pacquets: it found me in the extremity of the gout, which is the more cruel, becauſe I have not had a fit of it for two years and a half. I ſtrain myſelf to give you an anſwer to-night, apprehending that as both my feet and knees are already affected, my hands may perhaps be ſo by the next poſt; and then, perhaps, I might

not be able to anſwer you in a month, which might loſe me ſome part of the praiſe you give me as a good correſpondent.

As to my lord primate, he is much better ſince he was put into the government; and I reckon his life may be longer than mine; but, with God's help, hereafter I will ſay more on this ſubject.

As to what is reported of Mr. *Stanhope*'s obſtinacy, I demur, till ſatisfied how far the kindneſs to him, as a manager, influences the report.

We have received an anſwer from his grace the duke of *Ormond* to our letter. It is in a very authentic and ſolemn form, *that his grace will take a proper time to lay our requeſt before her majeſty, and know her pleaſure on it*. By which I conclude two things; firſt, that his grace is not informed of any grant her majeſty has made; for if he had, he would have applied immediately and ſent it; and then it would have paſſed for his, and he would have had the merit of it. Secondly, that his grace is in no haſte about it. And therefore let me beſeech you to ſolicit and preſs it, and get the letter dated, as when firſt it was promiſed; but I confeſs I have ſtill ſome ſcruple in my mind about it.

I acknowledge you have not been treated with due regard in *Ireland*, for which there is a plain reaſon, *prægravat artes infra ſe poſitas*, &c. I am glad you meet with more due returns where you are; and as this is the time to make ſome uſe of your intereſt for yourſelf, do not forget it.

We have publiſhed here a character of the earl of *Wharton* * late lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. I have ſo much charity and juſtice as to condemn all ſuch proceedings. If a governor behave himſelf ill, let him be complained of and puniſhed; but to wound any man thus in the dark * * * *.

* * * * to them before the funds are found and agreed on. When this is over, they may do what they pleaſe; and ſure it will pleaſe them to ſee the crow ſtripped of her rappareed feathers. We begin to be in pain for the duke of *Marlborough*.

I hear an anſwer is printing to the earl of *Wharton*'s character. Pray was there ever ſuch licentiouſneſs of the preſs as at this time? Will the parliament not think of curbing it? I heartily recommend you, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

* One by Dr. *Swift*, dated at *London*, *Auguſt* 30, 1710, is printed in his works, Vol. XIII. p. 209, of the *London* edition, firſt publiſhed in 1762.'

LETTER XXXIX.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

January 13, 1710.

MY gout gives me leave yet to anſwer your's of the 4th inſtant, which was very acceptable to me; becauſe I find by it ſome farther ſteps are made in our buſineſs. I believe it will take up ſome time and thoughts to frame a warrant, and much more a patent for ſuch an affair. Except your lawyers there be of another humour than ours here, they will not write a line without their fees; and therefore I ſhould think it neceſſary ſome fund ſhould be thought of to fee them. If you think this motion pertinent, I can think of no other way at preſent to anſwer it, than, if you think it neceſſary, to allow you to draw upon me, and my bill to this purpoſe, leſs than an 100*l.* ſhall be punctually anſwered. I write thus, becauſe I have no notion how ſuch a thing ſhould paſs the offices without ſome money; and I have an entire confidence in you, that you will lay out no more than what is neceſſary.

I think your miniſters perfectly right to avoid all enquiry, and every thing that would embroil them. To appeal to the mob, that can neither enquire nor judge, is a proceeding, that I think the common ſenſe of mankind ſhould condemn. Perhaps he may deſerve this uſage; but a good man may fall under the ſame.

We expect a new parliament, and many changes; but I believe ſome we hear of will not be.

Your obſervation of the two ſentences is juſt. You will pardon this disjointed letter. I believe my reſpects are better than the expreſſions here. I am, &c.

W. DUBLIN.

LETTER XL.

Mr. NELSON to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Aſh-Wedneſday, Feb. 22, 1710-11.

I BEG leave to put you in mind of the inſcription, which you are to prepare for the earl of *Berkeley*'s monument. My lady dowager has determined to have it in *Latin*; ſo that I hope you want no farther directions towards the finiſhing of it. The workman calls upon me for it, which is the reaſon

reaſon of this trouble given you, by Rev. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

ROBERT NELSON.

H. S. E.

Carolus comes de *Berkeley*, vicecomes de *Dureſly*, baro *Berkeley* de caſtro de *Berkeley*, dominus *Moubray*, *Segrave*, et *Bruce*; dominus locum tenens comitatus *Gloceſtriæ*; civitatis *Gloceſtriæ* ſeneſchallus; guardianus de foreſta de *Dean*; cuſtos rotulorum comitatus de *Surrey*; et reginæ Annæ à ſecretioribus conſiliis. Ob fidem ſpectatam, linguarum peritiam et prudentiam, a rege *Gulielmo* III. legatus et plenipotentiarus ad ordines *Fœderati Belgii* per quinque annos arduis reipublicæ negotiis fæliciter invigilavit. Ob quæ merita ab eodem rege (vivante adhunc patre) in magnatum numerum adſcriptus et conſiliarius a ſecretis factus; et ad *Hiberniam* ſecundus inter tres ſummos juſticiarios miſſus; denique legatus extraordinarius deſignatus ad *Turcarum* imperium: et poſtea regnante Anna ad *Cæſarem* ablegatus: quæ munia ingraveſcente valetudine et ſenectute obire nequiit.

Natus *Londini*, 1649.
Obiit, 1710.
Ætatis 62.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, March 17, 1710.

I RETURN you my thanks for your's of the 8th inſtant. I do not wonder, that you were in ſome confuſion when you wrote it; for I aſſure you I read it with great horror, which ſuch a fact is apt to create in every body, that is not hardened in wickedneſs. I received ſeveral other letters with narratives of the ſame, and ſeen ſome, that came to other hands; but none ſo particular, or that could be ſo well depended upon. I obſerve, that among them all, there is no account of the matters laid to *Guiſcard*'s charge, of his deſign, or how he came to be diſcovered. I ſuppoſe thoſe are yet ſecrets, as it is fit they ſhould be. I do remember ſomething of this *Guiſcard*, and that he was to head an invaſion; and that he publiſhed a very fooliſh narrative *; but neither remember exactly the time, or under what miniſtry it was, or who were his pa-

* '*Guiſcard*'s *Memoirs* were publiſh'd with a dedication to queen *Anne*, dated at the *Hague*, *May* 10, 1705.'

trons.

trons. It ſeems convenient, that theſe ſhould be known, becauſe it is reported, that Mr. *Harley* and Mr. *St. John* were thoſe, who chiefly countenanced him, and he their peculiar favourite*. One would think this ſhould convince the world, that Mr. *Harley* is not in the *French* intereſt, but it has not yet had that effect with all: nay, ſome whiſper the caſe of *Fenius Rufus*, and *Scevinus* in the 15th book of *Tacitus*, *accenſis indicibus ad prodendum Fenium Rufum, quem eundem conſcium et inquiſitorem non tolerabant*. Mr. *St. John* is condemned for wounding *Guiſcard*; and had he killed him, there would not have wanted ſome to ſuggeſt, that it was done on purpoſe, leſt he ſhould tell tales.

We had a ſtrange piece of news by laſt pacquet, that the addreſs to her majeſty met with but a cold reception from one party in the houſe of commons; and that all the lords, ſpiritual and temporal, of that

* See an account of *Guiſcard* in the *Examiner*, N° xxxii. *May* 15, 1710-11, and a note, Vol. VIII. of *Bathurſt*'s edition of *Swift* in 1755. He was a *Frenchman*, and employed by the whig miniſtry, in the beginning of the queen's reign, and commanded an unſucceſsful expedition againſt *France*. He afterwards endeavoured to make his peace at home, by acting here as a ſpy, and was detected.

party,

party, went out when it paſſed in the lords houſe. But I make it a rule, never to believe party news, except I have it immediately from a ſure hand.

I was in hopes to have heard ſomething of our firſt-fruits and twentieth parts; but I doubt that matter ſleeps, and that it will be hard to awaken it.

You will expect no news from home. We eat and drink as we uſed to do. The parties are tolerably ſilent, but thoſe for the late miniſtry ſeem to be united, keep much together, and are ſo wiſe as not to make much noiſe; nor have I heard any thing of their ſentiments of late, only what has happened on this accident. I heartily recommend you to God's care. I am, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XLII.

For the Rev. Dr. SWIFT, biſhop of, or dean of, *&c.*

SIR, Vienna, April 18, 1711.

I HAVE often with pleaſure reflected upon the glorious poſſibilities of the *Engliſh* conſtitution; but I muſt apply to politics a *French* expreſſion, appropriated by them to beauty:

beauty: there is a *(je ne ſçai quoi)* amongſt us, which makes us troubleſome with our learning, diſagreeable with our wit, poor with our wealth, and inſignificant with our power.

I could never deſpiſe any body for what they have not, and am only provoked, when they make not the right uſe of what they have. This is the greateſt mortification to know the advantages we have by art and nature, and ſee them diſappointed by ſelf-conceit and faction. What patience could bear the diſappointment of a good ſcheme by the *October* club?

I have with great uneaſineſs received imperfect accounts of diſagreement amongſt ourſelves. The party we have to ſtruggle with has ſtrength enough to require our united endeavours. We ſhould not attack their firm body like *Huſſars*. Let the victory be ſecure before we quarrel for the ſpoils; let it be conſidered whether their yoke were eaſy, or their burthen light. What! muſt there ever be in *St. Stephen*'s chapel a majority either of knaves or fools?

But ſeriouſly I have long apprehended the effects of that univerſal corruption, which has been improved with ſo much care, and

has

has ſo fitted us for the tyranny deſigned, that we are grown I fear inſenſible of ſlavery, and almoſt unworthy of liberty.

The gentlemen, who give you no other ſatisfaction in politics than the appearances of eaſe and mirth, I wiſh I could partake with them in their good humour; but Tockay itſelf has no effect upon me while I ſee affairs ſo unſettled; faction ſo ſtrong, and credit ſo weak; and all ſervices abroad under the trueſt difficulties by paſt miſcarriages, and preſent want of money; but we are told here, that in the midſt of victory, orders are given to ſound a parly, I will not ſay a retreat. Give me leave to tell the churchmen, there is not in * * * *.

I have rid the reſty horſe you ſay they gave me, in ploughed lands, till I have made him tame. I wiſh they manage the dull jades as well at home, and get them forwards either with whip or ſpur. I depend much upon the three you mention; if they remember me with kindneſs, I am their's, by two the ſtrongeſt ties, I love them, and hate their enemies.

Yet you ſeem to wiſh me other work. It is time the ſtateſmen employ me in my own trade, not theirs. If they have nothing elſe for

for me to ſubdue, let me command againſt that rank whiggiſh puppet-ſhew. Thoſe junto pigmies, if not deſtroyed, will grow up to giants. Tell *St. John* he muſt find me work in the old world or the new.

I find Mr. *Harley* forgets to make mention of the moſt important part of my letter to him; which was to let him know, that I expected immediately for one Dr. *Swift* a lean biſhoprick, or a fat deanry. If you happen to meet that gentleman at dinner, tell him, that he has a friend out of the way of doing him good, but that he would, if he could, whoſe name is

PETERBOROW.

LETTER XLIII.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, April 19, 1711.

I HAD the favour of your's of the 10th inſtant, by which I underſtand how much I am obliged to you for the juſtice you did me as to the report, you let me know, was about to be printed in the Poſt-boy relating to Mr. *Harley*.

I think there is no man in this kingdom, on which ſuch a report could be fixed with leſs colour of truth, having been noted for the particular regard I have always had for him. I have ſuffered in ſome caſes too, for my zeal to defend him in the worſt of times; for I confeſs I never could, with patience, bear the treatment he met with in *Gregg's* affair *. The truth is, when I received the news of this laſt barbarous attempt made on him, I with indignation inſulted ſome, with whom I uſed to diſpute about the former caſe, and aſked them, whether they would now ſuſpect, that he was in the conſpiracy to ſtab himſelf? The turn they gave it was what I wrote to you, that they imagined he might be in it notwithſtanding that; and that his diſcovering *Guiſcard*, and preſſing ſo hard on the examination, was the thing that provoked the man to ſuch a degree of rage, as appeared in that villainous

* *William Gregg* was an under clerk to Mr. ſecretary *Harley* in 1708, and was detected in a treaſonable correſpondence. When he was indicted, he pleaded guilty; which gave occaſion to Mr. *Harley*'s enemies to inſinuate, that he was privy to *Gregg*'s practices, and had, by aſſurances of pardon, prevailed upon him to plead guilty, in order to prevent the examination of witneſſes. When *Gregg* was at length executed, he left a paper behind him, in which Mr. *Harley* was fully and particularly juſtified.

act. And they inſtanced the ſtory of *Piſo* in *Tacitus*, and the paſſage of *Rufus*. I know very well, that they did not believe themſelves, and amongſt other things I applied that paſſage of *Hudibras*, he, that beats out his brains, *&c* *. I believe I have told this paſſage to ſeveral as an example, to ſhew into what abſurdities the power of prejudice, malice and faction will lead ſome men, I hope with good effect; and added, as ſeveral gentlemen that heard me can witneſs, that it was a ſtrange thing, that Mr. *Harley* ſhould diſcover *Gregg*, and have him hanged, and yet be ſuſpected to be partaker of his crime; but altogether unaccountable, that in a cauſe, wherein his life was ſo barbarouſly ſtruck at, it was a thouſand to one if he eſcaped, he ſhould ſtill be under the ſuſpicion of being a party with his murtherer; ſo that I could never imagine, that any one ſhould report, that I ſpoke my own ſenſe, in a matter, wherein I expreſſed ſo great an abhorrence, both of the fact, and the vile comment made upon it.

As to any ſpeech at the meeting of the clergy, or any reprimand given me by any

* But he, that daſhes out his brains,
The devil's in him, if he feigns.

perſon

perſon on this account, it is all, aſſure yourſelf, pure invention.

I am ſenſible of the favour you did me, in preventing the publiſhing of ſuch a falſe report, and am moſt thankful to Mr. ſecretary *St. John* for ſtopping it. I have not the honour to be known to him, otherwiſe I would give him the trouble of a particular acknowledgment. As to Mr. *Harley*, I have had the happineſs to have ſome knowledge of him, and received ſome obligations from him, particularly on the account of my act of parliament, that I obtained for the reſtitution of *Seatown* to the ſee of *Dublin*. I always had a great honour for him, and expected great good from his known abilities, and zeal for the common intereſt; and, as I believe, he was the principal inſtrument of ſettling things on the preſent foot; ſo I believe every one, that wiſheth well to theſe kingdoms, is ſatisfied, that there is not any man, whoſe death would be a greater loſs to the public than his. The management of this parliament has, if not reconciled his worſt enemies to him, at leaſt ſilenced them; and 'tis generally believed, that his misfortune has much retarded public affairs.

I partly can gueſs, who writ the letter you mention: it muſt be one of two or three, whoſe buſineſs it is to invent a lye, and throw dirt, ever ſince I was obliged by my duty to call them to account for their negligence and ill practices: they have publiſhed and diſperſed ſeveral libellous prints againſt me, in one of which I marked forty-three downright falſehoods in matters of fact. In another it is true, there was only one ſuch; the whole and every part of it, from beginning to end, being pure invention and falſehood. But, to my comfort, they are deſpiſed by all good men, and I like myſelf nothing leſs for being the object of their hate. You will excuſe this long letter, and I hope I may by next appriſe you with ſomething of conſequence. In the mean time I heartily recommend you, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

I held my viſitation on the 9th inſtant, where you were excuſed as abſent on the public buſineſs of the church *.

* Dr. *Swift* had then two livings in *Ireland*, *Lacarer* and *Rathbeggin*, both in the dioceſe of *Meath*.

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, May 15, 1711.

I HAD the favour of your's of the 10th inſtant, by the laſt pacquets, and cannot return you ſufficient acknowledgment for your kind and prudent management of that affair ſo much to my advantage. I confeſs, that I did not much fear, that ſuch a vile report would do me any great injury with Mr. *Harley*; for I was perſuaded he is too wiſe to believe ſuch an incredible ſtory. But the publiſhing it to the world might have influenced ſome to my diſadvantage; and no man can be well pleaſed to be the ſubject of a libel, though it often happens to be the fate of honeſt men.

I doubt not but you will hear of an unlucky conteſt in the city of *Dublin* about their mayor. You may remember, (I think, whilſt you were here, that is, in 1709) alderman *Conſtantine*, by a cabal, for ſo I muſt call it, loſt his election; and a junior alderman, one *Forreſt*, was elected mayor for the enſuing year. *Conſtantine* petitioned

the council board not to approve the election; for you muſt know by the new rules, ſettled in purſuance of an act of parliament, for the better regulation of corporations, their chief officers muſt be approved of by the governor and council after they are elected, before they can enter into any of their reſpective offices; and, if not approved of in ten days, the corporation, that choſe them, muſt go to a new election. Now alderman *Conſtantine*, upon the corporation's return of *Forreſt*, complained of it as wrong, and deſired to be heard by council; but my lord *Wharton*, then lord lieutenant, would not admit it. This paſt on to the year 1710, and then the preſent mayor was choſen, alderman *Eccles*, another junior alderman; and this year one alderman *Barlow*, a taylor, another junior. *Conſtantine* finding the government altered, ſuppoſed he ſhould have more favour, and petitions again of the wrong done him. The city replied, and we had two long hearings. The matter depended on an old bye-law, made about the 12th of queen *Elizabeth*; by which the aldermen, according to their ancientry, are required to keep their mayoralty, notwithſtanding any licences or orders

ders to the contrary. Several diſpenſations and inſtances of contrary practices were produced; but with a ſalvo, that the law of ſucceſſion ſhould ſtand good; and ſome aldermen, as appeared, had been disfranchiſed for not ſubmitting to it, and holding their mayoralty. On the contrary, it was urged, that this rule was made in a time when the mayoralty was looked upon as a great burthen, and the ſenior aldermen got licences from ſerving it, and by faction and intereſt got it put on the junior and poorer; and moſt of the aldermen were then papiſts, and being obliged, on accepting the office, to take the oath of ſupremacy, and come to church, they declined it; but the caſe was now altered, and moſt were ambitious of it; and a rule or bye-law, that impoſed it as a duty and burthen, muſt be underſtood to oblige them to take it, but could not oblige the electors to put it on them; that it was often diſpenſed with, and, as alledged, altogether abrogated by the new rules, that took the election out of the city, where the charter places it, and gave it to the aldermen only; that ſince thoſe rules, which were made in 1672, the elections have been in another

manner, and in about 36 mayors, eight or nine were junior aldermen. On the whole, the matter ſeemed to me to hang on a moſt ſlender point; and being archbiſhop of *Dublin*, I thought I was obliged to be for the city, but the majority was for the bye-law, and diſapproved alderman *Barlow*, who was returned for mayor. I did foreſee, that this would beget ill blood, and did not think it for my lord duke of *Ormond*'s intereſt to claſh with the city; and I went to ſeveral of his grace's friends, whom I muſt truſt before the debate in council, and deſired them to conſider the matter, and laid the inconveniency I apprehended before them, and deſired them to take notice, that I had warned them; but they told me, that they did not foreſee any hurt it would be to his grace. And I pray God it may not; though I am afraid it may give him ſome trouble.

The citizens have taken it heinouſly; and, as I hear, met to-day, and in common council repealed the bye-law, and have choſen alderman *Barlow* again. I think them wrong in both; and a declaration of enmity againſt the council and government, which feud is eaſier begun than laid.

It

It is certain the council muſt diſapprove their choice, it being againſt the new rules, as well as good manners: and what other ſteps will be made to correct them, I cannot ſay; whereas if they had appointed a committee to view, and report what old obſolete bye-laws were become inconvenient, and repealed this among the reſt, it would not have given offence; and if they had choſen another inſtead of *Barlow*, I believe he would have been approved, and there had been an end of the conteſt.

You muſt know this is made a party affair, as *Conſtantine* ſets up for a high-churchman, which I never heard he did before: but this is an inconveniency in parties, that whoever has a private quarrel, and finds himſelf too weak, he immediately becomes a zealous partizan, and makes his private a public quarrel.

Perhaps it may not be ungrateful, nor perhaps altogether uſeleſs to you, to know the truth of this matter; for I imagine it will be talked of.

I believe the generality of the citizens and gentlemen of *Ireland* are looked on as friends to the whiggiſh intereſt. But it is only ſo far as to keep out the pretender, whom

whom they mortally fear with good reaſon; and ſo many villainous papers have been ſpread here, and ſo much pains taken to perſuade them, that the tories deſign to bring him in, that it is no wonder they are afraid of them; but God be thanked this miniſtry and parliament has pretty well allayed that fear by their ſteady and prudent management. And if his grace the duke of *Ormond* proſecutes the ſame meaſures the miniſtry doth in *Britain*, (as I believe he will) I perſuade myſelf, that the generality here will be as zealous for this as any miniſtry we ever had.

The death of the earl of *Rocheſter* is a great blow to all good men, and even his enemies cannot but do juſtice to his character. What influence it will have on public affairs, God only knows. I pray let me have your thoughts on it, for I have ſome fears, that I do not find affect other people: I was of opinion that he contributed much to keep things ſteady; and I wiſh his friends may not want his influence. I conclude with my prayers for you,

WILL. DUBLIN.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

Lord PETERBOROW to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Hanover, June 21, 1711.

YOU were returning me to ages paſt for ſome expreſſions in my letter. I find matter in your's to ſend you as far back as the golden age. How came you to frame a ſyſtem (in the times we live in) to govern the world by love.

I was much more ſurprized at ſuch a notion in your firſt, than to find your opinion altered in your laſt letter. My hopes were founded more reaſonably upon the contrary principle. I wiſh we could keep ourſelves ſteady by any; but I confeſs it was the hatred and contempt ſo juſtly conceived againſt our late governors, that gave me ſome little expectations we might unite at leaſt, in order to prevent a relapſe.

The conſequences of places not given were apparent; the whole party were then diſſatisfied; and when given, thoſe are only pleaſed, who have them. This is what the honeſt management of paſt adminiſtrations has brought us to: but I ſhould not yet deſpair, if your loving principle could but have

have its force amongſt three or four of your acquaintance. Never perſons had more reaſon to agree; nor was it ever in the power of a few men to bring greater events to bear, or prevent greater inconveniencies; for ſuch are inevitable, without the niceſt management; and I believe no perſon was ever better prepared to make this out than myſelf.

I wiſh before I left *England* that I had met, either in your letters or diſcourſe, any thing like what you hint in your laſt; I ſhould have found great eaſe, and you ſome ſatisfaction; for had you paſſed theſe ſix months with me abroad, I could have made you ſenſible, that it were eaſy to have brought the character and influence of an *Engliſh* peer equal to that of a ſenator in old *Rome*. Methinks I could have brought it to that paſs, to have ſeen a levee of ſuppliant kings and princes expecting their deſtinies from us, and ſubmitting to our decrees; but if we come in politics to your neceſſity of leaving the town for want of money to live in it, Lord, how the caſe will alter!

You threaten me with law, and tell me I might be compelled to make my words good,

good. Remember your own inſinuations: what if I ſhould leave *England* in a week's time, and ſummon you, in quality of chaplain and ſecretary, to be a witneſs to tranſactions, perhaps of the greateſt importance, ſo great, that I ſhould think you might deſerve the biſhoprick of *Wincheſter* at your return. Let me know in a letter directed to *Parſon's Green*, the moment you receive this, whether you are ready and willing; but you muſt learn to live a month, now and then, without ſleep. As to all other things, we ſhould meet with no mortifications abroad, if we could eſcape them from home.

But, without raillery, if ever I can propoſe to myſelf to be of any great uſe, I foreſee this will be the caſe. This is ſo much my opinion, that I conclude, if it falls out otherwiſe, I ſhall never concern myſelf in any public buſineſs in *England*; that I ſhall either leave it for a better climate, or marry in a rage, and become the hero of the *October* club. Your's,

PETERBOROW.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, July 25, 1711.

YOU muſt not wonder, that I have been ſo ill a correſpondent of late, being, as I find, in debt to you for your's of *June* the 8th, and *July* the 12th. This did not proceed from any negligence, but from the circumſtances of things here, that were ſuch, that I could not return you any ſatisfactory anſwer.

We have now got over the preliminaries of our parliaments and convocation; that is to ſay, our addreſſes, *&c.* and as to the parliament, ſo far as appears to me, there will be an intire compliance with her majeſty's occaſions, and my lord duke of *Ormond*'s deſires; and that funds will be given for two years from *Chriſtmas* next; by which we ſhall have the following ſummer free from parliamentary attendance, which proves a great obſtruction, both to church and country buſineſs. As to the convocation, we have no licence as yet to act. I have heard ſome whiſpers, as if a letter of licence

licence had come over, and was ſent back again to be mended, eſpecially as to direction about a preſident. I may inform you, that that matter is in her majeſty's choice; we have on record four licences; the firſt directed to the archbiſhop of *Dublin* in 1614; the other three, that are in 1634, 1662, and 1665, directed to the then lords primates. I have not at preſent the exact dates; but I have ſeen the writs, and find the convocations ſat in theſe years.

His grace the duke of *Ormond*, in his ſpeech to the parliament (which I doubt not but you have ſeen) mentioned the remittal of the twentieth parts, and the grant of the firſt-fruits, for buying impropriations; but did not aſſume to himſelf any merit in the procuring of them; nor, that I can find by any intimation, ſo much as inſinuated, that the grant was on his motion; notwithſtanding, both in the houſe of lords and convocation, ſome laboured to aſcribe the whole to his grace; and had it not been for the account I had from you; his grace muſt, next to her majeſty, have had the entire thanks. You'll obſerve, from the lords addreſs and convocation, that his grace is brought in for a ſhare in both.

But

But if the caſe ſhould be otherwiſe, yet his grace is no way to be blamed. The current runs that way; and perhaps neither you nor I have bettered our intereſt here at preſent, by endeavouring to ſtop it.

The concluſion was, that all the archbiſhops and biſhops agreed to return thanks to my lord treaſurer of *Great Britain*, by a letter, which all in town have ſigned, being convinced, that, next to her majeſty's native bounty, and zeal for the church, this favour is due to his lordſhip's mediation.

But they have employed no agent to ſolicit the paſſing the act through the offices, believing his lordſhip will take care of that of his own mere motion, as he did of the grant. This is meant as an inſtance of their great confidence of his lordſhip's concern for them, which makes it needleſs, that any ſhould intermeddle in what he has undertaken.

If his lordſhip thinks fit to return any anſwer to the biſhops, I wiſh he would take ſome occaſion to mention you in it; for that would juſtify you, and convince the biſhops, ſome of whom, perhaps, ſuſpect the truth of what you ſaid of the firſt-fruits and twentieth parts being granted before

before his grace the duke of *Ormond* was declared lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

I can't at preſent write of ſeveral matters, that perhaps I may have opportunity to communicate to you. I have ſent with this the lords and the convocation's addreſs to my lord duke.

If it may be proper, I would have my moſt humble reſpects to be laid before my lord treaſurer. You may be ſure I am his moſt humble ſervant, and ſhall never forget the advantages he has been the author of to the church and ſtate; and yet, I believe, if it pleaſe God to prolong his life, greater things may be expected from him; my prayers ſhall not be wanting.

As for yourſelf, I will ſay more ſome other time: and for the preſent ſhall only aſſure you, that I am, Sir, your affectionate humble ſervant, and brother,

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XLVII.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

Liſſenhall, July 28, 1711.

SINCE my lord duke of *Ormond*'s arrival, I have been ſo continually hurried with

company, that I retired here for two or three days. The preliminaries of our parliament are now over; that is to ſay, addreſſes, &c. and I find the uſual funds will be granted; I think unanimouſly for two from *Chriſtmas* next, which is all the duke of *Ormond* deſires. I do not ſee much more will be done. You will obſerve ſeveral reflections are in the addreſſes on the late management here, in which the earl of *Angleſey* and I differed. If we could impeach, as you can in *Great Britain*, and bring the malefactors to account, I ſhould be for it with all my endeavour; but to ſhew our ill-will, when we can do no more, ſeems to be no good policy in a dependant people, and that can have no other effect, than to provoke revenge, without the proſpect of redreſs; of which we have two fatal inſtances. I reckon, that every chief governor, who is ſent here, comes with a deſign to ſerve firſt thoſe who ſent him; and that our good only muſt be ſo far conſidered, as it is ſubſervient to the main deſign. The only difference between governors, as to us, is to have a good-natured man, that has ſome intereſt in our proſperity, and will not oppreſs us unneceſſarily;

and

and ſuch is his grace. But I doubt, whether even that will not be an objection againſt him on your ſide of the water: for I have found, that thoſe governors, that gained moſt on the liberties of the kingdom, are reckoned the beſt; and therefore it concerns us to be on our guard againſt all governors, and to provoke as little as we can. For he, that cannot revenge himſelf, acts the wiſe part, when he diſſembles, and paſſes over injuries.

In my opinion, the beſt that has happened to us, is, that the parliament grants the funds for two years; for by theſe means we ſhall have one ſummer to ourſelves to do our church and country buſineſs. I have not been able to viſit my dioceſe *eccleſiatim*, as I uſed to do, the laſt three years for want of ſuch a receſs. I hope the parliament of *Great Britain* will not reſume the yarn bill whilſt they continue the ſame. The lords have not ſat above four or five days, and are adjourned till *Monday* next; ſo we have no heads of bills brought into our houſe as yet: but if any be relating to the church, I will do my endeavour to give you ſatisfaction.

Our letter is come over for the remittal of the twentieth parts, and granting the firſt-fruits for buying impropriations, and purchaſing glebes, which will be a great eaſe to the clergy, and a benefit to the church. We want glebes more than the impropriations; and I am for buying them firſt, where wanting; for without them, reſidence is impoſſible: and, beſides, I look upon it, as a ſecurity to tythes, that the laity have a ſhare in them; and therefore I am not for purchaſing them, but where they are abſolutely neceſſary.

We ſhall, I believe, have ſome conſiderations of methods to convert the natives; but I do not find, that it is deſired by all, that they ſhould be converted. There is a party amongſt us, that have little ſenſe of religion, and heartily hate the church: theſe would have the natives made Proteſtants; but ſuch as themſelves are deadly afraid they ſhould come into the church, becauſe, ſay they, this would ſtrengthen the church too much. Others would have them come in, but can't approve of the methods propoſed, which are to preach to them in their own language, and have the ſervice in *Iriſh*, as our own canons require. So that between them

them I am afraid that little will be done. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Swords, September 1, 1711.

I HAVE before me your's of the 15th and 21ſt, for which I return you my hearty thanks. I perceive you have the votes of our commons here, and I ſuppoſe the addreſs of the lords, that gave occaſion to them. I muſt let you know, that I was very poſitive againſt the clauſe that provoked them, and kept the houſe in debate about it at leaſt an hour, and ſpoke ſo often, that I was aſhamed of myſelf; yet there were but three negatives to it. I uſed ſeveral arguments againſt the lords concurring with their committee, and foretold all that has happened upon it. Upon which I was much out of favour with the houſe for ſome time; and induſtry has been uſed, as I was informed, to perſuade my lord duke, that what I did was in oppoſition to his intereſt: but when I had the opportunity to diſcourſe his grace laſt, he was of

employed much of the lords time to very little purpoſe. My oppoſing this was made an objection againſt me by ſome, that wiſh now my advice had been taken.

The buſineſs of the city of *Dublin*, of which I gave you an account formerly, embroils us very much. We have at the council rejected four mayors and eight ſheriffs, all regularly elected by the city, ſome of them the beſt citizens in the town, and much in the intereſt of the government. We begin to be ſick of it, and I am afraid, that it may beget ill blood, and come into parliament here. We have rejected the elected magiſtrates in four other corporations, which adds to the noiſe. I own there were good reaſons for rejecting ſome of them; but I can't ſay the ſame for *Dublin*. I wiſh this may not prove uneaſy to us.

There was a motion made at the ſeſſions for the county of *Dublin* at *Kilmainham*, for an addreſs of thanks to her majeſty for ſending his grace the duke of *Ormond* to be our chief governor, Nine of the juſtices, that is, all that were then preſent, agreed to it, and an addreſs was ordered to be drawn, which was brought next morning into court, and then there were above a

ſcore, that ſeemed to have come on purpoſe, and promiſed, that it ſhould be rejected by a majority; for this reaſon only, that it would entail a neceſſity on them to addreſs in favour of every new lord lieutenant, or diſoblige him. For which reaſon it was rejected alſo in my lord *Wharton*'s time. This no ways concerns his grace himſelf; but, in my opinion, ought to leſſen the eſteem of ſome perſons management, that attempt things, which would be better let alone, where they cannot be carried without oppoſition.

The houſe of commons ſeem to have received ill impreſſions of ſome. They reckon my lord duke's adviſers, as if they were ſecretly his enemies, and deſigned to betray him. They generally ſeemed perſuaded, that his grace is a ſincere honeſt man, and moſt in the intereſt of the kingdom of any chief governor they can ever expect; and that, therefore, they ought to ſupport him to the utmoſt of their power, and declare, that the quarrels his enemies raiſe, ſhall not hinder them from doing whatever he ſhall reaſonably deſire from them, or her majeſty's ſervice require; and as an inſtance of their ſincerity in this, they have

have granted funds for two years *from Chriſtmas* laſt; whereas at firſt they intended only two years from the 24th of *June* laſt.

I have been preaching a doctrine that ſeems ſtrange to ſome: 'tis, that her majeſty, and the miniſtry, will be inclined to employ ſuch as may be a help and ſupport to their intereſt, and not a clog. I mean, that theſe ſubalterns ſhould, by their prudence and dexterity, be able to remove any miſunderſtandings, that may be between the government and the people, and help to beget in them a good notion of the miniſtry; and, by all means, avoid ſuch things, as may embarraſs or beget jealouſies; ſo that the burthen or odium may not fall on the miniſtry, where any harſh things happen to be done: that it ſeems to me to be the duty of thoſe in poſts, to avoid unneceſſary diſputes, and not to expect, that the miniſtry will interpoſe to extricate them, when they, without neceſſity, have involved themſelves. But ſome are of a different opinion, and ſeem to think, that they have no more to do, when they meet with difficulties, perhaps of their own creating, than to call in the miniſtry, and deſire them to decide the matter

matter by power: a method, that I do not approve, nor has it ſucceeded well with former governors here; witneſs lord *Sydney*, and lord *Wharton*, in the caſe of the convocation.

There really needs but one thing to quiet the people of *Ireland*, and it is to convince them, that there is no eye to the pretender. Great induſtry has been, and ſtill is, uſed to bugbear them with that fear. I believe it is over with you; but it will require time and prudent methods to quiet the people here, that have been poſſeſſed for twenty-two years with a continual apprehenſion, that he is at the door, and that a certain kind of people deſigned to bring him in. The circumſtances of this kingdom, from what they ſaw and felt under King *James*, make the dread of him much greater than it can be with you.

As to our convocation, a letter came from her majeſty to give us licence to act; but it no ways pleaſed ſome people, and ſo it was ſent back to be modelled to their mind, but returned again without alteration. It came not to us till the day the parliament adjourned. I was at that time obliged to attend the council, there being a hearing

of

of the Quakers againſt a bill for recovering tythes. In my abſence they adjourned till the meeting of the parliament, without ſo much as voting thanks, or appointing a committee. The things, that diſpleaſed ſome in the licence were, firſt, that my lord primate was not the ſole preſident, ſo as to appoint whom he pleaſed to act in his abſence. The ſecond was, the conſideration of proper methods to convert the natives, againſt which ſome have ſet themſelves with all their might. The third is, what concerns pluralities, and reſidence, which ſome have not patience to hear of. The lower houſe ſeem to have the matter more at heart; for they have appointed committees during the receſs, and are doing ſomething.

I can't but admire, that you ſhould be at a loſs to find what is the matter with thoſe, that would neither allow you, nor any one elſe, to get any thing for the ſervice of the church, or the public. It is with ſubmiſſion the ſillieſt query I ever found made by Dr. *Swift*. You know there are ſome, that would aſſume to themſelves to be the only churchmen and managers, and can't endure that any thing ſhould be done but by

by themſelves, and in their own way; and had rather that all good things propoſed ſhould miſcarry, than be thought to come from other hands than their own, whoſe buſineſs it is to leſſen every body elſe, and obſtruct whatever is attempted, tho' of the greateſt advantage to church and ſtate, if it be not from their own party. And yet, ſo far as I have hitherto obſerved, I do not remember any inſtance of their propoſing, much leſs proſecuting with ſucceſs, any thing for the public good. They ſeem to have a much better hand at obſtructing others, and embarraſſing affairs, than at propoſing or proſecuting any good deſign.

Theſe ſeem as uneaſy that more alterations are not made here, as thoſe you mention are with them. The reaſon is very plain, they would fain get into employments, which can't be without removes; but I have often obſerved, that none are more eager for poſts, than ſuch as are leaſt fit for them. I do not ſee how a new parliament would much mend things here; for there is little choice of men: perhaps it might be for the worſe, *rebus ſic ſtantibus*; tho' I always thought the honeſt part, is to allow the people to ſpeak their ſenſe on the change of

of affairs by new repreſentatives. I do not find, that thoſe that have embarraſſed the preſent, deſigned a new one; but they thought the commons ſo paſſive, that they might carry what they pleaſed, whatever their deſign might be. If they proſecute the preſent meaſures, I believe they will make new ones neceſſary, when there ſhall be occaſion to have a new ſeſſion.

I pray moſt heartily for her majeſty, and her miniſters; and am inclined to believe, that it is one of the moſt difficult parts of their preſent circumſtances, to find proper inſtruments to execute their good intentions, notwithſtanding the great crowds that offer themſelves; particularly, my lord treaſurer's welfare is at heart with all good men: I am ſure, with none more than, reverend Sir, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XLIX.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Swords, September 1, 1711.

I Got a little retirement here, and made uſe of it, to write you by the preſent pacquet.

quet I promiſed to ſay ſomething as to your own affairs; and the firſt thing is not to neglect yourſelf on this occaſion, but to make uſe of the favour and intereſt you have at preſent, to procure you ſome preferment, that may be called a ſettlement. Years come on, and after a certain age, if a man be not in a ſtation that may be a ſtep to a better, he ſeldom goes higher. It is with men as with beauties, if they paſs the flower, they grow ſtale, and lie for ever neglected. I know you are not ambitious; but it is prudence, not ambition, to get into a ſtation, that may make a man eaſy, and prevent contempt when he grows in years. You certainly may now have an opportunity to provide for yourſelf, and I entreat you not to neglect it.

The ſecond thing that I would deſire you to conſider, is, that God has given you parts and learning, and a happy turn of mind; and that you are anſwerable for thoſe talents to God: and therefore I adviſe you, and believe it to be your duty, to ſet yourſelf to ſome ſerious and uſeful ſubject in your profeſſion, and to manage it ſo, that it may be of uſe to the world. I am perſuaded, that if you will apply yourſelf this

this way, you are well able to do it; and that your knowledge of the world, and reading, will enable you to furniſh ſuch a piece, with ſuch uncommon remarks, as will render it both profitable and agreeable, above moſt things that paſs the preſs. Say not, that moſt ſubjects in divinity are exhauſted; for if you will look into Dr. *Wilkins*'s Heads of Matters, which you will find in his *Gift of Preaching*, you will be ſurprized to find ſo many neceſſary and uſeful heads, that no authors have meddled with. There are ſome common themes, that have employed multitudes of authors; but the moſt curious and difficult are in a manner untouched, and a good genius will not fail to produce ſomething new and ſurprizing on the moſt trite, much more on thoſe that others have avoided, merely becauſe they were above their parts.

Aſſure yourſelf, that your intereſt, as well as duty, requires this from you; and you will find, that it will anſwer ſome objections againſt you, if you thus ſhew the world, that you have patience and comprehenſion of thought, to go through with ſuch a ſubject of weight and learning.

. . . . . .

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You'll pardon me this freedom, which I aſſure you proceeds from a ſincere kindneſs, and true value that I have for you. I will add no more, but my hearty prayers for you. I am, Dr. *Swift*, your's,

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER L.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, October 27, 1711.

I Have before me your's of the 1ſt inſtant, but have been ſo employed with attending parliament, convocation, and privy-council, that I could neither compoſe my thoughts to write, nor find time. Beſides, our buſineſs is all in a hurry; and I may ſay in fine, that things admit of no perfect account. On *Wedneſday* the corn bill, which the commons ſeemed to value moſt, was thrown out; becauſe it reſerved a power to the lord lieutenant and council here, to prohibit or permit the tranſportation of grain at any time. There was a deſign to fall on the privy-council upon this occaſion; but gentlemen would not come into it; which ſhewed they had ſome wit in their anger.

And

And I am ſtill of opinion, that, with tolerable good management, this would have been as quiet a ſeſſion as has been in *Ireland:* but the *Dublin* buſineſs, the addreſs of the lords, *Langton*'s affair *, and now *Higgins*'s †, have exaſperated the commons to ſuch a height, that will, as you obſerve, make this parliament to be impracticable any longer. It is true, the lords addreſs might have been interpreted to aim at lord

* '*Dominic Langton*, clerk, formerly a fryar, had accuſed *Lewis Meares*, Eſq; and other Proteſtant gentlemen of the county of *Weſtmeath*, of entering into an aſſociation againſt the queen and her miniſtry: upon which the houſe of commons in *Ireland*, on the 6th of *Auguſt*, 1711, voted ſeveral ſtrong reſolutions againſt the ſaid *Langton*, declaring his charge againſt Mr. *Meares*, &c. to be falſe, groundleſs, and malicious; and reſolved, that an addreſs ſhould be preſented to the lord lieutenant, the duke of *Ormond*, to deſire, that her majeſty would order the ſaid *Langton* to be ſtruck off the eſtabliſhment of *Ireland*.'

† '*Francis Higgins*, M. A. prebendary of *Chriſt-church*, in *Dublin*, and rector of *Balruddery*, in that county, mentioned in a former note, p. 83. He had been preſented by the grand jury of the county of *Dublin*, on the 5th of *October*, 1711, as a ſower of ſedition, and groundleſs jealouſies, amongſt her majeſty's Proteſtant ſubjects. And on the 10th of the ſame month, *Henry* lord *Santry* preſented a petition to the lord lieutenant and privy-council of *Ireland*, deſiring, that Mr. *Higgins* might be turned out of the commiſſion of peace. But, after ſeveral hearings of the caſe, before the lord lieutenant and council, he was, on the 19th of *November* following, cleared; though the archbiſhop of *Dublin* voted in the negative againſt him.'

Wharton, and was partly ſo intended; but it was ill expreſſed to bear that ſenſe; and, beſides, what did it ſignify for us to ſhew our reſentment, when it could only provoke a great man to revenge, and could not reach him?

As to the firſt-fruits, and twentieth parts, no body here dare ſay, that any body, beſides the duke of *Ormond*, procured them, but his grace himſelf; who, for ought I can learn, never aſſumed, either publicly or privately, any ſuch merit to himſelf: and yet, I confeſs, it is not amiſs, that it ſhould be thought he did thoſe things. For he could not think of governing the kingdom, if it be not believed, that he has great intereſt at court; and if that did not appear by ſome favours of moment obtained for the kingdom, none would ſuppoſe it. He is truly a modeſt, generous, and honeſt man; and aſſure yourſelf, that whatever diſturbance he has met with, proceeds from his ſticking too cloſe to his friends. It is a pity, ſuch a fault ſhould hurt a man. I ſend you, encloſed, the papers that relate to Mr. *Higgins*. Lord *Santry* was heard againſt him, before the lord lieutenant and council, *October* 27: he was allowed only to

prove

prove the articles in his petition, that are marked with P, and he ſeemed to prove them pretty fully; but Mr. *Higgins* not having yet made his defence, I can give no judgment. By the teſtimony of the lower houſe of convocation, in his favour, you will ſee how heartily they eſpouſe him. And ſurely both pains and art have been uſed to ſcreen him: with what effect you ſhall hear when the matter is concluded. I wiſh every good man may meet with as good and as faſt friends as he hath done. I ſend you likewiſe the votes, that kept the commons in debate, from eleven in the morning till ſeven at night. The queſtion was carried in the negative, by two accidents; the going out of one member, by chance, to ſpeak to ſomebody at the putting the queſtion; and the coming in of another, in his boots, at the very minute. If either had not happened, it had gone the other way. The perſonal affection to the duke of *Ormond* divided the houſe. If they could have ſeparated him from ſome others, the majority had been great. You may eaſily, from this, ſee what way the bent of the kingdom goes; and, that garbling corporations no way pleaſes them.

We have ſeveral printed accounts of preliminaries of the peace; but I believe them all amuſements; for, I imagine, none of the common ſcribblers know any thing of them at all. I pray God, they may be ſuch, as may ſecure us from a new war; though, I believe, the death of the emperor makes a laſting peace much more difficult than before. That depends on a ballance, and to that three things ſeem ſo neceſſary, that any two may ſtop the third; but now all is reduced to two. I reckon, as ſoon as the peace is ſettled, the dauphin will be taken out of the way, and then France and Spain will fall into one hand: a ſurmiſe I have had in mind ever ſince Philip got Spain; and I was of opinion, that if we could have been ſecured againſt this accident, there had been no need of a war at all.

As to the convocation, I told you formerly, how we loſt all the time of the receſs, by a precipitate adjournment made by five biſhops, when the archbiſhop of *Tuam*, and as many of us as were of the privy-council, were abſent, attending at the board, upon a hearing of the Quakers againſt the bill for recovery of tythes. Since

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the meeting of the parliament, after the receſs, we have attended pretty cloſely, have drawn up and agreed to ſix or ſeven canons, and have drawn up a repreſentation of the ſtate of religion, as to infidelity, hereſy, impiety, and popery. We have gone through likewiſe, and agreed to, a great part of this; but I doubt we ſhall not be able to finiſh it. We have alſo before us the conſideration of reſidence, and the means of converting Papiſts. This laſt ſent up from the lower houſe. But I reckon it not poſſible to finiſh theſe things this ſeſſion. I need not tell you, that my lord primate's indiſpoſition is a great clog to diſpatch; but he is reſolved, none elſe ſhall have the chair. So we diſpenſe with many things, that otherwiſe I believe we ſhould not. We had only two church-bills this time; one for unions, which was thrown out in our houſe; and another for recovery of tythes, which I underſtand will be thrown out by the commons. Our ſeſſion draws near an end, and every body is tired of it,

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER LI.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

October 31, 1711.

TO-DAY we had another hearing at council, concerning Mr. *Higgins*'s buſineſs. Some of his witneſſes were examined. So far as we have yet heard, it doth not appear to me, that they have cleared him of tampering with witneſſes, ſhifting recognizances, or compounding felonies; but, it is ſaid, theſe things are common in the country; and, perhaps, that will ſave him. And I know not how far his other witneſſes, that are yet to be examined, may clear him. The hearing laſted above three hours. I was unwilling to make this pacquet too large, ſo I have encloſed the other prints in another. I want ſome affidavits of gentlemen, in which they depoſe Mr. *Higgins*'s caſe to contain many falſehoods. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER LII.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, Nov. 1, 1711.*

I HAVE conſidered that part of your letter, that relates to your own concerns. I find you, in earneſt, very indifferent as to making your fortune; but you ought not to be ſo, for a weighty reaſon you inſinuate yourſelf, that you cannot, without a ſettlement, be maſter of your time in ſuch manner, as to apply yourſelf to do ſomething, that may be uſeful to the church. I know it is not in your power to do it when you pleaſe; but yet ſomething may be done towards it. Get but a letter to the government, from my lord treaſurer, for the firſt good preferment; and you will, at the ſame time, fill it with a good man, and perhaps prevent a bad one from getting into it. Sure there is no immodeſty in getting ſuch a recommendation. Conſider, that years grow upon you; and, after fifty, both body and mind decay. I have ſeveral things on the anvil, and near finiſhed, that perhaps might be uſeful, if

publiſhed: but the continual avocation by buſineſs, the impoſitions on me by impertinent viſits, and the uneaſineſs of writing, which grows more intolerable to me every day, I doubt, will prevent my going any farther. Therefore loſe no time. *Qui non eſt hodie, cras minus aptus erit.* I am ſure, you are able to do good ſervice; and give me leave to be importunate with you to go about it. *Cæſar* wrote his Commentaries, under the hurry and fatigues of a general; and, perhaps, a man's ſpirit is never more awakened, nor his thoughts better, than in the intervals of a hurry of buſineſs. Read *Eraſmus*'s life, and you'll find it was almoſt a continual journey. You ſee how malicious ſome are towards you, in printing a parcel of trifles, falſely, as your works. This makes it neceſſary, that you ſhould ſhame thoſe varlets, by ſomething that may enlighten the world, which, I am ſure, your genius will reach, if you ſet yourſelf to it. If I had the honour to have any correſpondence with my lord treaſurer, I would certainly complain of you to him, and get his lordſhip to join in this requeſt, which, I perſuade myſelf, he would readily do, if put in mind. I

do not in the leaſt fear, that you will be angry with me for this, ſince you cannot ſuſpect my ſincerity and kindneſs in it: and though I ſhall be angry with you, if you neglect yourſelf and intereſt, yet it ſhall go no farther, than to be a trouble to myſelf; but no abatement of the real friendſhip of your's, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER LIII.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dublin, Nov. 10, 1711.

PERHAPS it will not be ungrateful to you, to know our ſeſſion of parliament ended on *Friday* laſt. We threw out, in the houſe of lords, two bills; that againſt fines in the city of *Dublin*, and about quit-rents; and voted an addreſs, in oppoſition to the commons addreſs about revolution principles. We likewiſe burned Mr. *Stoughton*'s ſermon, preached at *Chriſt-church* on the 30th of *January*, ſome years ago. The houſe were pleaſed to vote me thanks for proſecuting him, which, you may remember, I did in a difficult time, notwithſtanding

ſtanding the oppoſition I had from the government, and his protection by lord *Ikerin*, which he pleaded in court: and yet I followed him ſo cloſe, that I forced him out of his living. After this, we burned Mr. *Boyſe*'s book of A Scriptural Biſhop *; and ſome obſervators †. Our addreſs was brought in yeſterday; in which, ſure, we are even with the commons. I forgot to tell you, we agreed to another addreſs againſt diſſenting miniſters, and their twelve hundred pounds ‡ *per annum*. The com-

* 'It was printed in 4to. at *Dublin*, under the title of, *The Office of a Chriſtian Biſhop deſcribed, and recommended from* 1 *Tim. ch.* iii. *ver.* 1. *An ordination-ſermon. With an appendix to it, and a poſtſcript, containing an apology for the publication of it.* The *appendix* and *poſtſcript* were added to the ſecond edition of the *ſermon*. The author was an eminent diſſenting miniſter, at *Dublin*.'

† 'Papers publiſhed under that title, by *John Tutchin*, Eſq; who had been ſeverely ſentenced by lord chief juſtice *Jeffereys*, in king *James* the ſecond's reign. He was, at laſt, attacked in the night, for ſome offence, which he had given by his writings, and died in conſequence of the violence uſed towards him. Dr. *Swift*, in his *Examiner*, No. 15. for *November* 16, 1710, ſpeaks of this writer, and of *Daniel de Foe*, author of *The Review of the State of the Britiſh Nation, as two ſtupid illiterate ſcribblers, both of them fanatics by profeſſion*, p. 300.'

‡ 'This addreſs was agreed upon *November* 9, 1711. The twelve hundred pounds *per annum*, was originally a bounty to thoſe miniſters from king *Charles* the ſecond, confirmed by king *William*, and continued by queen *Anne*.'

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mons made an addreſs to my lord lieutenant, in which they bring him in for revolution principles. The memorial of the church of *England* ‖ was reprinted here, and dedicated to my lord lieutenant. This was brought into the houſe of commons, and, I doubt, would not have eſcaped, if the uſher of the black rod had not called them up to the prorogation. *Langton*'s buſineſs came likewiſe into the houſe of lords, and when the houſe was full of ladies, an offer was made to receive the report of the committee, which contained many ſheets of paper. A great debate happened upon it; but at laſt it was waved, and ordered to be laid before the lord lieutenant.

In ſhort, we parted in very ill humour; and, I apprehend, that the minds of the generality are not eaſy. My lord duke of *Ormond*, ſo far as I could take it, made a very modeſt and healing ſpeech; and his grace ſeemed, in it, to be altogether diſintereſted in parties. All theſe you have

‖ 'Publiſhed at firſt in 1705, in quarto, under this title, *The Memorial of the Church of* England, *humbly offered to the Conſideration of all true Lovers of our Church and Conſtitution.* This libel, upon its firſt publication, having been preſented as ſuch by the grand jury of *London* and *Middleſex*, on the 31ſt of *Auguſt*, 1705, was burnt by the common hangman.'

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in public; and, if you think it worth while, I will take care to ſend them as they are printed.

As to our convocation, thoſe, who had loitered and done nothing before laſt week, preſſed on the repreſentation of the ſtate of religion, as to infidelity, hereſy, impiety, and popery: it will, in ſome time, be printed. I had many reaſons, but inſiſted only on two; firſt, its imputing all vices to us, as if we were the worſt of people in the world; not allowing any good amongſt us. Secondly, not aſſigning it a cauſe of the natives continuing Papiſts, that no care was ever taken to preach to them in their own language, or tranſlating the ſervice into *Iriſh*. You will find the matter in *Heylin's Reformation*, 2d *Eliz.* 1560, p. 128. I was forced to uſe art to procure this proteſt to be admitted, without which they would not have allowed me to offer reaſons, as I had cauſe to believe.

Both the parliament and convocation have been ſo ordered, as to make us appear the worſt people in the world, diſloyal to her majeſty, and enemies to the church; and, I ſuſpect, with a deſign to make us appear unworthy to have any countenance

or preferment in our native country. When the repreſentation is printed, I will, if you think it worth your while, ſend you my proteſt. We agreed likewiſe in ſome canons of no great moment, and ſome forms of prayer, and forms of receiving Papiſts, and ſectaries; which, I think, are too ſtrait. I brought in a paper about reſidence, but here was no time to conſider it, nor that which related to the means of converting Papiſts. I did not perceive any zeal that way. A great part of our repreſentation relates to ſectaries; and many things, in the whole, ſeem to me not defenſible. I told you before, how we loſt ſix weeks, during the adjournment of the parliament; and ſince it ſat, we could only meet in the afternoon, and I was frequently in council; ſo that I was neither preſent when it was brought into the houſe, when it paſſed for the moſt part, or was ſent down in parcels, in foul raſed papers, that I could not well read, if I had an opportunity; and never heard it read through before it paſt.

I believe moſt are agreed, that if my advice had been taken, this would have been the peaceableſt ſeſſion ever was in *Ireland*; whereas it has been one of the moſt boiſterous.

ſterous. I believe it was his grace the duke of *Ormond*'s intereſt to have it quiet; but then the managers conduct has ſhewed themſelves to be neceſſary. I have wearied myſelf with this ſcroll, and perhaps you will be ſo likewiſe. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN to Dr. SWIFT.

Hampton-Court, November 16, 1711.

I RETURN you the ſheet *, which is, I think, very correct. *Sunday* morning I hope to ſee you. I am ſincerely your hearty friend, and obedient ſervant,

H. ST. JOHN.

I have a vile ſtory to tell you of the moral philoſopher *Steele*.

LETTER LV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE †.

SIR, London, December 29, 1711.

THE reaſon I have not troubled you this long time with my letters, was, be-

* 'Probably of the conduct of the allies, which was publiſhed on the twenty-ſeventh of *November*, 1711.'

† 'Dean of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*.'

cauſe

cauſe I would not diſturb the quiet you live in, and which the greateſt and wiſeſt men here would envy, if they knew; and which it is one part of your happineſs that they do not. I have often ſent the archbiſhop † political letters, of which I ſuppoſe you have had part. I have ſome weeks ago received a letter from his grace, which I deſign to acknowledge in a ſhort time (as I deſire you will pleaſe to tell him) when things here come to ſome iſſue; and ſo we expect they will do in a little time. You know what an unexpected thing fell out the firſt day of this ſeſſion, in the houſe of lords *, by the caprice, diſcontent, or ſome worſe motive of the earl of *Nottingham*.

In above twenty years, that I have known ſomething of courts, I never obſerved ſo many odd, dark, unaccountable circumſtances in any public affair. A majority

† 'Archbiſhop of *Dublin*, Dr. *King*.'

* 'The earl of *Nottingham* propoſed, in the houſe of lords, a clauſe to be inſerted in the addreſs of thanks to the queen for her ſpeech, to repreſent to her majeſty, as the humble opinion and advice of the houſe, that no peace could be made ſafe or honourable to *Great Britain* or *Europe*, if *Spain* or the *Weſt-Indies* were to be allowed to any branch of the houſe of *Bourbon*. Which motion was carried by a majority of ſixty-one votes to fifty-five.'

againſt

againſt the court, carried by five or ſix depending lords, who owed the beſt part of their bread to penſions from the court, and who were told by the public enemy, that what they did would be pleaſing to the queen, though it was openly levelled againſt the firſt miniſter's head: again, thoſe, whoſe purſe-ſtrings and heart-ſtrings were the ſame, all on a ſudden ſcattering their money to bribe votes: a lord †, who had been ſo far always a tory, as often to be thought in the pretender's intereſt, giving his vote for the ruin of all his old friends, careſſed by thoſe whigs, who hated and abhorred him: the whigs all chiming in ‡ with

† 'Earl of *Nottingham.*'

‡ 'One of the conditions, upon which the earl of *Nottingham* was ſaid to have entered into ſtrict engagements with the lords of the moderate party, was their concurrence with him in a bill to prevent *occaſional conformity*, which he had formerly urged, and now deſigned to bring into the houſe of lords, though under another title, and with ſuch clauſes, as would, in ſome meaſure, inlarge the toleration of diſſenters, and be a farther ſecurity to the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, in the houſe of commons. Accordingly, on *Saturday, December* 15, 1711, his lordſhip brought into the houſe of lords *a bill for preſerving the Proteſtant religion, by better ſecuring the church of England, as by law eſtabliſhed; and for confirming the toleration granted to the Proteſtant diſſenters, by an act, intitled,* An Act for exempting their Majeſties Proteſtant Subjects, diſſenting from the church of *England*, from the penalties of certain Laws; and for the ſupplying the defects thereof; *and for the farther*

a bill againſt occaſional conformity; and the very diſſenting miniſters agreeing to it, for reaſons, that no body alive can tell ‖; a reſolution of breaking the treaty of peace, without any poſſible ſcheme for continuing the war: and all this owing to a doubtfulneſs, or inconſtancy, in one certain quarter, which, at this diſtance, I dare not deſcribe. Neither do I find any one perſon, though deepeſt in affairs, who can tell what ſteps to take. On *January* the ſecond, the houſe of lords is to meet, and, it is expected, they will go on in their votes and addreſſes againſt a peace.

On the other ſide, we are endeavouring to get a majority, and have called up two earls ſons to the houſe of peers; and I thought ſix more would have been called, and, perhaps, they may before *Wedneſday*. We expect the duke of *Somerſet*, and lord

ther ſecuring the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, by requiring the practiſers of the law, in North Britain, *to take the oaths, and ſubſcribe the declaration therein mentioned.* His lordſhip was ſupported by the earls of *Scarborough* and *Wharton*, and ſeveral other lords; ſo that the bill was received, and read the firſt time without any oppoſition; and, on the 18th of *December*, it paſſed the houſe of lords, as it did that of the commons on the 20th of that month.'

‖ It is ſaid the Diſſenters conſented to be kept out, that the Papiſts might not be let in.

Cholmondly, will loſe their places; but it is not yet done, and we wiſh for one more change at court, which you muſt gueſs. To know upon what ſmall circumſtances, and by what degrees, this change has been brought about, would require a great deal more than I can or dare write.

There is not one, which I did not give warning of to thoſe chiefly concerned, many months ago; and ſo did ſome others, for they were viſible enough. This muſt infallibly end either in an entire change of meaſures and miniſtry, or in a firm eſtabliſhment of our ſide. Delay, and tenderneſs to an inveterate party, have been very inſtrumental to this ill ſtate of affairs. They tell me, you in *Ireland* are furious againſt a peace; and it is a great jeſt to ſee people in *Ireland* furious for or againſt any thing.

I hope to ſee you in ſpring, when travelling weather comes on. But I have a mind to ſee the iſſue of this ſeſſion. I reckon your hands are now out of mortar, and that your garden is finiſhed: and I ſuppoſe you have now one or two fifty pounds ready for books, which I will lay out for you, if you will give me directions.

I have increaſed my own little library very conſiderably; I mean, as far as one fifty pounds, which is very conſiderable for me. I have juſt had a letter from the *St. Mary* ladies, *&c* *. I thought they were both dead; but I find they ſometimes drink your claret ſtill, and win your money. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

You know *who*.

I had ſealed my letter, but have broke it open, to tell you, and all that love the church and crown, that all things are now well. The queen has turned out the duke of *Somerſet*, and has created twelve new lords, of which three are peers eldeſt ſons, the reſt new created; ſo that a majority is paſt diſpute. We are all in the greateſt joy imaginable to find her majeſty declare herſelf ſo ſeaſonably.

Note. Dr. *Sterne* made a large collection of books, and placed them in the upper part of the deanry-houſe (then built by him) which he fitted up for this purpoſe, in one great room, with a fire-place at each end. He enlarged this collection very much in the ſubſequent part of his life, and when he died biſhop of *Clogher*, in *June* 1745, he bequeathed ſuch books out of it, to the truſtees of the public library in *Dublin*, founded by primate *Marſh*, as they wanted. The remainder he directed to be ſold, and the money to be divided amongſt the curates of his dioceſe: but as thoſe gentlemen choſe rather to have the books divided amongſt them, their requeſt was complied with by the biſhop's executors; and all the books, being a great number, were divided into lots, as nearly equal as poſſible in value, and nailed up in boxes, that were numbered. Duplicates of theſe numbers were written on pieces of paper, and the curates drew for them.

* 'Mrs. *Johnſon* and Mrs. *Dingley*.'

LETTER LVI.

Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN to Dr. SWIFT, in 1712, when he was writing the hiſtory †.

DEAR Doctor, I aſk pardon for my miſtake; and I ſend you the right paper. I am, in ſickneſs and in health, ever your faithful friend, and obedient ſervant,

H. ST. JOHN.

LETTER LVII.

The ſame, after he was created Lord BOLINGBROKE, to Dr. SWIFT.

January 5, 1712, Thurſday morning, two o'clock.

THO' I have not ſeen you, I did not fail to write to lord treaſurer. *Non tua res agitur*, dear *Jonathan*. It is the treaſurer's cauſe; it is my cauſe; 'tis every man's cauſe, who is embarked on our bottom. Depend upon it, that I never will neglect any opportunity of ſhewing that true eſteem, that ſincere affection, and honeſt friendſhip for you, which fills the breaſt of your faithful ſervant,

BOLINGBROKE.

† Of the four laſt years of queen *Anne*.

LET-

LETTER LVIII.

Dr. SACHEVERELL * to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Southwark, Jan. 31, 1711-12.

SINCE you have been pleaſed to undertake the generous office of ſoliciting my good lord treaſurer's favour in my behalf, I ſhould be very ungrateful, if I did not return you my moſt hearty thanks for it, and my humbleſt acknowledgments to his lordſhip for the ſucceſs it has met with.

I received laſt *Monday* a meſſage by my pupil Mr. *Lloyd*, repreſentative of *Shropſhire*, from Mr. *Harley*, by his lordſhip's order, to enquire what my brother was qualified for. I told him, having failed in his trade, he had been out of buſineſs for ſome years, during which time I had entirely maintained him and his family; that his education had not qualified him for any conſiderable or nice poſt; but that if his

* This gentleman's trial, upon an impeachment, is well known. *Swift* ſays, it aroſe from a fooliſh paſſionate pique of the earl of *Godolphin*, whom he was ſuppoſed in a ſermon to have reflected on, under the name of *Volpone*. See Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Miniſtry, in the volumes juſt publiſhed by Mr. Dean *Swift*.

lordſhip thought him an object of his favour, I entirely ſubmitted him to his diſpoſal, and ſhould be very thankful to his goodneſs to eaſe me of part of that heavy burthen of my family, that required more than my poor circumſtances could allow of.

I am informed alſo, that I am very much indebted to my great countryman, Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, for his generous recommendation of this matter to his lordſhip, I ſhould be proud of an opportunity of expreſſing my gratitude to that eminent patriot, for whom no one, that wiſhes the welfare or honour of his church or country, can have ſo great a veneration.

But for yourſelf, good Doctor, who was the firſt ſpring to move it, I can never ſufficiently acknowledge the obligation. I ſhould be glad, if you will command me, in any time or place to do it, which will be a farther favour conferred on, reverend Sir, your moſt faithful ſervant,

H. SACHEVERELL.

[1] I am told there is a place in the cuſtom-houſe void, called the *ſearcher's*; which, if proper to aſk, I would not preſume; but rather leave it to his lordſhip's diſpoſal.

LET-

LETTER LIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON*.

February 9, 1711.

I DINED to-day with Sir *Michael Dudley*, who is newly turned out of the commiſſion of the cuſtoms. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of whiggery, which was always his principle, tho' he was gentle a little, while he kept in employment. We can get no pacquets from *Holland*. I have not been with any of the miniſtry theſe two or three days. I keep out of their way on purpoſe, for a certain

* Mrs. *Johnſon* was a lady, with whom *Swift* became acquainted, while he lived with Sir *William Temple*. She was the daughter of his ſteward; and when he died, he left her a thouſand pounds, in conſideration of her father's faithful ſervices. She was about 18 when ſhe went to *Ireland*; and after a moſt intimate friendſhip of more than 16 years, ſhe was, in 1716, married to the dean, by Dr. *Aſh*, then biſhop of *Clogher*, to whom he had been a pupil in *Trinity College*, *Dublin*, though it is not known that they ever cohabited. This, and the following letters, are part of the journal, which, in the life of *Swift*, prefixed to *Bathurſt*'s edition, he is ſaid to have written, and ſent to this lady every fortnight. The letters are addreſſed, ſometimes to Mrs. *Johnſon*, and ſometimes to Mrs. *Dingley*; and ſeem to be conſidered as written not to one, but both; for they are frequently addreſſed jointly; "are you houſe wifes, are you readers?" See his letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, dated *March* 22, 1711-12.

reaſon, for ſome time, tho' I muſt dine with the ſecretary † to-morrow. The chooſing of the company being left to me, I have engaged lord *Angleſey* and lord *Carteret*, and have promiſed to get three more; but I have a mind, that none elſe ſhould be admitted. However, if I like any body at court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad.

10th, I ſaw prince *Eugene* at court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly beſides. The court was very full, and people had their birth-day cloaths. No pacquets from *Holland* yet. Here are a parcel of drunken whiggiſh lords, like your lord *Santry*, who come into chocolate-houſes, and rail aloud at the tories, and have challenges ſent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon. General *Roſs* was like to ſwinge the marquis of —— for this trick, the other day; and we have nothing elſe now to talk of till the parliament has had another bout with *the ſtate of the war*, as they intend in a few days. They have ordered the barrier treaty to be laid before them; and it was talked

† *St. John.*

ſome

ſome time ago, as if there was a deſign to impeach lord *Townſhend*, who made it.

11th, I dined with lord *Angleſey* to-day, who had ſeven *Iriſhmen* to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs. One I did not know, and the other was young *Bligh*, who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine chariot. He aſked me, one day at court, when I had juſt been talking with ſome lords, who ſtood near me, Doctor, when ſhall we ſee you in the county of *Meath?* I whiſpered him to take care what he ſaid, for the people would think *he was ſome Barbarian*. He never would ſpeak to me ſince, till we met to-day. I went to Lady *Maſham*'s to-night, and ſat with lord treaſurer and the ſecretary there till paſt two o'clock; and when I came home, found ſome letters from *Ireland*, which I read, but can ſay nothing of them till to-morrow: it is too late.

12th, One letter was from the biſhop of *Clogher* laſt night, and the other from *Walls*, about Mrs. *South*'s ſalary, and his own penſion of eighteen pounds for his tythes of the *Park*. I will do nothing in either. The firſt I cannot ſerve in, and the other is a trifle; only you may tell him

I had his letter, and will ſpeak to *Ned Southwell* about what he deſigns me. You ſay nothing of your dean's receiving my letter.

I find, *Clements*, whom I recommended to lord *Angleſey* laſt year, at *Walls*'s deſire, or rather the biſhop of *Clogher*'s, is mightily in lord *Angleſey*'s favour. You may tell the biſhop and *Walls* ſo. I ſaid to lord *Angleſey*, that I was glad I had the good luck to recommend him, *&c.*

I dined in the city with my printer, to conſult with him about ſome papers lord treaſurer gave me laſt night, as he always does, too late. However, I will do ſomething with them. My third cold is a little better. I never had any thing like it before, three colds ſucceſſively. Three meſſengers come from *Holland* to-day, and they brought over the ſix pacquets that were due. I know not the particulars yet; for when I was with the ſecretary at noon, they were juſt opening. But one thing I find, the *Dutch* are playing us tricks, and tampering with the *French*; they are dogs; I ſhall know more.

13th, I dined to-day privately with my friend *Lewis* ‡, at his lodgings, to conſult about ſome obſervations on the barrier

‡ *Eraſmus Lewis*, ſecretary to lord *Oxford*.

treaty.

treaty. Our news from *Holland* is not good. The *French* raiſe difficulties, and make ſuch offers to the allies, as cannot be accepted; and the *Dutch* are uneaſy, that we are like to get any thing for ourſelves; and the whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very buſy three or four hours. I had a letter from Dr. *Pratt* to-day by a private hand, recommending the bearer to me, for ſomething that I ſhall not trouble myſelf about. *Weſley* writ to recommend the ſame fellow to me. His expreſſion is, that hearing I am acquainted with my lord treaſurer, he deſires I would do ſo and ſo. A matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind? I hope I ſhall be wiſer when I have once done with courts. I think you have not troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the ſervice I could.

14th, Our ſociety dined to-day at Mr. ſecretary's houſe. I went there at four; but hearing the houſe of commons would ſit late upon the barrier treaty, I went for an hour to *Kenſington*, to ſee lord *Maſham*'s children. My young nephew ‖, his ſon

‖ Lord *Maſham* was probably one of the ſixteen brothers; which accounts for *Swift*'s calling his ſon nephew. See the note on a letter from lord *Harley*, dated *July* 17, 1714.

of ſix months old, has got a ſwelling in his neck. I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight at night, and I left them at ten. The commons have been very ſevere on the barrier treaty, as you will find by their votes. A whig member took out the *Conduct of the Allies* *, and read that paſſage about the ſucceſſion with great reſentment; but none ſeconded him. The church party carried every vote by a great majority. The archbiſhop of *Dublin* is ſo railed at by all who come from *Ireland*, that I can defend him no longer. Lord *Angleſey* aſſured me, that the ſtory of applying *Piſo* out of *Tacitus* to lord treaſurer being wounded is true †. I believe the duke of *Beaufort* will be admitted to our ſociety ‡ next meeting. To-day I publiſhed the *Fable of Midas*, a poem, printed in a looſe half ſheet. I know not how it will take; but it paſſed wonderfully at our ſociety to-night. Mr. ſecretary read it before me the other night, to lord treaſurer, at lord *Maſham*'s, where they equally ap-

* A pamphlet written by the dean. See his works.

† For an account of the treaſurer's being wounded, ſee a letter from the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, dated *March* 17, 1710, and note.

‡ The ſociety of ſixteen, called Brothers.

proved

proved of it. Tell me how it paſſes with you? I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is a ſix days journal, and no nearer the bottom. I fear theſe journals are very dull.

15th, Mr. *Lewis* and I dined by invitation with a *Scotch* acquaintance, after I had been very buſy in my chamber, till two in the afternoon. My third cold is now very troubleſome on my breaſt, eſpecially in the morning. This is a great revolution in my health; colds never uſed to return ſo ſoon with me, or laſt ſo long. It is very ſurpriſing the news this day: the dauphin and dauphineſs both dying within ſix days. They ſay the old king is almoſt heart-broke: he has had prodigious mortifications in his family. The dauphin has left two little ſons, of four and two years old; the eldeſt is ſick. There is a fooliſh ſtory got about town, that lord *Strafford*, one of our plenipotentiaries, is in the intereſts of *France*: And it has been a good while ſaid, that lord privy ſeal || and he do not agree very well; they are both long practiſed in buſineſs, but neither of them of much

|| Dr. *John Robinſon*, biſhop of *Briſtol*. He was ſworn lord privy ſeal, *Sept.* 3, 1711.

parts.

parts. *Strafford* hath ſome life and ſpirit; but is infinitely proud, and wholly illiterate.

16th, I dined to-day in the city with my printer, to finiſh ſomething I am doing about the barrier treaty; but it is not quite done*. I went this evening to lord *Maſham's*, where lord treaſurer ſat with us till paſt twelve. The lords have voted an addreſs to the queen, to tell her, they are not ſatisfied with the king of *France's* offers. The whigs brought it in of a ſudden; and the court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppoſe it. The houſe of lords is too ſtrong in whigs, notwithſtanding the new creations: for they are very diligent, and the tories as lazy. The ſide that is down hath always moſt induſtry. The whigs intended to have made a vote, that would reflect on lord treaſurer; but their project was not ripe.

17th, The court was mighty full to-day, and has been ſo theſe many *Sundays*; but the queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout in her foot. The good of going to court is, that one ſees all one's acquaintance, whom otherwiſe I

* It was publiſhed under the title of, "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty." See *Bathurſt's* edition, octavo, vol. ix.

ſhould

ſhould hardly meet twice a year. Prince *Eugene* dines with the ſecretary to-day, with about ſeven or eight general officers, or foreign miniſters. They will be all drunk, I am ſure. I never was in company with this prince. I have propoſed to ſome lords, that we ſhould have a ſober meal with him; but I cannot compaſs it. It is come over in the *Dutch* news prints, that I was arreſted on an action of 20,000*l.* by the duke of *Marlborough*. I did not like my court invitations to-day; ſo Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I went and dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh**. I came home at ſix, and have been very buſy till this minute, and it is paſt twelve. We reckon the dauphin's death will ſet forward the peace a good deal.

18th, *Lewis* had *Guiſcard*'s picture; he bought it, and offered it to lord treaſurer, who promiſed to ſend for it, but never did; ſo I made *Lewis* give it me, and I have it in my room; and now lord treaſurer ſays, he will take it from me. Is that fair? He deſigns to have it at length in the cloaths

* The mother of *Vaneſſa*. See an account of her in *Swift*'s life, and the verſes called *Cadenus* and *Vaneſſa*. See alſo the note prefixed to the dean's letters to Miſs *Vanhomrigh* in this collection.

he

he wore when he did the action, and a penknife in his hand. *Kneller* is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with lord treasurer to-day, but he has put me off till to-morrow; so I dined with lord *Dupplin*. You know lord *Dupplin* very well; he is a brother of the society †. Well, but I have received a letter from the bishop of *Clogher*, to solicit an affair for him with lord treasurer, and with the parliament, which I will do as soon as fly. I am not near so keen about other people's affairs as you used to reproach me. It was a judgment on me. I doubt you have been in pain about the report of my being arrested. The pamphleteers have let me alone this month, which is a great wonder; only the third part of the answer to the *conduct*, which is lately come out. Did I tell you of it before? The house of commons goes on in mauling the late ministry and their proceedings.

19th, I dined with lord treasurer to-day, and sat with him till ten in spight of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a sheet. I told him of four lines I writ extempore with my pencil, on a bit of

† The society of sixteen.

paper

paper in his houſe, while he lay wounded. Some of the ſervants, I ſuppoſe, made waſte paper of them, and he never heard of them. They were inſcribed to Mr. *Harley*'s phyſicians thus:

On *Britain Europe*'s ſafety lies;
Britain is loſt, if *Harley* dies:
Harley depends upon your ſkill:
Think what you ſave, or what you kill.

I propoſed that ſome company ſhould dine with him on the eighth of *March*, which was the day he was wounded; but he ſays he deſigns that the lords of the cabinet, who then ſat with him, ſhould dine that day with him: however, he has invited me to dinner. I am not yet rid of my cold; it plagues me in the morning chiefly.

20th, After waiting to catch the ſecretary coming out from Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, for two hours in vain, about ſome buſineſs, I went into the city to my printer, to correct ſome ſheets of the barrier treaty, and remarks, which muſt be finiſhed to-morrow. I have been hourly buſy for ſome days paſt, with this and ſome other things; and I wanted ſome very neceſſary papers, which the ſecretary was to give me, and the

pamphlet muſt not be publiſhed without them; but they are all buſy too. Sir *Thomas Hanmer* is chairman of the committee, for drawing up a repreſentation of the ſtate of the nation to the queen, where all the wrong ſteps of the allies, and the late miniſtry about the war, will be mentioned. The ſecretary, I ſuppoſe, was helping him about it to-day; I believe it will be a pepperer.

21ſt, I have been ſix hours to-day morning writing nineteen pages of a letter to lord treaſurer, about forming a ſociety or academy, to correct and fix the *Engliſh* language. Is *Engliſh* a ſpeech, or a language? It will not be above five or ſix more. I will ſend it him to-morrow, and will print it, if he deſires me*. I dined, you know, with our ſociety to-day; *Thurſday* is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the duke of *Beaufort*. We were thirteen met; brother *Ormond* was not there, but ſent his excuſe, that prince *Eugene* dined with him. I left them at ſeven, being engaged to go to Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, who deſired I would ſee him at

* It is printed in his works.

that

that hour. His buſineſs was, that I would † hoen lbp ihainm itaoi dsroanws ubpſ tohne sroe qporaenſie p not las toi qobn, which I conſented to do; but do not know whether I ſhall ſucceed, becauſe it is a little out of my way: however, I have taken my ſhare.

22d, I finiſhed the reſt of my letter to lord treaſurer to-day, and ſent it to him about one o'clock; and then dined privately with my friend Mr. *Lewis*, to talk over ſome affairs of moment. I have gotten the 13th volume of *Rymer*'s collection of the records of the *Tower*, for the univerſity of *Dublin* *. I will write to the provoſt to know how I ſhall ſend them to him; no, I won't, for I will bring them myſelf among my own books. I was with *Hanmer* this morning, and there was the ſecretary and chancellor of the exchequer † very buſy with him, laying their heads together about the repreſentation. I went

† Thus decyphered, "help him to draw up the repreſentation."

* See a letter from lady *Elizabeth Germain* to Dr. *Swift*, dated *November* 7, 1734, and note.

† '*Robert Benſon*, Eſq; afterwards created lord *Bingley*.'

to lord *Maſham*'s to-night ‡, and *Maſham* made me read her a pretty penny pamphlet, called the *St. A* ghoſt ‖. I thought I had writ it myſe did they; but I did not. Lord trea came down to us from the queen, an ſtayed till two o'clock. This is th night-place I have. The uſual co are lord and lady *Maſham*, lord tre Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and I; ſometimes t cretary §, and ſometimes Mrs. *Hill*, o bed-chamber, lady *Maſham*'s ſiſter.

23d, I have no news to tell you th day, nor do I know where I ſhall din hear the ſecretary is a little out of Perhaps I may dine there, perhaps n ſent *Hanmer* what he wanted from know not how he will approve of it. to do more of the ſame ſort. On it will be four weeks ſince I had you N° 26. This day ſe'nnight I expe for that will be ſomething more than month. Farewel.

‡ It ſhould be laſt night, for this appears to have written after two o'clock in the morning.

‖ 'The title is, The ſtory of *St. Alban*'s gho the apparition of mother *Haggy*, collected from th manuſcripts.'

§ Mr. *St. John*.

L E

LETTER LX.

THE SAME.

London, February 23, 1711-12.

AFTER having diſpoſed my laſt letter in the poſt-office, I am now to begin this, with telling you that I dined with the ſecretary to-day, who is much out of order with a cold, and feveriſh; yet he went to the cabinet council to night at ſix, againſt my will. The ſecretary is much the greateſt commoner in *England*, and turns the whole parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him ſometimes, that if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour, and truſt my fortune with his. But what care you for all this? I am ſorry when I came firſt acquainted with this miniſtry, that I did not ſend you their names and characters, and then you would have reliſhed what I would have writ, eſpecially if I had let you into the particulars of affairs: but enough of this.

24th, I went early this morning to the ſecretary, who is not yet well. Sir *Thomas Hanmer* and the chancellor of the exchequer came while I was there, and he would not let me ſtir; ſo I did not go to church, but was buſy with them till noon, about the affair I told you of in my laſt. The other two went away, and I dined with the ſecretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no abſolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has ſhook me a little. I ſometimes ſit up very late at lord *Maſham*'s, and have writ much for ſeveral days paſt; but I will amend both; for I have now very little buſineſs, and hope I ſhall have no more. I am reſolved to be a great rider this ſummer in *Ireland*. I was to ſee Mr. *Weſley* this evening, who has been ſomewhat better for this month paſt, and talks of returning to the *Bath* in a few weeks. Our peace goes on but ſlowly; the *Dutch* are playing tricks, and we do not puſh it as ſtrongly as we ought. The fault of our court is delay, of which the queen has a great deal; and lord treaſurer is not without his ſhare. But pray let us know a little of your life and converſation. Do you play at ombre,

or

or visit the dean, and goody *Wall*'s and *Stoyte*'s, and *Manly*'s as usual? I must have a letter from you. Let me know what you do? Is my aunt alive yet? Oh, pray, now I think of it, be so kind to step to my aunt, and take notice of my great-grandfather's; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a seal of an anchor and dolphin about it; but I think there is besides, at the bottom of the picture, the same coat of arms quartered with another, which I suppose was my great-grandmother's. If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and ask my aunt what she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reason is, because I would ask some herald here, whether I should chuse that coat, or one in *Guillim*'s large folio of heraldry, where my uncle *Godwin* is named with another coat of arms of three stags. This is sad stuff to write.

25th, I was this morning again with the secretary, and we were two hours busy; and then went together to the Park, *Hyde*

Park, I mean, and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two *Arabian* horſes, ſent ſome time ago to lord treaſurer. The duke of *Marlborough*'s coach overtook us with his grace, and lord *Godolphin* in it; but they did not ſee us, to our great ſatisfaction; for neither of us deſired that either of thoſe two lords ſhould ſee us together. There was half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the ſecretary; but we did no buſineſs after dinner, and at ſix I walked into the fields; then I went to viſit *Percival* and his family, whom I had ſeen but once ſince they came to town. They are going to *Bath* next month. Counteſs *Doll* of *Meath* * is ſuch an owl, that wherever I viſit, people are aſking me, whether I know ſuch an *Iriſh* lady, and her figure and her foppery? I came home early, and have been amuſing myſelf with looking into one of the volumes of *Rymer*'s records of the *Tower*, and am mighty eaſy to think I have no urgent buſineſs upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; I ſome-

* 'Dorothy, daughter to *James Stopford*, Eſq; and ſecond wife of *Edward Brabazon*, earl of *Meath*, who died 22 *February*, 1708, without iſſue.'

times

times cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you, that I believe it is lady *Maſham*'s hot rooms that give it me? I never knew ſuch a ſtove; and in my conſcience, I believe both my lord and ſhe, my lord treaſurer, Mr. ſecretary, and myſelf, have all ſuffered by it. We have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot.

26th, I was again buſy with the ſecretary. We read over ſome papers, and did a good deal of buſineſs. I dined with him, and we were to do more buſineſs after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner; an old ſaying and a true, much drinking little thinking. We had company with us, and nothing could be done. I am to go there to-morrow. I have now nothing to do; and the parliament, by the queen's recommendation, is to take ſome method for preventing libels, *&c.* which will include pamphlets, I ſuppoſe. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes on in a day or two. To-day in the morning I viſited upwards; firſt I ſaw the duke of *Ormond* below ſtairs, and gave him joy of his being declared general in *Flanders*; then I went up one pair of ſtairs, and

ſat

ſat with the dutcheſs; then I went up another pair of ſtairs, and paid a viſit to lady *Betty*; and deſired her woman to go up to the garret, that I might paſs half an hour with her; but ſhe was young and handſome, and would not. The duke is our preſident this week, and I have beſpoke a ſmall dinner on purpoſe for good example.

27th, I was again with the ſecretary this morning; but we only read over ſome papers with Sir *Thomas Hanmer*: then I called at lord treaſurer's; it was his levee-day, but I went up to his bed-chamber, and ſaid what I had to ſay. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting, and two ſtreets were full of coaches. I dined in the city with my printer *, and came back at ſix to lord treaſurer, who had invited me to dinner, but I refuſed him. I ſat there an hour or two, and then went to lord *Maſham*'s. They were all abroad; ſo truly I came home, and read whatever ſtuff was next me. I can ſit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year paſt. However, I will ſtay out the ſeſſion, to ſee if they have any farther com-

* This printer was *John Barber*, afterwards alderman and lord mayor of *London*.

mands

mands for me, and that I ſuppoſe will end in *April*. But I may go ſomewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we ſhall have either a certain peace, or a certain war. The miniſtry is continuing new funds for money by lotteries; and we go on as if the war were to continue; but I believe it will not.

28th, I have been packing up ſome books in a great box I have bought, and muſt buy another for cloaths and luggage. This is a beginning towards a removal. I have ſent to *Holland* for a dozen ſhirts, and deſign to buy another new gown and hat. I have writ this night to the provoſt. Our ſociety met to-day as uſual, and we were fourteen, beſides the earl of *Arran*, whom his brother the duke of *Ormond* brought among us againſt all order. We were mightily ſhocked; but, after ſome whiſpers, it ended in chuſing lord *Arran* one of our ſociety, which I oppoſed to his face, but it was carried by all the reſt againſt me.

29th, This is leap year, and this is leap day; prince *George* was born on this day. People are miſtaken; and ſome here think it is St. *David*'s day, but they do not underſtand

derſtand the virtue of leap year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like gumdragon; and yet I was dictating ſome trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was ſo diſcouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of *Arrian* *. *Alexander the Great* is juſt dead. I do not think he was poiſoned: betwixt you and me, all thoſe are but idle ſtories. It is certain, that neither *Ptolemy* nor *Ariſtobulus* thought ſo, and they were both with him when he died. It is a pity we have not their hiſtories. The bill for limiting members of parliament to have but ſo many places paſt the houſe of commons, and will paſs the houſe of lords, in ſpight of the miniſtry; which you know is a great leſſening of the queen's power. Four of the new lords voted againſt the court in this point. It is certainly a good bill in the reign of an ill prince; but I think things are not ſettled enough for it at preſent, and the court may want a majority at a pinch.

* 'The *Greek* hiſtorian, who writ the life of *Alexander the Great*.'

March

March 1, I went into the city, to enquireafter poor *Stratford*, who has put himſelf a priſoner into the *Queen's Bench*, for which his friends blame him very much, becauſe his creditors deſigned to be very eaſy with him. He graſped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There is one circumſtance, relative to lieutenant-general *Meredith*, that is very melancholy: *Meredith* was turned out of all his employments laſt year, and had about 10,000*l.* left to live on. *Stratford*, upon friendſhip, deſired he might have the management of it for *Meredith*, to put it into the funds and ſtocks for the beſt advantage; and now he has loſt it all. You have heard me often talk of *Stratford*; we were claſs fellows at ſchool and univerſity. I dined with ſome merchants, his friends, to-day, and they ſaid they expected his breaking this good while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace, while it was a ſecret, of which he might have made good uſe, but that helped to ruin him; for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace for this time, and conſequently ſtocks to riſe high. *Ford* narrowly eſcaped loſing 500*l.* by him, and ſo did I too.

2d,

2d, Morning. I was wakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the houſe telling me of a great fire in the *Hay-Market*. I ſlept again, and two hours after my man come in again, and told me it was my poor brother Sir *William Windham*'s † houſe that is burned ‡; and that two maids leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, fell both on their heads, one of them upon the iron ſpikes before the door, and both lay dead in the ſtreets. It is ſuppoſed to have been ſome careleſſneſs of one or both thoſe maids. The duke of *Ormond* was there helping to put out the fire. Brother *Windham* gave 6000*l.* but a few months ago for that houſe, as he told me, and it was very richly furniſhed. I ſhall know more particulars at night. He married lady *Catherine Seymour*, the duke of *Somerſet*'s daughter; you know her, I believe.

At night. Sir *William Windham*'s young child eſcaped very narrowly; lady *Catherine*

† *Wyndham* was a brother of the ſociety.

‡ It is not much to *Swift*'s credit that he went quietly to ſleep, after he had been told there was a great fire in the *Hay-Market*, where he knew a friend had a houſe and family; yet he had a quick and ſtrong ſenſe of the calamities of others. See his letter to Mrs. *Dingley* of *November* 15, and *December* 18, 1712.

eſcaped

eſcaped barefoot; they all went to *Northumberland* houſe. Mr. *Bridges*'s houſe at next door is damaged much, and was like to be burned. *Windham* has loſt above 10,000*l.* by this accident. His lady above 1000*l.* worth of cloaths. He was not at court to-day. I dined with lord *Maſham*. The queen was not at church.

3d, Pray tell *Walls*, that I ſpoke to the duke of *Ormond* and Mr. *Southwell* about his friend's affair, who, I find, needed not me for a ſolicitor; for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewiſe mentioned his own affair to Mr. *Southwell*, and I hope that will be done too; for *Southwell* ſeems to think it reaſonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are ſecrets, one of them is about Mrs. *South* having a penſion; the other about his ſalary from the government for the tythes of the park, that lies in his pariſh, to be put upon the eſtabliſhment. I dined in the city with my printer, with whom I had ſome ſmall affair. I have no large work on my hands now. I was with lord treaſurer this morning; and dined with the dean. *Monday* is parſon's holiday.

4th,

4th, I ſat to-day with poor Mrs. *Weſley*, who made me dine with her. She is much better than ſhe was. I heartily pray for her health, and out of the entire love I bear to her worthy huſband. This day hath paſſed very inſignificantly. But it is a great comfort to me now, that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at lord *Maſham*'s to-night, and ſtayed there till one. Lord treaſurer was there; but I thought he looked melancholy, juſt as he did at the beginning of the ſeſſion, and he was not ſo merry as uſual. In ſhort, the majority in the houſe of lords is a very weak one. He has much ado to keep it up; and he is not able to make thoſe removes he wou'd, and oblige his friends; and I doubt too he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himſelf, and will not employ others; which is his great fault, as I have often told you.

5th, I wiſh you a merry *Lent*. I hate *Lent*, I hate different diets, and furmity and butter, and herb porrage; and the four devout faces of people, who only put on religion for ſeven weeks. I was at the ſecretary's office this morning; and there a

gentleman

gentleman brought me two letters, dated laſt *October*; one from the biſhop of *Clogher*, the other from *Walls*. The gentleman is called colonel *Newburgh*. I think you mentioned him to me ſome time ago. He has buſineſs in the houſe of lords. I will do him what ſervice I can. The repreſentation of the houſe of commons is printed; I have not ſeen it yet; it is plaguy ſevere, they ſay. I dined with Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but ſpleen; for his wife and a child or two were ſick in the houſe, and that was full as mortifying as fiſh. We have had mighty fine cold froſty weather for ſome days paſt. I hope you take the advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never anſwer that part of my letters, where I deſire you to walk. I muſt keep my breath to cool my lenten porridge.

6th, I hear Mr. *Prior* has ſuffered by *Stratford*'s breaking. I was yeſterday to ſee *Prior*, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to loſe money. I walked before dinner in the *Mall* a good while with lord *Arran* and lord *Dupplin*, two of my brothers, and then we went to dinner, where the duke of *Beaufort*

was our preſident. We were but eleven to-day.

We are now in all nine lords and ten commoners. The duke of *Beaufort* had the confidence to propoſe his brother-in-law, the earl of *Darby*, to be a member; but I oppoſed it ſo warmly, that it was waved. *Darby* is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I ſtayed till eight, and then we all went away ſoberly. The duke of *Ormond*'s treat laſt week coſt 20*l.* though it was only four diſhes, and four without a deſert; and I beſpoke it in order to be cheap, yet I could not prevail to change the houſe. Lord *Maſham* made me go home with him to eat boiled oyſters. Take oyſters, waſh them clean; that is, waſh their ſhells clean; then put your oyſters into an earthen pot, with their hollow ſides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and ſo let them boil. Your oyſters are boiled thus in their own liquor, and not mixed with water. Lord treaſurer was not with us; he was very ill to-day with a ſwimming in the head, and is gone to be cupped, and ſent to deſire lady *Maſham* to excuſe him to the queen. 7th,

7th, I was to-day at the houſe of lords about a friend's bill. Then I croſs'd the water at *Weſtminſter* ſtairs to *Southwark*, went through *St. George's Fields* to the *Mint*, which is the dominion of the *King's Bench* priſon, where *Stratford* lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him, but he was gone to the *Change*. I thought he had ſomething to ſay to me about his own affairs. I found him at his uſual coffee-houſe, and went to his old lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His buſineſs was only to deſire I would intercede with the miniſtry about his brother-in-law, *Benjamin Burton*, of *Dublin*, the banker, who is like to come into trouble, as we hear, about ſpreading falſe whiggiſh news. Mrs. *Stratford* tells me her huſband's creditors have conſented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad; and ſhe hopes he will pay them all. He was chearfuller than I have ſeen him this great while. I have walked much to-day.

8th. This day twelve months Mr. *Harley* was ſtabbed *. He is ill, and takes phyſic

* See the next letter, and note on paragraph dated 13.

to-day, I hear, ('tis now morning) and cannot have the cabinet-council with him, as he intended, nor me to ſay grace. I am going to ſee him. Pray read the repreſentation; it is the fineſt that ever was writ. Some of it is my ſtile; but not very much. This is the day of the queen's acceſſion to the crown, ſo that it is a great day. I am going to court, and will dine with lord *Maſham*; but I muſt go this moment to the ſecretary, about ſome buſineſs; ſo I will ſeal up this, and put it in the poſt. Farewel.

LETTER LXI.

THE SAME.

London, March 8, 1711-12.

I Carried my forty-ſecond letter in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the general poſt. I went in the morning to ſee lord treaſurer, who had taken phyſic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with the ſecretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr. *Friend*, to be phyſician-general; and the ſecretary promiſed to mention it to the queen. I can ſerve every body but myſelf. Then I went to court, and

and carried lord keeper and the ſecretary to dine with lord *Maſham*, when we drank the queen and lord treaſurer with every health, becauſe this was the day of his ſtabbing. Then I went and played at piquet with lady *Maſham* and Mrs. *Hill*; won ten ſhillings, gave a crown to the box, and came home. Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, ſlit people's noſes, and beat them?

9th. I was at court to-day, and nobody invited me to dinner, except one or two, whom I did not care to dine with; ſo I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*. Young *Davenant* was telling us, how he was ſet upon by the Mohocks, and how they ran his chair through with a ſword. It is not ſafe being in the ſtreets at night. The biſhop of *Saliſbury*'s ſon * is ſaid to be of the gang. They are all whigs. A great lady ſent to me, to ſpeak to her father, and to lord treaſurer, to have a care of them, and to be careful likewiſe of myſelf; for ſhe heard they had malicious intentions againſt the miniſtry, and their friends. I

* 'Thomas, then at the *Temple*, afterwards conſul at *Liſbon*, and at laſt one of the juſtices of the *King's-Bench*.'

know not whether there be any thing in this, tho' others are of the ſame opinion. The weather ſtill continues very fair and frosty. I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early, to avoid the Mohocks. Lord treaſurer is better.

10th. I went this morning again to lord treaſurer, who is quite recovered; and I ſtayed till he went out. I dined with a friend in the city, about a little buſineſs of printing; but not my own. You muſt buy a ſmall two-penny pamphlet, called, *Law is a bottomleſs Pit* †. It is very prettily written, and there will be a ſecond part. The commons are very ſlow in bringing in their bill to limit the preſs, and the pamphleteers make good uſe of their time; for there come out three or four every day.

11th. Lord treaſurer has lent the long letter I writ him to *Prior* ‡; and I can't get *Prior* to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make up this academy for the improvement of our language. I dined privately with my friend *Lewis*, and then

† Or, *The Hiſtory of John Bull*, written by Dr. *Arbuthnot*, but printed with *Swift*'s works.

‡ Concerning the *Engliſh* Language.

went

went to ſee *Ned Southwell*, and talked with him about *Wall*'s buſineſs, and Mrs. *South*'s. The latter will be done; but his own not. *Southwell* tells me, that it muſt be laid before lord treaſurer, and the nature of it explained, and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while; and may be, lord treaſurer won't do it at laſt; and it is, as *Wall* ſays himſelf, not above forty ſhillings a year difference.

12th. There is the devil and all to do with theſe Mohocks. *Grubſtreet* papers about them fly like lightning, and a liſt printed of near eighty put into ſeveral priſons, and all a lye; and I begin almoſt to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole ſtory. He, that abuſed *Davenant*, was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me, that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-houſe, publickly, that one deſign of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and, though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of ſome ſhillings already. I dined to-day with lord treaſurer, and two gentlemen of the Highlands of *Scotland*; yet very polite men. I ſat there till nine,

and then went to lord *Maſham*'s, where lord treaſurer followed me, and we ſat till twelve; and I came home in a chair, for fear of the Mohocks; and I have given him warning of it too. Little *Harriſon*, whom I ſent to *Holland*, is now actually made queen's ſecretary at the *Hague*. It will be in the Gazette to-morrow. It is worth one thouſand two hundred pounds a year *.

Here is a young fellow, who has writ ſome ſea-eclogues, poems of mermen, reſembling paſtorals of ſhepherds, and they are very pretty. The thought is new; mermen are he-mermaids, tritons, natives of the ſea. Do you underſtand me? I think to recommend him to our ſociety to-morrow. His name is *Diaper* †. P— on him; I muſt do ſomething for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits riſe; but, when they do riſe, I would encourage them: they tread on our heels, and thruſt us off the ſtage.

13th. You would laugh to ſee our printer conſtantly attending our ſociety after din-

* See a letter from this gentleman to the dean, dated *December* 16, 1712.

† '*John Diaper*, educated at *Baliol College*, *Oxford*.'

ner,

ner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he ſeldom fails to do. Lord *Lanſdown*, one of our ſociety, was offended at a paſſage in this day's *Examiner*, which, he thinks, reflects on him, as I believe it does, though in a mighty civil way. It is only that † his

† 'In the *Examiner*, Vol. II. No. 15. from *Tueſday*, *March* 6, to *Tueſday*, *March* 13, 1711, was publiſhed the following letter, addreſſed to the *Examiner*.'

S I R,

YOU have been ſo taken up with cenſuring the corruptions of the *adverſe party*, that you ſeem to have wanted either time or diſpoſition, to take notice of thoſe among your *own*; which, tho' not ſo *flagrant*, or univerſal, do daily produce very pernicious conſequences. I know a certain perſon in employment, who beſides the firmneſs of his *principles*, in reſpect to the preſent proceedings of the court, is a man of undoubted honour and virtue, of admirable ſenſe and learning, and every way qualified for the execution of any office. I am convinced as much as it is poſſible to be of any truth, that no *bribe* whatſoever can corrupt his integrity, or ſway him in the leaſt to act againſt his opinion; being juſt and liberal in his nature, and eaſy in his fortune: yet ſo it happens, that there are no where greater, or groſſer abuſes; no where more *bribery* and *oppreſſion*, than what are practiſed by thoſe, who are employed under him. The worſt of it is, that theſe miſchiefs are the *accidental* effects of this *perſon*'s good qualities, whoſe ſpirit being above any ſordid aims of his own, can never be brought to ſuſpect them in thoſe, whom he hath thought fit to truſt. This candid diſpoſition not only unqualifies him from ſuſpecting any abuſes in his *officers*; but likewiſe from admitting or believing whatever complaints are made againſt them. By this means, the public is wholly diſappointed of all the good effects, it might

underlings cheat; but that he is a very fine gentleman every way, *&c.* Lord *Orrery* was preſident to-day; but both our dukes were abſent. Brother *Windham* recommended *Diaper* to the ſociety. I believe we ſhall make a contribution among ourſelves, which I don't like. Lord treaſurer has yet done nothing for us; but we ſhall try him ſoon. The company parted early; but *Friend*, and *Prior*, and I, ſat a while longer, and reformed the ſtate, and found fault with the miniſtry. *Prior* hates his commiſſion of the cuſtoms, becauſe it ſpoils his wit. He ſays he dreams of nothing but cockets, and

might hope from a worthy man being in employment. The chief *underlings*, by oppreſſing not only thoſe, who apply to them for buſineſs, but their own inferiors in office, grow to much greater riches than their maſter; and it is an aggravation, that ſince the public muſt be defrauded, the profit ſhould accrue to thoſe, who leaſt deſerve it. I hope all thoſe, who are in high ſtation, if they chance to read this paper, will from hence take the hint to examine amongſt their dependants, by what means ſome of them have come, in ſo ſhort a time, to ſuch prodigious wealth; and thereupon proceed to puniſh thoſe crimes, from which themſelves are ſo *exempt*. I therefore deſire you will be pleaſed to print this letter in your next paper, if you think it deſerves that honour, and give the public and me your opinion in the matter.

I am, with much reſpect, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

dockers,

dockets, and drawbacks, and other jargon, words of the cuſtom-houſe. Our good weather went away yeſterday, and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten.

14th. I have been plagued this morning with ſolicitors, and with nobody more than my brother Dr. *Friend*, who muſt needs have me get old Dr. *Laurence*, the phyſician-general, turned out, and himſelf in. He has argued with me ſo long upon the reaſonableneſs of it, that I am fully convinced it is very unreaſonable; and ſo I would tell the ſecretary, if I had not already made him ſpeak to the queen. Beſides, I know not but my friend, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, would be content to have it himſelf, and I love him ten times better than *Friend*. What's all this to you? but I muſt talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know any thing of them or not. I dined in the city, and, coming back, one parſon *Richardſon**, of *Ireland*,

* 'John *Richardſon*, a clergyman of *Ireland*, who, in 1711, publiſhed at *Dublin*, in quarto, *A Propoſal for the Converſion of the Popiſh Natives of* Ireland, *to the eſtabliſhed religion. With the Reaſons, upon which it is grounded, and an Anſwer to the Objections made to it.* And in 1713 he publiſhed, at *London*, in octavo, *A ſhort Hiſtory of the Attempts, that have been made to convert the*

overtook me. He was here laſt ſummer, upon a project of converting the *Iriſh*, and printing bibles, *&c.* in that language, and is now returned to purſue it. He tells me, Dr. *Coghill* came laſt night to town. I will ſend to ſee how he does to-morrow.

15th. I had intended to be early with the ſecretary this morning, when my man admitted up-ſtairs one Mr. *Newcomb*, an officer, who brought me a letter from the biſhop of *Clogher*, with four lines added by Mrs. *Aſhe*, all about that *Newcomb*. I think, indeed, his caſe is hard; but God knows whether I ſhall be able to do him any ſervice. People will not underſtand: I am a very good ſecond, but I care not to begin a recommendation, unleſs it be for an intimate friend. However, I will do what I can. I miſſed the ſecretary, and then walked to *Chelſea*, to dine with the dean of *Chriſt-church* †, who was engaged to lord

the Popiſh Natives of Ireland *to the eſtabliſhed Religion. With a Propoſal for their Converſion, and a Vindication of Archbiſhop* Uſher's *Opinion concerning the Performance of divine Offices to them in their own Language. The ſecond Edition, with Additions.* In the title-page the author ſtiles himſelf rector of *Annalt*, alias *Belturbet*, in the dioceſe of *Kilmore* in *Ireland*, and chaplain to his grace the duke of *Ormond* and the lord biſhop of *Clogher*.'

† 'Dr. *Francis Atterbury*, who was promoted to that deanry in *September* 1711, on the death of Dr. *Henry Aldrich*.'

Orrery,

Orrery, with ſome other *Chriſt-church* men. He made me go with him, whether I would or no; for they have, this long time, admitted me a *Chriſt-church* man. Lord *Orrery*, generally every winter, gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinner. There were nine clergymen at table, and four laymen. The dean and I ſoon left them; and, after a viſit or two, I went to lord *Maſham*'s; and lord treaſurer, *Arbuthnot*, and I, ſat till twelve. I came home a-foot, but had my man with me. Lord treaſurer adviſed me not to go in a chair, becauſe the Mohocks inſult chairs more than they do thoſe on foot. They think there is ſome miſchievous deſign in thoſe villains. Several of them, lord treaſurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard, at dinner, that one of them was killed laſt night. We ſhall know more in a little time.

16th. This morning, at the ſecretary's, I met general *Roſs*, and recommended *Newcomb*'s caſe to him, who promiſes to join me in working up the duke of *Ormond* to do ſomething for him. Lord *Winchelſea* told me to-day at court, that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old lady *Winchelſea*'s,

Winchelſea's, at the door of their houſe in the Park, with a candle, as ſhe had juſt lighted out ſomebody. They cut her face, and beat her without any provocation. I hear my friend *Lewis* has got a Mohock in one of the meſſenger's hands. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an ugly cough, as *Arbuthnot* her phyſician ſays. I dined with *Crow*, late governor of *Barbadoes*, an acquaintance of *Sterne's*. After dinner, I aſked him, whether he had heard of *Sterne?* Here he is, ſaid he, at the door in a coach; and in came *Sterne*. He has been here this week. He is buying a captainſhip, in his couſin *Sterne's* regiment. He told me, he left *Jemmy Leigh* playing at cards with you. He is to give eight hundred guineas for his commiſſion.

17th. Dr. *Sacheverel* came this morning, to give me thanks for getting his brother an employment. It was but ſix or ſeven weeks ſince I ſpoke to lord treaſurer for him. *Sacheverel* brought *Trap* * along with

* 'Joſeph Trap, M. A. then profeſſor of poetry in the univerſity of *Oxford*. He had publiſhed there, in 1711, the firſt volume of his *Prælectiones poeticæ*, with a dedication to Mr. ſecretary *St. John*.'

him,

him. We dined together at my printer's, and I ſat with them till ſeven. I little thought, and I believe ſo did he, that ever I ſhould be his ſolicitor to the preſent miniſtry, when I left *Ireland*. This is the ſeventh I have now provided for ſince I came, and can do nothing for myſelf. I don't care; I ſhall have *miniſtries*, and *other people*, obliged to me. *Trap* is a coxcomb, and the other is not very deep; and their judgment, in things of wit and ſenſe, is miraculous. The ſecond part of *Law is a bottomleſs Pit* is juſt now printed, and better, I think, than the firſt.

18th. There is a proclamation out againſt the Mohocks. One of thoſe, that are taken, is a baronet. I dined with poor Mrs. *Weſley*, who is returning to the *Bath*. I walked this evening in the Park, and met *Prior*, who made me go home with him, where I ſtayed till paſt twelve, and could not get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do ſo no more, though I got home ſafe. *Prior* and I were talking diſcontentedly of ſome managements, that no more people are turned out, which gets lord treaſurer many enemies; but whether the fault be in him,

or

or the queen, I know not; I doubt, in both. I wiſh you good luck at ombre with the dean.

19th. *Newcomb* came to me this morning, and I went to the duke of *Ormond* to ſpeak for him; but the duke was juſt going out to take the oaths for general. The duke of *Shrewſbury* is to be lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. I walked with *Domville* and *Ford* to *Kenſington*, where we dined, and it coſt me above a crown. I don't like it, as my man ſaid. I ſaw there lord *Maſham*'s children. The youngeſt, my nephew, I fear has got the king's evil; the other two are daughters of three and four years old. It was very windy walking. The gardens there are mighty fine. I paſſed the evening at lord *Maſham*'s, with lord treaſurer, and *Arbuthnot*, as uſual, and we ſtayed till paſt one; but I had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters; one from one *Fetherſton*, a parſon, with a poſtſcript of *Tindall*'s to recommend him. And *Fetherſton*, whom I never ſaw, has been ſo kind as to give me a letter of attorney, to recover a debt for him: another from lord *Abercorn*, to get him the dukedom of *Chatelleraut* from the king of *France*; in which

which I will do what I can, for his pretenſions are very juſt: the third from you. It is a great air this of getting a dukedom from the king of *France*; but it is only to ſpeak to the ſecretary, and get the duke of *Ormond* to engage in it, and mention the caſe to lord treaſurer, *&c.* and this I ſhall do.

20th. I was with the duke of *Ormond* this morning, about lord *Abercorn*, Dr. *Friend*, and *Newcomb*. Some will do, and ſome will not do. The duke of *Shrewſbury* is certainly to be your governor. I will go in a day or two, and give the ducheſs joy, and recommend the archbiſhop of *Dublin* to her. I writ to the archbiſhop, ſome months ago, that it would be ſo; and told him I would ſpeak a good word for him to the ducheſs; and he ſays he has a great reſpect for her, *&c.* I made our ſociety change their houſe, and we met to-day at the ſtar and garter in the *Palmall*. Lord *Arran* was preſident. The other dog was ſo extravagant in his bills, that, for four diſhes, and four, firſt and ſecond courſe, without wine or deſert, he charged twenty-one pounds, ſix ſhillings, and eight-pence to the duke of *Ormond*. We deſign, when

all have been preſidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of ſo much a head; but we ſhall break up when the ſeſſion ends.

21ſt. I am not dean of *Wells*, nor know any thing of being ſo; nor is there any thing in the ſtory; and that's enough. It was not *Roper* ſent that news: *Roper* is my humble ſlave. I will bring over all the little papers I can think on. I thought I ſent you, by *Leigh*, all that were good at that time. The author of the Sea Eclogues ſent books to the ſociety yeſterday, and we gave him guineas a-piece; and, may be, will do further for him. So the biſhop of *Clogher*, and lady, were your gueſts for a night or two. The ſeſſion, I doubt, will not be over till the end of *April*; however, I ſhall not wait for it, if the miniſtry will let me go ſooner. I wiſh I were juſt now in my little garden at *Laracor*. I would ſet out for *Dublin*, and bring you an account of my young trees. I will do what you deſire me for *Tiſdall*, when I next ſee lord *Angleſea*.

LETTER LXII.

To Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 22, 1711-12.

UGLY, naſty weather. I dined with a friend, and went to ſee lord treaſurer; but he had people with him I did not know: ſo I went to lady *Maſham*, and loſt a crown with her at piquet, and then ſat with lord *Maſham* and lord treaſurer, *&c.* till paſt one; but I had my man with me, to come home. Our Mohocks are all vaniſhed; however, I ſhall take care of my perſon.

23d. I was this morning, before church, with the ſecretary, about lord *Abercorn*'s buſineſs, and ſome others. My ſoliciting ſeaſon is come, and will laſt as long as the ſeſſion. I went late to court, and the company was almoſt gone. The court ſerves me for a coffee-houſe; once a week I meet an acquaintance there, that I ſhould not otherwiſe ſee in a quarter. There is a flying report, that the *French* have offered a ceſſation of arms, and to give us *Dunkirk*, and the *Dutch Namure*, for ſecurity, till the peace is made. The duke of *Ormond*, they ſay, goes in a week. Abun-

dance of his equipage is already gone. His friends are afraid the expence of this employment will ruin him, ſince he muſt loſe the government of *Ireland*. I dined privately with a friend, and refuſed all dinners offered me at court; which, however, were but two, and I did not like either. Did I tell you of a ſcoundrel about the court, that ſells employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the vice-chamberlain's place, for ſeven thouſand pounds, and had received ſome guineas earneſt; but the whole thing was diſcovered the other day, and examinations taken of it by lord *Dartmouth*, and I hope he will be ſwinged. The vice-chamberlain told me ſeveral particulars of it laſt night at lord *Maſham*'s.

24th. This morning I recommended *Newcomb* again to the duke of *Ormond*, and left *Dick Stewart* to do it farther. Then I went to viſit the ducheſs of *Hamilton*, who was not awake. So I went to the ducheſs of *Shrewſbury*, and ſat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the duke's being lord lieutenant. She ſaid ſhe knew nothing of it; but I raillied her

out

out of that, and ſhe reſolves not to ſtay behind the duke. I intend to recommend the biſhop of *Clogher* to her for an acquaintance. He will like her very well: ſhe is, indeed, a moſt agreeable woman, and a great favourite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in *Ireland* will like her. I was at the *Court of Requeſts*, to get ſome lords to be at a committee to-morrow, about a friend's bill: and then the duke of *Beaufort* gave me a poem, finely bound in folio, printed at *Stamford*, and writ by a country 'ſquire. Lord *Exeter* deſired the duke to give it the queen, becauſe the author is his friend; but the duke deſired I would let him know whether it was good for any thing. I brought it home, and will return it to-morrow, as the dulleſt thing I ever read; and adviſe the duke not to preſent it. I dined with *Domville* at his lodgings, by invitation. He goes in a few days for *Ireland*.

25th. There is a mighty feaſt at a tory ſheriff's to-day in the city; twelve hundred diſhes of meat. About five lords, and ſeveral hundred gentlemen, will be there, and give four or five guineas a-piece, according to cuſtom. Dr. *Coghill* and I

dined, by invitation, at Mrs. *Van*'s *. It has rained or mizzled all day, as my pockets feel. There are two new anſwers come out to *The Conduct of the Allies*. The laſt year's *Examiners*, printed together in a ſmall volume, go off but ſlowly. The printer overprinted himſelf by at leaſt a thouſand; ſo ſoon out of faſhion are party-papers, however ſo well writ. The *Medleys* are coming out in the ſame volume, and perhaps may ſell better. Our news about a ceſſation of arms begins to fly, and I have not theſe three days ſeen any body in buſineſs to aſk them about it. We had a terrible fire laſt night in *Drury-lane*, or thereabouts, and three or four people deſtroyed. One of the maids of honour has the ſmall-pox, but the beſt is, ſhe can loſe no beauty; and we have one new handſome maid of honour.

26th. I forgot to tell you, that on *Sunday* laſt, about ſeven at night, it lightned above fifty times as I walked the *Mall*, which I think is extraordinary at this time of the year, and the weather was very hot. Had you any thing of this in *Dublin*? I intended to dine with lord treaſurer

* *Vanbomrigh.*

to-

to-day, but lord *Manſel* and Mr. *Lewis* made me dine with them at *Kit Muſgrave*'s. Now you don't know who *Kit Muſgrave* † is. The news of the *French* deſiring a ceſſation of arms, *&c.* was but town-talk. We ſhall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace or no. The duke of *Ormond* will go in a week for *Flanders*, they ſay. Our Mohocks go on ſtill, and cut people's faces every night; but they ſhan't cut mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will coſt me at leaſt a crown a week in chairs. I believe the ſouls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't diſtinguiſh between a *cow* and a *Chriſtian*. I ought to wiſh you yeſterday a happy new year. You know the twenty-fifth of *March* is the firſt day of the year, and now you muſt leave off cards, and put out your fire. I'll put out mine the firſt of *April*, cold or not cold. I believe I ſhall loſe credit with you, by not coming over at the beginning of *April*; but I hoped this ſeſſions would be ended, and I muſt ſtay till then; yet I would fain be at the beginning of my

† '*Chriſtopher Muſgrave*, Eſq; clerk of the ordnance.'

willows growing. *Percival* tells me, that the quickſets upon the flat in the garden do not grow ſo well as thoſe famous ones on the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry-trees, by the river-ſide, my heart is ſet upon.

27th. Society-day, you know: I ſuppoſe Dr. *Arbuthnot* was preſident. His dinner was dreſſed in the queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine. We eat it at *Ozinda*'s coffee-houſe, juſt by *St. James*'s. We were never merrier, nor better company, and did not part till after eleven. I did not ſummons lord *Lanſdown*: he and I are fallen out. There was ſomething in an *Examiner* * a fortnight ago, that, he thought, reflected on the abuſes in his office, (he is ſecretary at war) and he writ to the ſecretary, that he heard I had inſerted that paragraph. This I reſented highly, that he ſhould complain of me before he ſpoke to me. I ſent him a peppering letter, and would not ſummon him by a note, as I did the reſt; nor ever will have any thing to ſay to him, till he begs my pardon. I met lord trea-

* 'That of *March* 13, 1711, mentioned in a former note.'

ſurer

ſurer to-day at lady *Maſham*'s. He would fain have carried me home to dinner. No, no; what! upon a ſociety-day!

28th. I was with my friend *Lewis* to-day, getting materials for a little miſchief; and I dined with lord treaſurer, and three or four fellows I never ſaw before. I left them at ſeven, and came home, and have been writing to the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, and couſin *Deane*, in anſwer to one of his of four months ſtanding, that I ſpied by chance among my papers. *Domville* is going to *Ireland*; he came here this morning to take leave of me, but I ſhall dine with him to-morrow. Does the biſhop of *Clogher* talk of coming for *England* this ſummer? I think lord *Moleſworth* told me ſo about two months ago. The weather is bad again; rainy and very cold this evening. Do you know what the longitude is? A projector has been applying himſelf to me, to recommend him to the miniſtry; becauſe he pretends to have found out the longitude. However, I will gravely hear what he ſays, and diſcover him a knave or a fool.

29th.

29th. I am plagued with a pain in my ſhoulder; I believe it is rheumatic; I will do ſomething for it to-night. Mr. *Lewis* and I dined with Mr. *Domville*, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four glaſſes of champaigne by perfect teazing, tho' it is bad for my pain; but if it continues, I will not drink any wine without water till I am well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I have put flannel to my ſhoulder, and rubbed it with *Hungary* water. It is hard. I never would drink any wine, if it were not for my head, and drinking has given me this pain. I will try abſtemiouſneſs for a while. You muſt know I hate pain, as the old woman ſaid. My fleſh ſucks up *Hungary* water rarely. My man is an aukward raſcal, and makes me peeviſh. Do you know, that the other day he was forced to beg my pardon, that he could not ſhave my head, his hand ſhook ſo? He is drunk every day, and I deſign to turn him off as ſoon as ever I get to *Ireland*.

30th. I was not able to go to church or court to-day. The pain has left my ſhoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. Dogs gnawing. I went in a chair at two,

and

and dined with Mrs. *Van*, where I could be eaſy, and came back at ſeven. It has rained terribly hard all day long, and is extremely cold. I am very uneaſy, and have cruel twinges every moment.

31ſt. *April* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All theſe days I have been extremely ill, tho' I twice crawled out a week ago, tho' very weak. The pain increaſes, with mighty violence, in my left ſhoulder and collar-bone, and that ſide my neck. On *Thurſday* morning appeared great red ſpots in all thoſe places where my pain was, which was ſo violent, that I had not a minute's eaſe, nor hardly a minute's ſleep in three days and nights. The ſpots increaſed every day, and red little pimples, which are now grown white, and full of corruption, tho' ſmall. The red ſtill continues too, and moſt prodigious hot and inflamed. The diſeaſe is the ſhingles. I eat nothing but water-gruel; am very weak; but out of all violent pain. The doctors ſay it would have ended in ſome violent diſeaſe, if it had not come out thus. I ſhall now recover faſt. I have been in no danger of life, but miſerable torture. So adieu. The next letter will not be in the old order of journal, till I have done with phyſic.

LETTER LXIII.

To Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, April 24, 1712.

I HAD your's two or three days ago. I can hardly anſwer it now. Since my laſt I have been extremely ill. 'Tis this day juſt a month ſince I felt the pain on the tip of my left ſhoulder. Where my pain was, a cruel itching ſeized me beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake ſeveral nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not ſcratch it; then it grew into three or four great ſores like bliſters, and run; at laſt I adviſed the doctor to uſe it like a bliſter, ſo I did with melilot plaiſters, which ſtill run; and I am now in pain enough, but am daily mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two, but confined myſelf two days ago. I went to a neighbour to dine, but yeſterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad, and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never ſuffered ſo much in my life. I will go and try to walk a little. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

To Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, May 10, 1712.

I HAVE not yet eaſe or humour enough to go on in my journal method, though I have left my chamber theſe ten days. A journal, while I was ſick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and phyſic, viſits and meſſages; the two laſt were almoſt as troubleſome as the two firſt. One good circumſtance is, that I am grown much leaner. In anſwer to your good opinion of my diſeaſe, the doctors ſaid they never ſaw any thing ſo odd of the kind; they were not properly ſhingles, but *herpes miliaris*, and twenty other hard names. I can never be ſick like other people, but always ſomething out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came nor ſtayed, nor went without pain, and the moſt pain I ever bore in my life. It is not a ſign of health, but a ſign, that if it had not come out, ſome terrible fit of ſickneſs would have followed. I was at our ſociety laſt *Thurſday*, to receive a new member, the

the chancellor of the exchequer; but I drink nothing above wine and water. We ſhall have a peace ſoon, I hope, or at leaſt entirely broke; but I believe the firſt. My letter to lord treaſurer, about the *Engliſh* tongue, is now printing; and I ſuffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The appendix to the third part of *John Bull* was publiſhed yeſterday; it is equal to the reſt. I hope you read *John Bull*. It was a *Scotch* gentleman, a friend of mine, that writ it; but they put it upon me. The parliament will hardly be up till *June*. We were like to be undone ſome days ago with a tack*; but we carried it bravely, and the whigs came in to help us. Poor lady *Maſham*, I am afraid, will loſe her only ſon, about a twelvemonth old, with the king's evil. *Bernage* has been twice to ſee me of late. His regiment will be broke, and he only upon half-pay; ſo perhaps he thinks he will want me again. I have been returning the viſits of thoſe, that ſent how

* A tack is a bill tacked to a money bill, that as both muſt be paſſed or rejected together, the tacked bill may paſs, becauſe the money bill muſt.

do you in my ſickneſs? particularly the ducheſs of *Hamilton*, who came and ſat with me two hours. I make bargains with all people that I dine with, to let me ſcrub my back againſt a chair; and the ducheſs of *Ormond* was forced to bear it the other day. Many of my friends are gone to *Kenſington*, where the queen has been removed for ſome time. This is a long letter for a ſick body. I will begin the next in the journal way, though my journals will be ſorry ones. My left hand is very weak, and trembles; but my right ſide has not been touched. This is a pitiful letter for want of a better; but plagued with a tetter, my fancy does fetter. Ah! my poor willows and quickſets. Well, but you muſt read *John Bull:* do you underſtand it at all? Farewel.

LETTER LXV.

To Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, May 31, 1712.

I CANNOT yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing ſtill, though with leſs violence; but I don't love to write journals while I am in pain. But however, I am

I am ſo much mended, that I intend my next ſhall be in the old way; and yet I ſhall, perhaps, break my reſolution when I feel pain. I believe I have loſt credit with you, in relation to my coming over; but I proteſt it is impoſſible for one, who has any thing to do with this miniſtry, to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a buſineſs, which, till it take ſome turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And I never inclined ſo much as now, that I had ſtayed in *Ireland*; but the dye is caſt, and is now a ſpinning, and till it ſettles, I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a ſiſe. The moment I am uſed ill I will leave them; but know not how to do it while things are in ſuſpence. The ſeſſion will ſoon be over (I believe in a fortnight) and the peace, we hope, will be made in a ſhort time; and then there will be no further occaſion for me; nor have I any thing to truſt to but court gratitude; ſo that I expect to ſee my willows a month after the parliament is up. Have you ſeen my letter to lord treaſurer? There are two anſwers come out to it already; though it is no politics, but a harmleſs propoſal about the improvement of the *Engliſh* tongue.

tongue. I believe if I writ an eſſay upon a ſtraw, ſome fool would anſwer it. I am juſt now thinking to go lodge at *Kenſington* for the air. Lady *Maſham* has teazed me to do it, but buſineſs has hindered me; but now lord treaſurer has removed thither. Fifteen of our ſociety dined together under a canopy in an arbour at *Parſon's Green* laſt *Thurſday*; I never ſaw any thing ſo fine and romantic. We got a great victory laſt *Wedneſday* in the houſe of lords by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the whigs had deſired their friends to beſpeak places to ſee lord treaſurer carried to the *Tower*. I met your *Higgins* here yeſterday; he roars at the inſolence of the whigs in *Ireland*, talks much of his own ſufferings and expences in aſſerting the cauſe of the church; and I find he would fain plead merit enough to deſire, that his fortune ſhould be mended. I believe he deſigns to make as much noiſe as he can, in order to preferment. I am printing a threepenny pamphlet, and ſhall print another in a fortnight, and then I have done, unleſs ſome new occaſion ſtarts. I believe the news of the duke of *Ormond* producing letters in

the council of war, with orders not to fight, will ſurprize you in *Ireland*. Lord treaſurer ſaid in the houſe of lords, that in a few days the treaty of peace ſhould be laid before them; and our court thought it wrong to hazard a battle, and ſacrifice many lives in ſuch a juncture. If the peace holds, all will do well, otherwiſe I know not how we ſhall weather it. And it was reckoned as a wrong ſtep in politics, for lord treaſurer to open himſelf ſo much. The ſecretary would not go ſo far to ſatisfy the whigs in the houſe of commons; but there all went ſwimmingly. I dined the other day with lord *Rivers*, who is ſick at his country-houſe, and he ſhewed me all his cherries blaſted. Farewel.

LETTER LXVI.

To Mrs. DINGLEY.

Kenſington, June 17, 1712.

I HAVE lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exerciſe, partly to be near the court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On

Saturday

Saturday I dined with the ducheſs of *Ormond*, at her lodge near *Sheen*, and thought to get a boat as uſual. I walked by the bank to *Kew*, but no boat; then to *Mortlake*, but no boat; and it was nine o'clock. At laſt a little ſculler called, full of naſty people. I made him ſet me down at *Hammerſmith*, ſo walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Laſt night I had another ſuch difficulty. I was in the city till paſt ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It was over a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love theſe ſhabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them, becauſe they ariſe from not having a thouſand pounds a year. I had your's about three days ago, which I will now anſwer. And firſt I did not relapſe, but I came out before I ought. The firſt going abroad made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more meſſages afterwards. Well, but *John Bull* is not wrote by the perſon you imagine. It is too good for another to own. Had it been *Grubſtreet*, I would have let people think as they pleaſe; and I think that's right: is it

not? I am againſt Dr. *Smith*. I drink little water with my wine, yet I believe he is right. Dr. *Cockburn* told me a little wine would not hurt me; but it is hot and dry, and water is dangerous. The worſt thing here is my evenings at lord *Maſham*'s, where lord treaſurer comes, and we ſit till after twelve. But it is convenient I ſhould be among them for a while as much as poſſible. I need not tell you why. But I hope that will be at an end in a month or two, one way or other, and I am reſolved it ſhall; but I can't go to *Tunbridge*, or any where elſe out of the way, in this juncture. *Higgins* is here, roaring that all is wrong in *Ireland*, and would have me get him an audience of lord treaſurer to tell him ſo; but I will have nothing to do in it, no not I. We have had no thunder till laſt night, and till then we were dead for want of rain; but there fell a great deal: no field looked green. I reckon the queen will go to *Windſor* in three or four weeks; and if the ſecretary takes a houſe there, I ſhall be ſometimes with him. I heard ſomebody coming up ſtairs, and forgot I was in the country. I was afraid of a viſiter; that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teazed

teazed with ſolicitors. *Moult* the chymiſt is my acquaintance. I ſent the queſtion to him about Sir *Walter Raleigh*'s cordial, and the anſwer he returned is in theſe words; "my ſervice to Dr. *Smith*; it is directly "after Mr. *Boyle*'s receipt." That commiſſion is performed; if he wants any of it, *Moult* ſhall uſe him fairly. I ſuppoſe *Smith* is one of your phyſicians. Well, but now for the peace: why, we expect it daily; but the *French* have the ſtaff in their own hands, and we truſt to their honeſty. I wiſh it were otherwiſe. Things are now in the way of being ſoon in the extreams of well or ill. I hope and believe the firſt. Lord *Wharton* is gone out of town in a rage, and curſes himſelf and friends for ruining themſelves in defending lord *Marlborough* and *Godolphin*, and taking *Nottingham* into their favour. He ſwears he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty ſpeech at ſixty-ſix, and the queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health; for you muſt know her health is fixed by a certain reaſon, that ſhe has done with braces (I muſt uſe the expreſſion) and nothing ill has happened to her ſince; ſo

ſhe has a new leaſe of her life. Read *The Letter to a Whig Lord**. Farewell.

LETTER LXVII.

To Mrs. DINGLEY.

Kenſington, July 1, 1712.

I NEVER was in a worſe ſtation for writing letters, than this; for I go to town early; and when I come home at night, I generally go to lord *Maſham*'s, where lord treaſurer comes, and we ſtay till paſt twelve; but I am now reſolved to write journals again, tho' my ſhoulder is not yet well. It is now high cherry-time with us; take notice. Is it ſo ſoon with you? And we have early apricots; and gooſeberries are ripe. On *Sunday* archdeacon *Parnel* came here to ſee me. It ſeems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death, and has been two months at the *Bath*. He has a mind to go to *Dunkirk* with *Jack Hill*, and I perſuade him to it, and have ſpoke to *Hill* to

* 'It was publiſhed under *The Title of a Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord*, dated at *Germains*, *July* 8, 1712. The deſign of this fictitious letter was to throw off the odium of an intention to bring in the pretender, from the high church party, on their antagoniſts the whigs.'

receive

receive him; but I doubt he won't have ſpirit to go. I have made *Ford** Gazetteer, and got two hundred pounds a year ſettled on the employment, by the ſecretaries of ſtate, beſide the perquiſites. It is the prettieſt employment in *England* of its bigneſs; yet the puppy does not ſeem ſatisfied with it. I think people keep ſome follies to themſelves, till they have occaſion to produce them. He thinks it not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. It is impoſſible to make any man eaſy. His ſalary is paid him every week, if he pleaſes, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office, with coals, candles, papers, *&c.* can frank what letters he will; and his perquiſites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more. I hear the biſhop of *Clogher* is landing, or landed, in *England*; and I hope to ſee him in a few days. I was to ſee Mrs. *Bradley* on *Sunday* night. Her youngeſt ſon is to marry ſomebody worth nothing, and her daughter was forced to leave lady *Giffard* †, becauſe ſhe was ſtrik-

* *Charles Ford*, Eſq; ſeveral of whoſe letters are in this collection.

† '*Martha*, ſiſter to Sir *William Temple*. She died in 1722, aged 84.'

ing up an intrigue with a footman, who played well on the flute. This is the mother's account of it. Yesterday the old bishop of *Worcester* *, who pretends to be a prophet, went to the queen, by appointment, to prove to her majesty, out of *Daniel* and the *Revelations*, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the king of *France* would be a Protestant, and fight on their side; that the popedom would be destroyed, &c. And declared, that he would be content to give up his bishopric, if it were not true. Lord treasurer, who told it me, was by, and some others; and I am told lord treasurer confounded him sadly in his own hearing, which made the old fool very quarrelsome. He is near ninety years old. Have you seen *Toland*'s Invitation to *Dismal* †? How do you like it? But it is an imitation of *Horace*, and perhaps you do not understand *Horace*. Here has been a great sweep of employments, and we expect still more removals. The court seems resolved to make thorough work. Mr. *Hill* intended to set

* 'Dr. *William Lloyd*.'

† The earl of *Nottingham*. See the poem among the posthumous pieces published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

out

out to-morrow for *Dunkirk*, of which he is appointed governor; but he tells me to-day, he cannot go till *Thurſday* or *Friday*. I wiſh it were over. Mr. ſecretary tells me, he is in no fear at all, that *France* will play tricks with us. If we have *Dunkirk* once, all is ſafe. We rail now all againſt the *Dutch*, who indeed have acted like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr. ſecretary is ſoon to be made a viſcount. He deſired I would draw the preamble of his patent; but I excuſed myſelf from a work, that might loſe me a great deal of reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the court make him an earl, but it will not be; and therefore he will not take the title of *Bolingbroke*, which is lately extinct in the elder branch of his family. I have adviſed him to be called lord *Pomfret*; but he thinks that title is already in ſome other family; and, beſides, he objects, that it is in *Yorkſhire*, where he has no eſtate: but there is nothing in that, and I love *Pomfret*. Why? 'Tis in all our hiſtories; they are full of *Pomfret-caſtle*. *Steele* was arreſted the other day for making a lottery, directly againſt an act of parliament. He is now under proſecution; but they think it will be drop-

ped out of pity. I believe he will very ſoon loſe his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his *Spectators*; and I will never offer a word in his behalf. *Raymond* writes me word, that the biſhop of *Meath* * was going to ſummon me, in order to ſuſpenſion for abſence, if the provoſt had not prevented him. I am prettily rewarded for getting them their firſt-fruits. We have had very little hot weather during the whole month of *June*; and, for a week paſt, we have had a great deal of rain, tho' not every day. I am juſt now told, that the governor of *Dunkirk* has not orders yet to deliver up the town to *Jack Hill* and his forces, but expects them daily. This muſt put off *Hill*'s journey a while, and I don't like theſe ſtoppings in ſuch an affair. Farewel,

LETTER LXVIII.

To Mrs. DINGLEY.

Kenſington, July 17, 1712.

I AM weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it ſoon. The queen goes on

* 'Dr. *William Moreton*, tranſlated to that ſee from *Kildare* in 1705. He died the twenty-firſt of *November* 1715.'

Tueſday

Tueſday to *Windſor*, and I ſhall follow in three or four days after. I can do nothing here, going early to *London*, and coming late from it, and ſupping at lady *Maſham*'s. I dined to-day with the duke of *Argyle* at *Kew*, and would not go to the court to-night, becauſe of writing to you. Since *Dunkirk* has been in our hands, *Grubſtreet* has been very fruitful. I have wrote five or ſix *Grubſtreet* papers this laſt week.

Have you ſeen *Toland*'s invitation to *Diſmal*, or a hue and cry after *Diſmal*, or a ballad on *Dunkirk*, or an agreement that *Dunkirk* is not in our hands? Poh! You have ſeen nothing. I am dead here with the hot weather; yet I walk every night home, and believe it does me good; but my ſhoulder is not yet right; itchings and ſcratchings, and ſmall akings. I have heard of the biſhop's * making me uneaſy, but I did not think it was becauſe I never wrote to him. A little would make me write to him. I find I am obliged to the provoſt, for keeping the biſhop from being impertinent. I never talked to *Higgins* but once

* 'Of *Meath*,'

in

in the ſtreet, and I believe he and I ſhall hardly meet but by chance. What care I, whether my letter to lord treaſurer be commended there or no? Why does not ſomebody among you anſwer it, as three or four have done here? You hear ſecretary *St. John* is made viſcount *Bolingbroke*. I could hardly perſuade him to take that title, becauſe the eldeſt branch of his family had it in an earldom, and it was laſt year extinct. *Jack Hill* ſent his ſiſter a pattern of a head-dreſs from *Dunkirk*; it was like a faſhion twenty years ago, only not quite ſo high, and looks very ugly. I have made *Trap* chaplain to lord *Bolingbroke*, and he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr. *Addiſon* returned me my viſit this morning. He lives in our town. I ſhall be mighty retired, and mighty buſy for a while at *Windſor*. Pray why don't you go to *Trim*, and ſee *Laracor*, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and the hollies, and the cherry-trees on the river-walk?

19th. I could not ſend this letter laſt poſt, being called away before I could finiſh it. I dined yeſterday with lord treaſurer; ſat

ſat with him till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for ſome buſineſs I had with him. He brought me to *Kenſington*, and lord *Bolingbroke* would not let me go away till two. To-day there will be another *Grub*, *A letter from the Pretender to a whig lord*. *Grubſtreet* has but ten days to live; then an act of parliament takes place, that ruins it, by taxing every half-ſheet at a half-penny. We have news juſt come, but not the particulars, that the earl of *Albemarle*, at the head of eight thouſand *Dutch*, is beaten, loſt the greateſt part of his men, and himſelf made a priſoner. This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them think of a peace. The duke of *Ormond* has got abundance of credit by his good conduct of affairs in *Flanders*. Farewel.

LETTER LXIX.

To Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Auguſt 7, 1712.

I LEFT *Windſor* on *Monday* laſt, upon lord *Bolingbroke*'s being gone to *France*; and ſomebody's being here, that I ought often to conſult with in an affair I am upon: but that

that perſon talks of returning to *Windſor* again, and I believe I ſhall follow him. I am now in a hedge lodging very buſy, as I am every day till noon; ſo that this letter is like to be ſhort, and you are not to blame me theſe two months; for I proteſt, if I ſtudy ever ſo hard, I believe I cannot in that time compaſs what I am upon. We have a fever both here and at *Windſor*, which hardly any body miſſes; but it laſts not above three or four days, and kills nobody. The queen had forty ſervants down in it at once. I dined yeſterday with lord treaſurer, but could do no buſineſs, though he ſent for me, I thought, on purpoſe; but he deſires I will dine with him again to-day. *Windſor* is a moſt delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings look upon *Eaton* and the *Thames*. I wiſh I was owner of them; they belong to a prebend. Do you know, that *Grubſtreet* is dead and gone laſt week? No more ghoſts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty cloſe the laſt fortnight, and publiſhed at leaſt ſeven penny papers of my own, beſides ſome of other people's; but now every ſingle half ſheet pays a halfpenny to the queen.

queen. The *Obſervator* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Poſt*; the *Examiner* is deadly ſick; the *Spectator* keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you ſeen the red ſtamp the papers are marked with? Methinks the ſtamping is worth a half-penny. Lord *Bolingbroke* and *Prior* ſet out for *France* laſt *Saturday*. My lord's buſineſs is to haſten the peace before the *Dutch* are too much mauled; and to hinder *France* from carrying the jeſt of beating them too far. Have you ſeen the fourth part of *John Bull?* It is equal to the reſt, and extremely good. The biſhop of *Clogher*'s ſon has been ill of St. *Anthony*'s fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face would be ſpoiled, but it is not. *Dilly* is juſt as he uſed to be, and puns as plentifully and as bad. *Raymond* wrote to me, that he intended to invite you to *Trim*. Are you, have you, will you be there? If you have not your letters in due time for two months hence, impute it to my being toſticated between this and *Windſor*. Poor lord *Winchelſea* * is dead to my great grief. He was

* 'Charles, earl of *Winchelſea*, firſt lord commiſſioner of trade and plantations. He died *Auguſt* 14, 1712.'

a worthy honeſt gentleman, and a particular friend of mine: and, what is yet worſe, my old acquaintance, Mrs. *Finch*†, is now countess of *Winchelſea*, the title being fallen to her husband, but without much estate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it is now past two afternoon, ſo I ſhall take a little walk in the Park. Do you play at ombre ſtill? Or is that off by Mrs. *Stoyte*'s abſence, and Mrs. *Manley*'s grief? Farewel.

LETTER LXX.

To Mrs. DINGLEY.

Windſor, September 15, 1712.

I HAVE been much out of order of late, with the old giddineſs in my head. I took a vomit for it two days ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eat mighty little fruit; yet I impute my diſorder to that little, and ſhall henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long

† 'Anne, daughter of Sir *William Kingſmill*, of *Sidmonton*, in *Hampſhire*, wife of *Heneage Finch*, earl of *Winchelſea*. She was author of *The Spleen*, and other poems. She died *Auguſt* 5, 1720.'

work,

work, and have done all I can of it, and wait for ſome papers from the miniſtry for materials for the reſt; and they delay me, as if it were a favour I aſked them; ſo that I have been idle here this good while, and it happened in a right time, when I was too much out of order to ſtudy. One is kept conſtantly out of humour by a thouſand unaccountable things in public proceedings; and when I reaſon with ſome friends, we cannot conceive how affairs can laſt as they are. God only knows, but it is a very melancholy ſubject for thoſe, who have any near concern in it. I am again endeavouring, as I was laſt year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred miſunderſtandings. One cannot withhold them from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to deſtroy both. See how my ſtile is altered, by living and thinking, and talking among theſe people. Inſtead of my canal and river, walk and willows, I loſe all my money here among the ladies; ſo that I never play when I can help it, being ſure to loſe. I have loſt five pounds the five weeks I have been here. I hope you are luckier at picquet with the

dean and Mrs. *Wall*. I wait here but to ſee what they will do for me; and whenever preferments are given from me, I will go over.

18th. I have taken a vomit to-day, and hope I ſhall be better. I have been very giddy ſince I wrote what is before, yet not as I uſed to be; more frequent, but not ſo violent. Yeſterday we were alarmed with the queen's being ill; ſhe had an aguiſh and feveriſh fit; and you never ſaw ſuch countenances as we all had, ſuch diſmal melancholy. Her phyſicians from town were ſent for; but towards night ſhe grew better, to-day ſhe is on her feet and was up: we are not now in any fear; it will be at worſt but an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord treaſurer would not come here from *London*, becauſe it would make a noiſe, if he came before his uſual time, which is *Saturday*, and he goes away on *Mondays*. The whigs have loſt a great ſupport in the earl of *Godolphin* *. It is a good jeſt to hear the miniſters talk of him now with humanity and pity, becauſe he is dead, and can do them no more hurt.

* 'He died *September* 15, 1712.'

Lady

Lady *Orkney*, the late king's miſtreſs, who lives at a fine place five miles from hence (called *Cliffden*) and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wiſeſt woman I ever ſaw; and lord treaſurer made great uſe of her advice in the late change of affairs. I hear lord *Marlborough* is growing ill of his *diabetes*; which, if it be true, may ſoon carry him off; and then the miniſtry will be ſomething more at eaſe. The doctor tells me I muſt go into a courſe of ſteel, though I have not the ſpleen; for that they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive. *Bernage*'s regiment is broke; but he is upon half-pay. I have not ſeen him this long time; but I ſuppoſe he is over-run with melancholy. My lord *Shrewſbury* is certainly deſigned to be governor of *Ireland*; and, I believe, the ducheſs will pleaſe the people there mightily. I hear there are five or ſix people putting ſtrongly in for my livings, God help them. But if ever the court ſhould give me any thing, I would recommend *Raymond* to the duke of *Ormond*; not for any particular friendſhip to him, but becauſe it would be proper for the miniſter

of *Trim* to have *Laracor*. You may keep the gold ſtudded ſnuff-box now; for my brother * *Hill*, governor of *Dunkirk*, has ſent me the fineſt that ever you ſaw. It is allowed at court, that none in *England* comes near it, though it did not coſt above twenty pounds †. And the duchess of *Hamilton* has made me a pocket for it, like a woman's, with a belt and buckle, (for I wear no waiſtcoat in ſummer) and there are ſeveral diviſions, and one on purpoſe for my box. We have had moſt delightful weather this whole week; but illneſs and vomiting have hindered me from ſharing in a great part of it. Lady *Maſham* made the queen ſend to *Kenſington* for ſome of her preſerved ginger for me, which I take in the morning, and hope it will do me good. The queen will ſtay here about a month longer, I ſuppoſe; but lady *Maſham* will go in ten days to lie-in at *Kenſington*. Poor creature, ſhe fell down in the court here

* One of the ſociety.

† This is the box, on the bottom of which the gooſe and ſnail were painted, that gave occaſion to the jeſt and repartee between *Swift* and lord *Oxford*. See *Swift*'s life, and a particular deſcription of the box, in a letter to general *Hill*, dated *Auguſt* 12, 1712, printed in the volumes publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

the

the other day. She would needs walk acroſs it upon ſome diſpleaſure with her chairmen, and was like to be ſpoiled, ſo near her time; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a ſore ſide; though I ſhall not be at eaſe till ſhe is brought to-bed. I find I can fill up a letter, ſome way or other, without a journal. If I had not a ſpirit naturally cheerful *, I ſhould be very much diſcontented at a thouſand things. Pray God preſerve your health, and that I may live free from the envy and diſcontent, that attends thoſe, who are thought to have more favour at court than they really poſſeſs. Farewel.

LETTER LXXI.

To Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, October 9, 1712.

I HAVE left *Windſor* theſe ten days, and am deep in pills, with *aſſa fœtida*, and a ſteel bitter drink; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much diſ-

* His life is a mournful and ſtriking inſtance of the power of diſappointment, totally to ſubvert natural cheerfulneſs, to take away the value of every good, and aggravate real by imaginary evil.

couraged; for I uſed to be ill for three or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills a day, and have taken, I believe, one hundred and fifty already. The queen, lord treaſurer, lady *Maſham*, and I, were all ill together, but are now all better; only lady *Maſham* expects every day to lie-in at *Kenſington*. There was never ſuch a lump of lies ſpread about the town together as now. I doubt not but you will have them in *Dublin* before this comes to you, and all without the leaſt ground of truth. I have been mightily put back in ſomething I am writing by my illneſs, but hope to fetch it up, ſo as to be ready when the parliament meets. Lord treaſurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatiſm, but is now near quite well. I was playing at *one and thirty* with him, and his family, the other night. He gave us all twelve pence a-piece to begin with. It put me in mind of Sir *William Temple* *. I aſked both him and lady *Maſham* ſeriouſly, whether the queen were at all inclined to

* Sir *William* treated *Swift* with ſo little liberality, after encouraging him to hope he would provide for him, that it was like giving him a ſhilling to begin the world with.

a dropsy! and they positively assured me she was not: so did her physician *Arbuthnot*, who always attends her. Yet these devils have spread, that she has holes in her legs, and runs at her navel, and I know not what. *Arbuthnot* has sent me from *Windsor* a pretty discourse upon lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a proposal for publishing a curious piece, called, *The Art of Political Lying*, in two volumes, &c. and then there is an abstract of the first volume, just like those pamphlets called *The Works of the Learned*. Pray get it when it comes out *. The queen has a little of the gout in one of her hands. I believe she will stay a month still at *Windsor*. Lord treasurer shewed me the kindest letter from her in the world, by which I picked out one secret, that there will be soon made some knights of the garter. You know another is fallen by lord *Godolphin*'s death: he will be buried in a day or two at *Westminster Abby*. I saw *Tom Leigh* in town once. The bishop of *Clogher* has taken his lodging for the winter;

* This is published among the Dean's works, and is part of the Miscellany, which he printed in conjunction with Mr. *Pope*.

they are all well. I hear there are in town abundance of people from *Ireland*; half a dozen biſhops at leaſt. The poor old biſhop of *London* *, at paſt fourſcore, fell down backwards going up ſtairs, and I hear broke or cracked his ſkull; yet is now recovering. The town is as empty as at *Midſummer*; and if I had not occaſion for phyſic, I would be at *Windſor* ſtill. Did I tell you of lord *Rivers*'s † will; he has left a legacy to about twenty paultry old whores by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependent or relation: he has left from his only child, lady *Barrymore*, her mother's eſtate, and given the whole to his heir male, a popiſh prieſt, a ſecond couſin, who is now earl *Rivers*, and whom he uſed in his life like a footman. After him, it goes to his chief wench and baſtard ‡. Lord

* 'Dr. *Henry Compton*, tranſlated to that ſee from the biſhopric of *Oxford*, in 1675.'

† '*Richard Savage*, earl of *Rivers*, who died 18th *Aug.* 1712.'

‡ Among other natural children of this nobleman was *Richard Savage*, a man celebrated for his genius and misfortunes. His mother was *Anne* counteſs of *Macclesfield*, to whom *Savage* addreſſed a poem called *The Baſtard*, and who afterwards married colonel *Bret*. Lord *Rivers*, having committed the child to her care, ſhe placed him with a poor woman in an obſcure village; and when he enquired after him on his death-bed, that he

treaſurer and lord chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, and deteſt his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily the *Dutch* are ſo wilful, becauſe they are told the queen cannot live. I believe I eſcaped the fever, becauſe I am not well; ſome phyſicians here talk very melancholy, and think it foreruns the plague, which is actually at *Hamburgh*. I think we both have the faculty never to part with a diſorder for ever; we are very conſtant. I have had my giddineſs twenty-three years by fits.

October 11th. Lord treaſurer ſent for me yeſterday and the day before to ſit with him, becauſe he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad; and I could not finiſh my letter. How the duce come I to be ſo exact in your money? juſt ſeventeen ſhillings and eight-pence more than due; I believe you

he might provide for him among other natural children, ſhe told him he was dead; and by this diabolical and unprovoked cruelty, ſhe deprived her ſon of a legacy of ſix thouſand pounds, which his father had bequeathed to him in his will, and which, not ſuſpecting, that there could exiſt in a human form a mother, that would ruin her ſon without enriching herſelf, he beſtowed upon ſome other perſon. See the Life of *Savage*, by *Johnſon*.

cheat

chest me. *Pp.** makes a petition with many apologies. *John Danvers*, you know, is lady *Giffard*'s friend. I tell you what, as things are at preſent, I cannot poſſibly ſpeak to lord treaſurer for anybody. I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own affairs; if the former, I will be a ſolicitor for your ſiſter; if the latter, I have done with courts for ever. Opportunities will often fall in my way, if I am uſed well, and I will then make it my buſineſs. It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deſerve it, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of *Pp.* whoſe affairs *Pp.* has ſo at heart. I have taken down his name and his caſe, (not her caſe) and whenever a proper time comes, I will do all I can: that is enough to ſay, when I can do no more; and I beg your pardon a thouſand times, that I cannot do better. I hope the dean of St. *Patrick*'s † is well of his fever;

* *Pp.* is Mrs. *Johnſon*. Mrs. *Dingley*, the lady, to whom this letter is addreſſed, though a relation of Sir *William Temple*'s, had no more than an annuity of 27*l.* for a ſubſiſtance; this the dean uſed to receive for her; and it was known by an accident, after his memory failed, that he allowed her an annuity of fifty.

† 'Dr. *Sterne*.'

he

he has never wrote to me: I am glad of it; pray don't deſire him to write. I have dated your bill late, becauſe it muſt not commence till the firſt of *November* next. Are you good houſwives and readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gameſters. Are you drinkers? Are you —— hold, I muſt go no farther, for fear of abuſing fine ladies. *Parviſol* has not ſent me one word how he ſet this year's tythes. Pray, aſk whether tythes ſet well or ill this year. Biſhop of *Killaloe* * tells me wool bears a good rate in *Ireland*; but how is corn? I dined yeſterday with lady *Orkney*, and we ſat alone from two till eleven at night. You have heard of her, I ſuppoſe. I have twenty letters upon my hands, and am ſo lazy and ſo buſy, I cannot anſwer them, and they grow upon me for ſeveral months. Have I any apples at *Laracor?* It is ſtrange every year ſhould blaſt them, when I took ſo much care for ſhelter. Lord *Bolingbroke* has been idle at his country houſe this fortnight, which puts me backwards in buſineſs I have. I am got into an ordinary room two pair of ſtairs, and ſee nobody,

* Dr. *William Lloyd*, who died in *December* 1716.

if

if I can help it; yet ſome puppies have found me out, and my man is not ſuch an artiſt as *Patrick* at denying me. *Patrick* has been ſoliciting to come to me again, but in vain. The printer has been here with ſome of the new whims printed, and has taken up my time. I am juſt going out, and can only bid you farewel.

LETTER LXII.

To Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, October 28, 1712.

I HAVE been in phyſic this month, and have been better theſe three weeks. I ſtop my phyſic, by the doctor's orders, till he ſends me farther directions. *D. D.* * grows politician, and longs to hear the peace is proclaimed. I hope we ſhall have it ſoon, for the *Dutch* are fully humbled; and *Prior* is juſt come over from *France* for a few days; I ſuppoſe, upon ſome important affair. I ſaw him laſt night, but had no private talk with him. Stocks riſe upon his coming. As for my ſtay in *England*, it cannot be long now, and ſo tell my friends.

* Perhaps Mrs. *Dingley*.

The

The parliament will not meet till after *Chriſtmas*, and by that time the work I am doing will be over, and then nothing ſhall keep me. I am very much diſcontented at *Parviſol*, about neglecting to ſell my horſes, *&c.*

Lady *Maſham* is not yet brought to-bed, but we expect it daily. I dined with her to-day. Lord *Bolingbroke* returned about two months ago, and *Prior* about a week; and goes back (*Prior* I mean) in a few days. Who told you of my ſnuff-box and pocket? Did I? I had a letter to-day from Dr. *Coghill*, deſiring me to get *Rapho* for dean *Sterne*, and the deanery for myſelf. I ſhall indeed; I have ſuch obligations to *Sterne*. But, however, if I am aſked, who will make a good biſhop, I ſhall name him before any body. Then comes another letter, deſiring I would recommend a provoſt, ſuppoſing that *Pratt* * (who has been here about a week) will certainly be promoted; but, I believe, he will not. I preſented *Pratt* to lord treaſurer, and truly young *Molyneux* † would have had me preſent him

* 'Dr. *Benjamin Pratt*, provoſt of *Trinity-College*, at *Dublin*.'

† '*Samuel*, ſon of *William Molyneux*, Eſq; the friend and correſpondent of Mr. *Locke*. Mr. *Samuel Molyneux* was

ſtill to read; and ſqueeze a line perhaps out of each, or at leaſt the ſeeds of a line. *Strafford* goes back to *Holland* in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty pages more to write (this is to be extracted) which will be ſixty in print. It is the moſt troubleſome part of all, and I cannot keep myſelf private, tho' I ſtole into a room up two-pair-of-ſtairs, when I came from *Windſor*; but my preſent man has not yet learned his leſſon of denying me diſcreetly.

30th. The ducheſs of *Ormond* found me out to-day, and made me dine with her. Lady *Maſham* is ſtill expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could not finiſh my letter laſt poſt for the ſoul of me. Lord *Bolingbroke* has had my papers theſe ſix weeks, and done nothing to them. Is *Tiſdall* yet in the world? I ſuppoſe writing controverſies, to get a name with poſterity. The duke of *Ormond* will not be over theſe three or four days. I deſign to make him join with me in ſettling all right among our people. I have ordered the ducheſs to let me have an hour with the duke at his firſt coming, to give him a true ſtate of perſons

and

and things. I believe the duke of *Shrewſbury* will hardly be declared your governor yet; at leaſt, I think ſo now: but reſolutions alter very often. Duke *Hamilton* gave me a pound of ſnuff to-day, admirable good. I wiſh *D. D.* had it; and *Pp.* too, if ſhe likes it. It coſt me a quarter of an hour of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady *Orkney* is making me a writing-table of her own contrivance, and a bed night-gown. She is perfectly kind, like a mother. I think the d— was in it the other day, that I ſhould talk to her of an ugly ſquinting couſin of her's; and the poor lady herſelf, you know, ſquints like a dragon. The other day we had a long diſcourſe with her about love; and ſhe told us a ſaying of her ſiſter *Fitzharding*, which I thought excellent, that *in men deſire begets love*, and *in women love begets deſire*. We have abundance of our old criers ſtill hereabouts. I hear every morning your woman with the old ſattin and taffata, &c. the fellow with old coats, ſ ſ ſuits or cloaks. Our weather is abominable of late. We have not two tolerable days in twenty. I have loſt money again at ombre, with lord *Orkney* and others;

yet, after all, this year I have loſt but three and twenty ſhillings; ſo that, conſidering card-money, I am no loſer.

Our ſociety hath not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we ſhall continue to do ſome good this winter; and lord treaſurer promiſes the academy for reforming our language ſhall ſoon go forward. I muſt now go hunt thoſe dry letters for materials. You will ſee ſomething very notable I hope. So much for that. God Almighty bleſs you.

LETTER LXXIII.

To Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, November 15, 1712.

BEFORE this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the moſt terrible accident, that hath almoſt ever happened. This morning, at eight, my man brought me word, that duke *Hamilton* had fought with lord *Mohun*, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately ſent him to the duke's houſe, in *St. James's-ſquare*; but the porter could hardly anſwer for tears, and a great rabble was about the houſe. In ſhort, they fought at ſeven this morning.

morning. The dog *Mohun* was killed on the ſpot; but, while the duke was over him, *Mohun*, ſhortening his ſword, ſtabbed him in at the ſhoulder to the heart. The duke was helped towards the cake-houſe, by the ring, in *Hyde-park*, (where they fought) and died on the graſs, before he could reach the houſe; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor ducheſs was aſleep. *Maccartney* and one *Hamilton* were the ſeconds, who fought likewiſe, and are both fled. I am told, that a footman of lord *Mohun*'s ſtabbed duke *Hamilton*; and ſome ſay *Maccartney* did ſo too. *Mohun* gave the affront, and yet ſent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honeſt, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greateſt mind in the world to have me go with him to *France*, but durſt not tell it me; and thoſe he did tell, ſaid, I could not be ſpared, which was true. They have removed the poor ducheſs to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am juſt come away. I never ſaw ſo melancholy a ſcene; for in-

deed all reaſons for real grief belong to her; nor is it poſſible for any one to be a greater loſer in all regards. She has moved my very ſoul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not ſuffer it, becauſe it had no room backwards, and ſhe muſt have been tortured with the noiſe of the *Grubſtreet* ſcreamers ringing her husband's murder in her ears.

I believe you have heard the ſtory of my eſcape, in opening the bandbox ſent to the lord treaſurer. The prints have told a thouſand lies of it; but at laſt we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in the *Evening-poſt*; only I would not ſuffer them to name me, having been ſo often named before, and teazed to death with queſtions. I wonder how I came to have ſo much preſence of mind, which is not uſually my talent; but ſo it pleaſed God, and I ſaved myſelf and him; for there was a bullet-piece. A gentleman told me, that if I had been killed, the whigs would have called it a judgment, becauſe the barrels were of inkhorns, with which I had done them ſo much miſchief. There was a pure *Grub-*

ſtreet

ſtreet of it, full of lies and inconſiſtencies. I do not like theſe things at all, and I wiſh myſelf more and more among my willows. There is a deviliſh ſpirit among people, and the miniſtry muſt exert themſelves, or ſink.

16th. I thought to have finiſhed this yeſterday, but was too much diſturbed. I ſent a letter early this morning to lady *Maſham*, to beg her to write ſome comforting words to the poor ducheſs. I dined to-day with lady *Maſham*, at *Kenſington*, where ſhe is expecting theſe two months to lie-in. She has promiſed me to get the queen to write to the ducheſs kindly on this occaſion; and to-morrow I will beg lord treaſurer to viſit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worſe. Her violencies not ſo frequent, but her melancholy more formal and ſettled. She has abundance of wit and ſpirit; about thirty-three years old; handſome and airy, and ſeldom ſpared any body, that gave her the leaſt provocation; by which ſhe had many enemies, and few friends. Lady *Orkney*, her ſiſter-in-law, is come to town on this occaſion, and has been to ſee her, and behaved herſelf with great humanity. They have been always

very ill together; and the poor ducheſs could not have patience, when people told her I went often to lady *Orkney*'s. But I am reſolved to make them friends; for the ducheſs is now no more the object of envy, and muſt learn humility from the ſevereſt maſter, *affliction*. I deſign to make the miniſtry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) againſt that villain *Maccartney*. What ſhall we do with theſe murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occaſion; for I cannot ſend it till *Tueſday*, and the coroner's inqueſt on the duke's body is to be to-morrow. Then I ſhall know more. This is a very ſurpriſing event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to-bed. This looks like journals.

17th. I was to-day at noon with the ducheſs of *Hamilton* again, after I had been with lady *Orkney*, and charged her to be kind to her ſiſter in her affliction. The ducheſs told me lady *Orkney* had been with her, and that ſhe did not treat her as gently as ſhe ought. They hate one another; but I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for the *Poſt-boy*, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as poſſible, and very proper for *Abel Roper*, the printer of it.

it. I dined at lord treaſurer's at ſix in the evening, which is his uſual hour of returning from *Windſor:* he promiſes to viſit the ducheſs to-morrow, and ſays he has a meſſage to her from the queen. 'Tis late; I have ſtayed till paſt one with him.

18th. The committee of council is to ſit this afternoon upon the affair of the duke of *Hamilton*'s murder, and, I hope, a proclamation will be out againſt *Maccartney*. I was juſt now ('tis now noon) with the ducheſs, to let her know lord treaſurer will ſee her. She is mightily out of order. The jury have not yet brought in their verdict upon the coroner's inqueſt. We ſuſpect *Maccartney* ſtabbed the duke while he was fighting. The queen and lord treaſurer are in great concern at this event. I dine to-day again with lord treaſurer; but muſt ſend this to the poſt-office before, becauſe elſe I ſhall not have time; he uſually keeps me too late. *Ben Tooke* bid me write to *D. D.* * to ſend her certificate, for it is high time it ſhould be ſent, he ſays. Pray make *Parviſol* write to me, and ſend me a general account of my affairs; and to let him know I ſhall be over in ſpring, and that by

* 'Mrs. *Dingley*.'

all means he ſells the horſes. *Prior* has kiſſed the queen's hand, and will return to *France* in a few days, and lord *Strafford* to *Holland*. Now the king of *Spain* has renounced his pretenſions to *France*, the peace muſt follow very ſoon unavoidably. You muſt no more call *Philip* duke of *Anjou*, for we now acknowledge him king of *Spain*. Dr. *Pratt* tells me, you are all mad in *Ireland* with your playhouſe frolicks and prologues, and I know not what. Mr. *Verdoen* was with me yeſterday, and enquired after you. He was a lieutenant, and is now broke, and upon half-pay. He aſked me nothing for himſelf; but wanted an employment for a friend, *who wou'd give a handſome pair of gloves*. One *Hales* ſent me up a letter the other day, which ſaid you lodged in his houſe, and therefore deſired I would get him a civil employment. I would not be within, and have directed my man to give him an anſwer, that I never open letters brought me by the writers, *&c.* I was complaining to a lady, that I wanted to mend an employment from forty to ſixty pounds a year in the ſalt-office, and thought it hard I could not do it. She told me,

Mr.

Mr. *Griffin* should do it. And afterwards I met *Griffin* at her lodgings; and he was, as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named *Filly* to him, and his abode somewhere near *Nantwich*. He said frankly, he had formerly examined the man, and found he understood very little of his business; but, if he heard he mended, he would do what I desired. I will let it rest a while, and then resume it; and if *Pp*t. writes to *Filly*, she may advise him to diligence, &c. I told *Griffin* positively I would have it done, if the man mended. This is an account of *Pp*t's commission to her most humble servant. I have a world of writing to finish, and little time; these toads of ministers are *so slow in their helps*.

LETTER LXXIV.

Countess of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT, with a present of a writing-table, seal, paper, wax, *&c.*

London, November 21, 1712.

THIS key will open treasures; but vain in me to know them. Your conveniency is my satisfaction. If I can or may read what

what will be in this table, it ought and ſhall be my happineſs. You muſt diſcern this comes from the moſt intereſted joiner, that ever made a thing of this nature. Peruſe narrowly, and what faults you find, they ſhall be mended, in every particular, to the utmoſt capacity of, Sir, your obliged humble ſervant,

E. ORKNEY.

LETTER LXXV.

Counteſs of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT.

November 22, 1712.

YOU are extremely obliging to write how well you take my whim, in telling my true thoughts of your mind: for I was aſhamed, when I reflected, and hoped I ſhould ſee you ſoon, after expreſſing the value I have of you in an uncommon way. But this I write with aſſurance, that I am very ſincerely, Sir, your obliged humble ſervant,

E. ORKNEY.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

Counteſs of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT, in the ſame year.

Monday Morning.

I AM ſure you are very ill natured [I would not have been ſo croſs to you] to have known Mr. *Lewis* and me ſo long, and not to have made us acquainted ſooner: when you know too, that I have been in ſearch of a reaſonable converſation. I have no way to excuſe you, but doubting his to be ſo agreeable at a ſecond meeting, which I deſire you will make, when it is moſt convenient to both. It is not from cuſtom I ſay, I am extremely, Sir, your humble ſervant,

E. ORKNEY.

When you read this, I fancy you will think, Why does ſhe write to me? I hate a letter as much as my lord treaſurer does a petition.

LET-

LETTER LXXVII.

Countess of ORKNEY, and Mrs. RAMSAY, to Dr. SWIFT. 1712.

I HAVE had great satisfaction in the favour of your letter, tho' disappointed, since not occasioned by yourself. When one is too quick, misjudging commonly follows. At first I feared Mr. *Collier* was taken with a fit of an apoplexy. The next line I read, I wished he had one. If I did not apprehend, by your knowing me but a little, that I might grow troublesome, where I distinguished, you should not want any conveniency to bring you hither to Mrs. *Ramsay* and me, who are both, without compliment, truly mortified, intending ever to be, Sir, your sincere humble servants,

E. ORKNEY.
E. RAMSAY.

We design to be at *Windsor* on *Wednesday*, where I hope you will meet me in the drawing-room, to tell me when you will dine with us.

LET-

LETTER LXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, December 12, 1712.

I Proteſt ſolemnly I am not able to write to you for other buſineſs, but I will renew my journal method to you next time. I find it is eaſier, tho' it contains nothing but where I dine, and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three weeks, till this buſineſs is off my hands, which muſt be in ſix, I think, at fartheſt. Oh! I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs: I have enough of it now with a worrier. Two women have been here ſix times a-piece; I never ſaw them yet. The firſt I have diſpatched with a letter; the other I muſt ſee, and tell her I can do nothing for her: ſhe is wife of one Mr. *Connor*, an old college acquaintance, and comes on a fooliſh errand, for ſome old pretenſions, that will ſucceed, when I am lord treaſurer. I am got up two pair of ſtairs in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to diſcover where I am; yet every morning two

two or three ſets are plaguing me, and my preſent ſervant has not yet his leſſon perfect of denying me. I have written one hundred and thirty pages in folio to be printed, and muſt write thirty more, which will make a large book of four ſhillings *. I wiſh I had an opportunity of ſending you ſome ſnuff. I will watch who goes to *Ireland*, and do it if poſſible. I had a letter from *Parviſol*, and find he has ſet my livings very low. Colonel *Hamilton*, who was ſecond to duke *Hamilton*, is tried to-day. I ſuppoſe he is come off, but have not heard. I dined with lord treaſurer, but left him by nine, and viſited ſome people. Lady *Betty*, his daughter, will be married on *Monday* next (as I ſuppoſe) to the marquis of *Caermarthen*. I did not know your country place had been *Portrain*, till you told me ſo in your laſt. Has *Swanton* taken it of *Wallis?* That *Wallis* was a grave, wiſe coxcomb. God be thanked that *Pp.* is better of her diſorders. God keep her ſo. The pamphlet of political lying is written by Dr. *Arbuthnot*, the author of *John Bull*;

* 'This ſeems to be his *Hiſtory of the peace of* Utrecht, not publiſhed till after his death.'

'tis

'tis very pretty, but not ſo obvious to be underſtood. *Higgins*, firſt chaplain to duke *Hamilton?* Why, duke *Hamilton* never dreamed of a chaplain, nor I believe ever heard of *Higgins*. You are glorious newſ-mongers in *Ireland*; dean *Francis*, Sir *Richard Levinge*, ſtuff, ſtuff, and *Pratt*, more ſtuff. We have loſt our fine froſt here; and *Abel Roper* tells me you have had floods in *Dublin*. So, you read one of the *Grub-ſtreets* about the bandbox. The whig papers have abuſed me about the bandbox. God help me, what could I do? I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular account of it in the *Poſt Boy*, and *Evening Poſt* of that day. Lord treaſurer has had the ſeal ſent him, that ſealed the box, and directions where to find the other piſtol in a tree in *St. James*'s *Park*, which lord *Bolingbroke*'s meſſengers found accordingly; but who ſent the preſent is not yet known. Duke *Hamilton* avoided the quarrel as much as poſſible, according to the foppiſh rules of honour in practice. What ſignified your writing angry to *Filly?* I hope you ſaid nothing of having any thing from me. The queen is in town, and lady *Maſham*'s month of

of lying-in is within two days of being out. I was at the chriſtening on *Monday*. I could not get the child named *Robin*, after lord treaſurer; it is *Samuel*, after the father. My brother *Ormond* ſent me ſome chocolate to-day. I wiſh you had ſhare of it: they ſay it is good for me, and I deſign to drink ſome in the morning. Our ſociety meets next *Thurſday*, now the queen is in town; and lord treaſurer aſſures me, that the ſociety for reforming the language ſhall ſoon be eſtabliſhed. I have given away ten ſhillings this day to ſervants. What a ſtir about company? I kept no company at all, nor have I any deſire to keep any. I never go to a coffee-houſe nor a tavern, nor have touched a card ſince I left *Windſor*. I make few viſits, nor go to levees; my only debauching is ſitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almoſt dropped the ducheſſes of *Shrewſbury* and *Hamilton*, and ſeveral others. Lord treaſurer, the duke of *Ormond*, and lady *Orkney*, are all that I ſee very often. O yes, lady *Maſham* and lord *Bolingbroke*, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meaneſt

meaneſt of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on *Sundays* to ſee the world; but, to ſay the truth, I am growing weary of it. I diſlike a million of things in the courſe of public affairs; and if I were to ſtay here much longer, I am ſure I ſhould ruin myſelf with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into ſchemes of doing this, but I cannot find any, that will probably ſucceed. It is impoſſible to ſave people againſt their own will; and I have been too much engaged in patch-work already. Do you underſtand all this ſtuff? No. Well, then, you are now returned to ombre and the dean, and *Chriſtmas*; I wiſh you a very good merry one. It is late, I'll go to ſleep, I don't ſleep well, and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner.

13th. Morning. I am ſo very ſleepy in the mornings, that my man wakens me above ten times; and now I can tell you no news of this day. Here is a reſtleſs dog, crying cabbages and ſavoys, plagues me every morning about this time; he is now at it. I wiſh his largeſt cabbage were ſticking in his throat. I lodge over-againſt the houſe in *Little Rider-ſtreet*, where *D. D.*

lodged. To-night I muſt ſee the Abbé *Gautier*, to get ſome particulars for my hiſtory*. It was he, who was firſt employed by *France* in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to ſee him; he is but a puppy too. Lady *Orkney* has juſt ſent to invite me to dinner; ſhe has not yet given me the bed-night gown; beſides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing it this minute; but I ſtay till my fire is burned up. Lord *Abercorn* is come to *London*, and will plague me, and I can do him no ſervice. The duke of *Shrewſbury* goes in a day or two for *France*, perhaps to-day. We ſhall have a peace very ſoon; the *Dutch* are almoſt entirely agreed, and if they ſtop, we ſhall make it without them. That has been reſolved. This is a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelve-penny weather. I muſt ſee my brother *Ormond* at eleven, and then the ducheſs of *Hamilton*, with whom I doubt I am in diſgrace, not having ſeen her theſe ten days. Abbé *Gautier* ſends me word I cannot ſee him to-night. I don't value any thing but one let-

* Probably that of the peace of *Utrecht*.

ter

ter he has of *P.* ſhewing the roguery of the *Dutch*. Did not the *Conduct of the allies* make you great politicians? Here is ſomebody coming, that I muſt ſee, that wants a little place; the ſon of couſin *Rook*'s eldeſt daughter, that died many years ago. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIX.

THOMAS HARRISON, Eſq;* ſecretary of the embaſſy at *Utrecht*, to Dr. SWIFT.

Utrecht, December 16, 1712.

YOUR thanks of the 25th of *November*, Sir, come before their time; the condition

* This gentleman, who owed his poſt of ſecretary to the *Britiſh* embaſſy at *Utrecht* to the recommendation of Dr. *Swift*, and was eminent for his genius and learning, was educated at *Queen's College*, in *Oxford*, where he took the degree of maſter of arts, *December* 15, 1705. Mr. *Tickell*, who was of the ſame college, in his *poem to his excellency the lord privy ſeal, on the proſpect of peace*, pays a compliment to his friend Mr. *Harriſon*, in theſe lines:

"That much lov'd youth, whom *Utrecht*'s walls confine,
"To *Briſtol*'s praiſes ſhall his *Strafford*'s join."

The reader will find ſome circumſtances relating to him and his laſt ſickneſs in Dr. *Swift*'s letter, or journal, written to Mrs. *Dingley*, beginning *January* 25, 1712-13, by which it appears, that Mr. *Harriſon* coming over to *England* from *Utrecht* with the barrier treaty, died on *February* 14, 1712-13. Mr. *Jacob*, in his *lives and characters of all the* Engliſh *poets*, Vol. I. p. 70, has committed

of the obligation being, that you ſhould receive twelve ſhirts, which number ſhall be compleated by the firſt proper occaſion. Your kind letter, however, is extremely ſeaſonable; and (next to a note from the treaſury) has proved the moſt vivifying cordial in the world. If you pleaſe to ſend me now and then as much of the ſame, as will lie upon the top of your pen, I ſhall be contented to take ſheets for ſhirts to the end o. the chapter.

Since you are ſo good as to enter into my affairs, I ſhall trouble you with a detail of them, as well as of my conduct ſince I left *England*; which, in my opinion, you have a right to inſpect, and approve or condemn, as you think fit. During my ſtate of probation with the earl of *Strafford*, it was my endeavour to recommend myſelf to his excellency by fidelity, ſilence, and an entire ſubmiſſion, more than by an affectation to ſhine in his ſervice: And whatever difficulties, whatever diſcouragements fell in my way, I think it appears, that they were ſur-

mitted two miſtakes, in calling him *William* inſtead of *Thomas*, and in ſaying, that he died in *Holland* in 1713. He mentions among Mr. *Harriſon*'s works, *Woodſtock Park*, inſcribed to the lord chancellor *Cowper*.'

mounted

mounted in the end; and my advancement followed upon it ſooner than I expected; another would ſay, much ſooner than I deſerved, which I ſhould eaſily agree to, were it not, that I flatter myſelf there is ſome merit in the behaviour I kept, when the hopes and temptation of being preferred glittered in my eyes. All the world knows upon what footing Mr. *Watkins* * thought himſelf with my lord *Strafford* †; and tho' all the world does not know what I am going to tell you, yet Mr. *Watkins* does on one hand, and my *S*—— on the other, that all the credit I had with either, was heartily, and without reſerve, employed to make matters eaſy; and to cultivate in my humble ſtation that good underſtanding, which our court deſired ſhould be between them. I had my reaſons for this, and ſuch perhaps as flowed from an inclination to promote my own intereſt. I knew as well as any man living almoſt, how much Mr. *Watkins* was valued by my lord *Bolingbroke* and others. I foreſaw the danger of ſtanding

* *Henry Watkins*, eſq; late ſecretary.

† *Thomas*, earl of *Strafford*, ambaſſador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the ſtates general.

in competition with him, if that caſe ſhould happen: and, to tell you the truth, I did not think myſelf ripe in regard to intereſt at home, or of any ſervice I could pretend to have done abroad, to ſucceed Mr. *Watkins* in ſo good an employment. Above all, I proteſt to you, Sir, that if I know my own heart, I am capable of ſuffering the utmoſt extremities rather than violate the infinite duty and gratitude I owe my lord *Bolingbroke*, by doing an ill office to a perſon honoured with ſuch particular marks of his lordſhip's eſteem. I might add to this, that I really loved Mr. *Watkins*; and I beg you, Sir, to urge him to the proof, whether my whole behaviour was not ſuch, as might juſtify the warmeſt profeſſions I can make of that kind. After all this, how comes it, that he, either in raillery or good earneſt, accuſes me of having any reſentment againſt him? By word of mouth when he left us, by letters, ſo long as he allowed me to correſpond with him, and by all the people that ever went from *Utrecht* to *Flanders*, have I importuned him for the continuance of his friendſhip; and, perhaps, even in his abſence (if he pleaſes to reflect) given him

him a very eſſential proof of mine. If any body has thought it worth their while to ſow a diviſion between us, I wiſh he thought it worth his to let me into the ſecret; and nothing, he may be ſure, ſhall be wanting on my ſide to defeat a ſtratagem, which, for ought I know, may end in the ſtarving of his humble ſervant.

Which leads me naturally to the ſecond thing propoſed to be ſpoken to in my text; namely, my circumſtances. For between you and me, Sir, I apprehend the treaſury will iſſue out no money on my account, till they know what is due on that of Mr. *Watkins*. And if he has any pretenſions, I have none, that I know of, but what are as precarious to me, as a ſtiver I gave away but now to a beggar was to him. Is it poſſible, that Mr. *Watkins* can demand the pay of a commiſſion, which is by the queen herſelf actually ſuperſeded, during his abſence from his poſt? Or is it not as plainly ſaid in mine, that I am her majeſty's ſecretary during ſuch his abſence, as in his that he was ſo, whilſt he reſided here? If I muſt be cruſhed, Sir, for God's ſake let ſome reaſon be alledged for it; or elſe an inge-

nuous confeſſion made, that *ſtat pro ratione voluntas*. If you can fix Mr. *Watkins* to any final determination on this ſubject, you will do me a ſingular ſervice, and I ſhall take my meaſures accordingly. Though I know your power, I cannot help diſtruſting it on this occaſion. Before I conclude, give me leave to put you in mind of beating my thanks into lord *Bolingbroke*'s ears, for his late generoſity, to the end that his lordſhip may be wearied out of the evil habit he has got of heaping more obligations and goodneſs on thoſe he is pleaſed to favour, than their ſhoulders are able to bear. For my own part, I have ſo often thanked his lordſhip, that I have now no more ways left to turn my thoughts; and beg, if you have any right good compliments neat and fine by you, that you will advance the neceſſary, and place them, with the other helps you have given me, to my account; which I queſtion not, but I ſhall be able to acknowledge at one and the ſame time, *viz. ad Græcas calendas.*

In the mean time, I ſhall do my beſt to give you juſt ſuch hints as you deſire by the next poſt. Though I cannot but think there

there are ſome letters in the office, which would ſerve your turn a good deal better than any thing I can tell you about the people at the *Hague*. Your acceſs there abundantly prevents my attempting to write you any news from hence. And I aſſure you, Sir, you can write me none from *England* (however uneaſy my circumſtances are) which will be ſo agreeable, as that of your long expected advancement. It grieves me to the ſoul, that a perſon, who has been ſo inſtrumental to the raiſing of me from obſcurity and diſtreſs, ſhould not be yet ſet above the power of fortune, and the malice of thoſe enemies your real merit has created. I beg, dear Sir, the continuance of your kind care and inſpection over me; and that you would in all reſpects command, reprove, or inſtruct me as a father. For I proteſt to you, Sir, I do, and ever ſhall honour and regard you with the affection of a ſon. I am, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER LXXX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, December 18, 1712.

OUR ſociety was to meet to-day, but lord *Harley*, who was preſident this week, could not attend, being gone to *Wimbleton* with his new brother-in-law, the young marquis of *Caermarthen*, who married lady *Betty Harley* on *Monday* laſt; and lord treaſurer is at *Wimbleton* too. However, half a dozen of us met, and I propoſed our meetings ſhould be only once a fortnight; for, betwixt you and me, we do no good. It coſt me nineteen ſhillings to-day for my club dinner; I don't like it. We have terrible ſlobbery weather. Lord *Abercorn* is come to town, and will ſee me, whether I will or not. You know he has a pretence to a dukedom * in *France*, which duke *Hamilton* was ſoliciting for; but *Abercorn* reſolves to ſpoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part; and I have adviſed the ducheſs to compound with him, and have made the miniſtry of my opinion.

* 'Of *Chaſtleherauld*.'

19th.

19th. Lord treaſurer is returned from *Wimbleton*. 'Tis not above eight miles off, and he ſent for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad, and dined with another, with honeſt *Ben Tooke*, by invitation. The ducheſs of *Ormond* premiſed me her picture, and coming home to-night, I found her's, and the duke's, both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty civil ſurprize? They are in fine gilded frames too. I am writing a letter to thank her. I will tell her, ſhe is ſuch a prude, that ſhe will not let ſo much as her picture be alone in a room with a man, unleſs the duke's be with it; and ſo forth. We are full of ſnow and dabbling. Lady *Maſham* has come abroad theſe three days, and ſeen the queen. I dined with her the other day at her ſiſter *Hill*'s. I hope ſhe will remove in a few days to her new lodgings at *St. James*'s from *Kenſington*.

20th. I deny myſelf to every body almoſt, yet I cannot be quiet; and all my mornings are loſt with people, who will not take anſwers below ſtairs; ſuch as *Dilly*, and the biſhop, and the provoſt, *&c.* Lady *Orkney* invited me to dinner to-day, which hindered

dered me from dining with lord treaſurer. This is his day, that his chief friends in the miniſtry dine with him. However, I went there about ſix, and ſat with him till paſt nine, when they all went off; but he kept me back, and told me the circumſtances of lady *Betty*'s match. The young fellow has 60,000 *l.* ready money, three great houſes furniſhed, 7,000 *l.* a year at preſent, and about five more after his father and mother die. I think lady *Betty*'s portion is not above 8000 *l.* Pray tell Mr. *Wall*, that lord *Angleſea* thanked me for recommending *Clements* to him; that he ſays, he is 20,000 *l.* the better for knowing him. But pray don't let *Clements* go and write a letter of thanks, and tell my lord, that he hears ſo and ſo, *&c.* Sad weather; two ſhillings in coaches to-day, and yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over ſomething, and correct it.

21ſt. Puppies have got a new way of plaguing me. I find letters directed for me at lord treaſurer's, ſometimes with incloſed ones to him, and ſometimes with projects, and ſometimes with libels. I uſually keep them three or four days without opening.

I was at court to-day, as I always am on *Sundays*, inſtead of a coffee-houſe, to ſee my acquaintance. This day ſe'nnight, after I had been talking at court with Sir *William Wyndham*, the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador came to him, and ſaid, he heard that was Dr. *Swift*, and deſired him to tell me, that his maſter, and the king of *France*, and the queen, were obliged to me more than to any man in *Europe*; ſo we bowed and ſhook hands, *&c.* I took it very well of him*. I dined with lord treaſurer, and muſt again to-morrow, though I had rather not; but now the queen is in town, he does not keep me ſo late. Our peace now will ſoon be determined; for lord *Bolingbroke* tells me this morning, that four provinces of *Holland* have complied with the queen, and we expect the reſt will do ſo immediately.

22d. Lord keeper promiſed me yeſterday the firſt convenient living to poor *Gery*†, who is married, and wants ſome addition to

* It may, perhaps, be thought ſtrange, that *Swift* ſhould be gratified, by being told he was the beſt friend of the enemies of his country.

† 'Mr. *Gery*, rector of *Letcombe*, in *Berks*, to whoſe houſe Dr. *Swift* retired about ten weeks before queen *Ann*'s death, upon occaſion of the incurable breach between the earl of *Oxford* and lord viſcount *Bolingbroke*.'

what

what he has. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter ſome weeks ago from *Elnick*, who married *Betty Gery*. It ſeems the poor woman died ſome time laſt ſummer. *Elnick* grows rich, and purchaſes lands. I dined with lord treaſurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I gave lord *Bolingbroke* a poem of *Parnell*'s *. I made *Parnell* inſert ſome compliments in it to his lordſhip. He is extreamly pleaſed with it, and read ſome parts of it to-day to lord treaſurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he out-does all our poets here at bar's-length. Lord *Bolingbroke* has ordered me to bring him to dinner on *Chriſtmas-day*, and I made lord treaſurer promiſe to ſee him. It may one day do *Parnell* a kindneſs. You know *Parnell*. I believe I have told you of that.

23d. This morning I preſented one *Diaper* †, a poet, to lord *Bolingbroke*, with a new poem ‡, which is a very good one; and

* 'It is not in the collection publiſhed by Mr. *Pope* in 1726; but it is printed in Dr. *Parnell*'s *Poſthumous Works*, p. 248, publiſhed at *Dublin* in 1758, and entitled, *On Queen Ann's Peace*, 1713.'

† Author of the *Sea Eclogues* mentioned before.

‡ 'Intitled, *Dryades, or the Nymphs Prophecy*, printed in 1713, in folio.'

I

I am to give him a ſum of money from my lord. I have contrived to make a parſon of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and ſerves a ſmall cure in the country; but has a ſword at his tail here in town. 'Tis a poor, little, ſhort wretch, but will do beſt in a gown, and we will make lord keeper give him a living. Lord *Bolingbroke* writ to lord treaſurer to-day, to excuſe me; ſo I dined with the former, and *Monteleon*, the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador, who made me many compliments. I ſtayed till nine, and now it is paſt ten, and my man has locked me up, and I have juſt called to mind, that I ſhall be in diſgrace with *Tom Leigh*. That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one *Eckerſall*, clerk of the kitchen to the queen, who was civil to him at *Windſor* on my account; for I had done ſome ſervice to *Eckerſall*. *Leigh* teazes me to paſs an evening at his lodgings with *Eckerſall*. I put it off ſeveral times, but was forced at laſt to promiſe I would come to-night; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have called and called, but my man is gone to-bed; ſo I will write an excuſe to-morrow. I deteſt that *Tom Leigh*, and am as formal to him

as

as I can, when I happen to meet him in the Park. The rogue frets me, if he knew it. He aſked me, why I did not wait on the biſhop of *Dromore**? I anſwered, I had not the honour to be acquainted with him, and would not preſume, *&c.* He takes me ſeriouſly, and ſays, the biſhop is no proud man, *&c.* He tells me of a judge in *Ireland*, that has done ill things. I aſk, Why is he not out? Says he, I think the biſhops, and you, and I, and the reſt of the clergy, ſhould meet and conſult about it. I beg his pardon, and ſay, I cannot be ſerviceable that way. He anſwers, Yes, every body may help ſomething. Don't you ſee how curiouſly he continues to vex me? for the dog knows, that with half a word I could do more than all of them together. But he only does it from the pride and envy of his own heart, and not out of a humorous deſign of teazing. He is one of thoſe, that would rather a ſervice ſhould not be done, than done by a private man, and of his own country. You take all this; don't you.

* 'Dr. *Tobias Pullen*, tranſlated to that ſee from *Cloyne*, *May* 7, 1695. He died in 1713, and was ſucceeded in *May* that year by Dr. *John Sterne*, dean of St. *Patrick*'s, to which deanry Dr. *Swift* was then promoted.'

24th.

24th. I dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer *, in order to look over ſome of my papers; but nothing was done.

I have been alſo mediating between the *Hamilton* family and lord *Abercorn*, to have them compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord *Selkirk*, the late duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to *France*, to make the demands; and the miniſtry are of opinion, they will get ſome ſatisfaction, and they empowered me to adviſe the *Hamilton* ſide to agree with *Abercorn*, who aſks a fourth part, and will go to *France* and ſpoil all, if they don't yield it.

25th. I carried *Parnell* to dine at lord *Bolingbroke*'s, and he behaved himſelf very well; and lord *Bolingbroke* is mightily pleaſed with him. I was at *St. James*'s chapel by eight this morning; and church and ſacrament were done by ten. The queen has the gout in her hand, and did not come to church to-day; and I ſtayed ſo long in my chamber, that I miſſed going to court. Did I tell you, that the queen deſigns to have a drawing-room and company every day?

26th. I was to wiſh the duke of *Ormond* a happy *Chriſtmas*, and give half a crown to

* 'Robert Benſon, Eſq;'

his porter. It will coſt me a dozen half crowns among ſuch fellows. I dined with lord treaſurer, who chid me for being abſent three days. We hear *Maccartney* is gone over to *Ireland*. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be ſet upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was *Maccartney* *? upon which they brought him to a juſtice of peace, in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were ſent to gaol. Was it not great preſence of mind? But may be you heard of this already; for there was a *Grubſtreet* of it. Lord *Bolingbroke* told me I muſt walk away to-day after dinner, becauſe lord treaſurer and he and another were to enter upon buſineſs; but I ſaid, it was as fit I ſhould know their buſineſs as any body, for I was to juſtify. So the reſt went, and I ſtayed, and it was ſo important, I was like to ſleep over it. I left them at nine, and it is now twelve.

27th. I dined to-day with general *Hill*, governor of *Dunkirk*. Lady *Maſham* and Mrs. *Hill*, his two ſiſters, were of the company, and there have I been ſitting this

* *Maccartney* was lord *Mohun*'s ſecond in the duel between him and duke *Hamilton*; and fled on that occaſion. See letter LXXIII.

evening

evening till eleven, looking over others at play; for I have left off loving play myſelf, I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them ſeldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr. *Addiſon* and paſtoral *Philips* on the *Mall* to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terribly dry and cold. A curſe of party! And do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the whig wits to the favour and mercy of the miniſters, than any other people? *Steele* I have kept in his place. *Congreve* I have got to be uſed kindly, and ſecured. *Rowe* I have recommended, and got a promiſe of a place. *Philips* I ſhould certainly have provided for, if he had not run party-mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations. I ſet *Addiſon* ſo right at firſt, that he might have been employed, and have partly ſecured him the place he has *; yet I am worſe uſed by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, and dreſs the wine and orange,

* It was a uſual ſubject of raillery towards him among the miniſters, that he never came to them without a whig in his ſleeve. See his life prefixed to *Bathurſt*'s edition.

28th. My cold is ſo bad, that I could not go to church to-day, nor to court; but I was engaged to lord *Orkney*'s, with the duke of *Ormond*, at dinner; and ventured, becauſe I could cough and ſpit there as I pleaſed. The duke and lord *Arran* left us, and I have been ſitting ever ſince with lord and lady *Orkney* till paſt eleven; and my cold is worſe, and makes me giddy. I hope it is only my cold, and no more; but I'll go to bed, for the fellow has bawled paſt twelve.

29th. I got out early to-day, and eſcaped all my duns. I went to ſee lord *Bolingbroke* about ſome buſineſs, and truly he was gone out too. I dined in the city, upon the broiled leg of a gooſe and a bit of bacon, with my printer. Did I tell you, that I forbear printing what I have in hand, till the court decides ſomething about me? I will contract no more enemies, at leaſt I will not imbitter worſe thoſe I have already, till I have got under ſhelter; and the miniſters know my reſolution, ſo that you may be diſappointed in ſeeing this thing as ſoon as you expected. I hear lord treaſurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Every body has one.

30th.

30th. I ſuppoſe this will be full by *Saturday*. Duke of *Ormond*, lord *Arran*, and I, dined privately to-day at an old ſervant's houſe of his. The council made us part at ſix. One Mrs. *Ramſay* dined with us; an old lady of about fifty-five, that we are all very fond of. I called this evening at lord treaſurer's, and ſat with him two hours. He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine with *Parnell* and me at lord *Bolingbroke*'s to-morrow; but ſays he will ſee *Parnell* ſome other time. I hoiſt up *Parnell* partly to ſpite the envious *Iriſh* folks here, particularly *Tom Leigh*. I ſaw the biſhop of *Clogher*'s family to-day. Miſs is mighty ill of a cold, and coughs inceſſantly.

31ſt. To-day *Parnell* and I dined with lord *Bolingbroke*, to correct *Parnell*'s poem. I made him ſhew all the places he diſliked; and when *Parnell* has corrected it fully, he ſhall print it. I went this evening to ſit with lord treaſurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I ſat with him while the young folks went to ſupper, and then went down, where they were all merry together, having turned lady *Oxford* up to

my lord, and I ſtayed with them till twelve. There was the young couple, lord and lady *Caermarthen*, lord and lady *Dupplin*, and lord *Harley* and I; and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done ſo often; ſtealing together from the old folks, tho' indeed it was not from poor lord treaſurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us: but lady *Oxford* is a mere old woman. My cold is ſtill ſo bad, that I have not the leaſt ſmelling. I am juſt got home, and 'tis paſt twelve; and I'll go to bed, and ſettle my head, heavy as lead.

Jan. 1ſt. I forgot to tell you, that yeſterday lord *Abercorn* was here, teazing me about his *French* duchy, and ſuſpecting my partiality to the *Hamilton* family, in ſuch a whimſical manner, that Dr. *Pratt*, who was by, thought he was mad. He was no ſooner gone, but lord *Orkney* ſent to know, whether he might come and ſit with me half an hour upon ſome buſineſs. I returned anſwer, that I would wait on him; which I did. We diſcourſed a while, and he left me with lady *Orkney*; and in came lord *Selkirk*, whom I had never ſeen before. He

is

is another brother of duke *Hamilton*'s, and is going to *France*, by a power from his mother the old dutchess, to negociate their pretensions to this duchy of *Chastleherauld*. He teazed me for two hours in spite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to stir; would have had me engage the ministry to favour him against lord *Abercorn*, and to convince them, that lord *Abercorn* had no pretensions; and desired I would also convince lord *Abercorn* himself so; and concluded, he was sorry I was a greater friend to *Abercorn* than *Hamilton*. I had no patience, and used him with some plainness. Am not I purely handled between a couple of puppies? Ay, says *Pp*, you must be meddling in other people's affairs. I appeal to the bishop of *Clogher*, whether *Abercorn* did not complain, that I would not let him see me last year, and that he swore he would take no denial from my servant when he came again. The ministers gave me leave to tell the *Hamilton* family, it was their opinion, that they ought to agree with *Abercorn*. Lord *Anglesea* was then by, and told *Abercorn*; upon which he gravely tells me, I was commissioned by the ministers, and

ought to perform my commiſſion, &c. But I'll have done with them. I have warned lord treaſurer, and lord *Bolingbroke*, to beware of *Selkirk*'s teazing; yet *Abercorn* vexes me more. He owes me all the kind receptions he has had from the miniſtry. I dined to-day at lord treaſurer's, with the young folks, and ſat with lord treaſurer till nine, and then was forced to go to lady *Maſham*'s, and ſat there till twelve, talking of affairs, till I am out of humour, as every one muſt, that knows them inwardly. A thouſand things wrong, moſt of them eaſy to mend; yet our ſchemes availing at beſt but little, and ſometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I patched up twice, with the hazard of all the credit I had, is now ſpread more than ever. But burn politics, and ſend me from courts and miniſters!

2d. I ſauntered about this morning, and went with Dr. *Pratt* to a picture auction, where I had like to be drawn in to buy a picture, that I was fond of; but, it ſeems, was good for nothing. *Pratt* was there to buy ſome pictures for the biſhop of *Clogher*, who reſolves to lay out ten pounds to furniſh his houſe with curious pictures. We dined with

with the biſhop, I being by chance diſengaged. And this evening I ſat with the biſhop of *Oſſory* *, who is laid up with the gout. The *French* ambaſſador, duke *D'Aumont*, came to town to-night; and the rabble conducted him home with ſhouts. I cannot ſmell yet, tho' my cold begins to break. It continues cruel hard froſty weather.

3d. Lord *Dupplin* and I went with lord and lady *Orkney* this morning at ten to *Wimbleton*, ſix miles off, to ſee lord and lady *Caermarthen*. It is much the fineſt place about this town. Did you never ſee it? I was once there before, about five years ago. I came back juſt by night-fall, and felt cruel cold weather. I am juſt now told, that poor lady *Aſhburnham*, the duke of *Ormond*'s daughter, died yeſterday at her country-houſe. The poor creature was with child. She was my greateſt favourite, and I am in exceſſive concern for her death. I hardly knew a more valuable perſon on all accounts. You muſt have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to ſee the duke and ducheſs.

* 'Dr. *John Hartſtong*, tranſlated from that ſee to *Derry*, *March* 3, 1713-14.'

She

She was naturally very healthy, and I fear has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving *. I hate life, when I think it expoſed to ſuch accidents; and to ſee ſo many thouſand wretches burthening the earth, while ſuch as ſhe dies, makes me think God did never intend life for a bleſſing. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, January 4, 1712-13.

I ENDED my laſt with the melancholy news of poor lady *Aſhburnham*'s death. The biſhop of *Clogher* and Dr. *Pratt* made me dine with them to-day at lord *Mountjoy*'s, purſuant to an engagement, which I had forgot. Lady *Mountjoy* told me, that *Maccartney* was got ſafe out of our clutches, for ſhe had ſpoke with one, who had a letter

* From theſe expreſſions, and thoſe he uſes in the account of the duchess of *Hamilton*'s affliction on the death of her huſband, *Swift* appears to have had a ſtrong ſympathy in the diſtreſs of others; which he has generally, even by his advocates, been ſuppoſed to want. See his letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, dated *November* 15, 1712.

from

from him from *Holland*. Others ſay the ſame thing. As I left lord *Mountjoy*'s, I ſaw the duke *d'Aumont*, the *French* ambaſſador, going from lord *Bolingbroke*'s, where he dined, to have a private audience of the queen. I followed, and went up to court, where there was a great crowd. I was talking with the duke of *Argyle*, by the fire-ſide in the bed-chamber, when the ambaſſador came out from the queen. *Argyle* preſented me to him, and lord *Bolingbroke* and we talked together a while. He is a fine gentleman, ſomething like the duke of *Ormond*, and juſt ſuch an expenſive man. After church to-day, I ſhewed the biſhop of *Clogher*, at court, who was who.

5th. Our froſt is broke, but it is very cold. Lord treaſurer is recovered, and went out this evening to the queen. I dined with lady *Oxford*. Lord treaſurer gave me a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr. *Brown*, biſhop of *Cork*, recommending him to a better biſhopric, as a perſon, who oppoſed lord *Wharton*, and was made a biſhop on that account, celebrating him for a great politician, *&c.* In ſhort, all directly contrary to his character, which I made bold

to

to explain. What dogs there are in the world? I was to ſee the poor duke and duchеſs of *Ormond* this morning. The duke was in his publie room, with Mr. *Southwell*, and two more gentlemen. When *Southwell* and I were alone with him, he talked ſomething of lord *Aſhburnham*, that he was afraid the whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but ſomething falling accidentally in diſcourſe, the tears were juſt falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never ſaw any thing ſo moving, nor ſuch a mixture of greatneſs of mind, and tenderneſs, and diſcretion.

6th. Lord *Bolingbroke*, and *Parnell*, and I, dined, by invitation, with my my friend *Dartineuf* *, whom you have heard me talk of. Lord *Bolingbroke* likes *Parnell* mightily, and it is pleaſant to ſee, that one, who hardly paſſed for any thing in *Ireland*, makes his way here with a little friendly forwarding.

* 'This gentleman, whoſe name was ſpelt *Dartiquenave*, is mentioned, on account of his taſte for good eating, by Mr. *Pope*, in his Imitation of the ſecond Epiſtle of the ſecond book of *Horace*, ver. 87.'

"When *Oldfield* loves what *Dartineuf* detеſts."

It

It is ſcurvy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad to-day, nor know any thing that paſſes. Lord treaſurer is quite recovered, and I hope will take care to keep himſelf well. The ducheſs of *Marlborough* is leaving *England*, to go to her duke, and makes preſents of rings to ſeveral friends, they ſay worth two hundred pounds a-piece. I am ſure ſhe ought to give me one, tho' the duke pretended to think me his greateſt enemy, and got people to tell me ſo, and very mildly to let me know how gladly he would have me ſoftened towards him. I bid a lady of his acquaintance and mine let him know, that I had hindered many a bitter thing againſt him; not for his own ſake, but becauſe I thought it looked baſe; and I deſired every thing ſhould be left him, except power.

7th. I dined with lord and lady *Maſham* to-day, and this evening played at ombre with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, merely for amuſement. The miniſters have got my papers, and will neither read them, nor give them to me; and I can hardly do any thing. Very warm ſlabby weather, but I made a ſhift to get a walk; yet I loſt half of it, by

ſhaking

ſhaking off lord *Rocheſter* *, who is a good civil ſimple man. The biſhop of *Oſſory* will not be biſhop of *Hereford*, to the great grief of himſelf and his wife. I think it is not certain yet that *Maccartney* is eſcaped. I am plagued with bad authors in verſe and proſe, who ſend me their books and poems, the vileſt traſh I ever ſaw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them ſee me.

8th. You muſt underſtand, that I am in my geers, and have got a chocolate pot, a preſent from Mrs. *Aſh* of *Clogher*, and ſome chocolate from my brother *Ormond*, and I treat folks ſometimes. I dined with lord treaſurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by while he and lord *Bolingbroke* were at buſineſs; for it is fit I ſhould know all that paſſes now, becauſe, *&c.* The duke of *Ormond* employed me to ſpeak to lord treaſurer to-day about an affair, and I did ſo; and the duke had ſpoke himſelf two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide

* 'Henry Hyde, ſon of *Laurence* earl of *Rocheſter*, younger ſon of the lord chancellor *Clarendon*. This *Henry* ſucceeded to the title of earl of *Clarendon*, *March* 31, 1723, on the death of *Edward*, the third earl of *Clarendon*.'

the duke about it. I tell you a good thing; there is not one of the miniſtry but what will employ me, as gravely, to ſpeak for them to lord treaſurer, as if I were their brother, or his; and I do it as gravely, tho' I know they do it only becauſe they will not make themſelves uneaſy, or had rather I ſhould be denied than they. I believe our peace will not be finiſhed theſe two months; for I think we muſt have a return from *Spain* by a meſſenger, who will not go till *Sunday* next. Lord treaſurer has invited me to dine with him again to-morrow. Your commiſſioner, *Knightley*, is to be there.

9th. Dr. *Pratt* drank chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I was yeſterday with him to ſee lady *Betty Butler*, grieving for her ſiſter *Aſhburnham*. The jade was in bed in form, and ſhe did ſo cant, ſhe made me ſick. I meet *Tom Leigh* every day in the Park, to preſerve his health. He is as ruddy as a roſe, and tells me his biſhop of *Dromore* recovers very much. That biſhop has been very near dying. This day's *Examiner* talks of the play of *What is it like?* and you will think it to be mine, and

and be bit; for I have no hand in theſe papers at all. I dined with lord treaſurer, and ſhall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the miniſters dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is always on *Saturday*, and we do indeed equally railly him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor lord *Rivers*, lord keeper, and lord *Bolingbroke* came; but now *Ormond*, *Angleſea*, lord ſteward, *Dartmouth*, and others intrude, and I ſcold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and indeed many *Saturdays* I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it.

10th. At ſeven this evening, as we ſat after dinner at lord treaſurer's, a ſervant ſaid, lord *Peterborough* was at the door. Lord treaſurer and lord *Bolingbroke* went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was juſt returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. As ſoon as he ſaw me, he left the duke of *Ormond* and other lords, and ran and kiſſed me before he ſpoke to them *; but chid me terribly for not writ-

* The dean had addreſſed ſome verſes to him in the year 1706. See Vol. VII. *Bathurſt*'s edition, 8vo.

ing

ing to him, which I never did this laſt time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places ſo often, it was impoſſible a letter ſhould overtake him. He left *England* with a pleuriſy, by his coach overturning, that made him ſpit blood, and was ſo ill we expected every poſt to hear of his death; but he out-rode it, or out-drank it, or ſomething; and he is come home luſtier than ever. He is at leaſt ſixty, and has more ſpirits than any young fellow I know in *England*. He has got the old lord *Oxford*'s regiment of horſe, and I believe will have a garter. I love the hang-dog dearly.

11th. The court was crammed to-day, to ſee the *French* ambaſſador; but he did not come. Did I never tell you, that I go to court on *Sundays* as to a coffee-houſe, to ſee acquaintance, whom I ſhould not otherwiſe ſee twice a year? The provoſt and I dine with *Ned Southwell*, by appointment, in order to ſettle your kingdom, if my ſcheme can be followed; but I doubt our miniſtry will be too tedious. You muſt certainly have a new parliament; but they would have that a ſecret yet. Our parliament here

will be prorogued for three weeks. Thoſe puppies will not yet come in, tho' they pretend to ſubmit to the queen in every thing; but they would fain try firſt how our ſeſſion begins, in hopes to embroil us in the houſe of lords; and if my advice had been taken, the ſeſſion ſhould have begun, and we would have truſted the parliament to approve the ſteps already made towards the peace, and had an addreſs perhaps from them to conclude without the *Dutch*, if they would not agree. Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned ſo ſafe, it ſeems; yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready ſo ſoon as three weeks, but that is a ſecret.

12th. *Pratt* and I walked into the city to one *Bateman*'s, a famous bookſeller for old books. There I layed out four pounds like a fool, and we dined at a hedge ale-houſe, for two ſhillings and two-pence, like emperors. Let me ſee, I bought *Plutarch*, two volumes, for thirty ſhillings, *&c.* We have no news, and I have nothing more to ſay to-day, and I can't finiſh my work. Theſe miniſters will not find time to do what I would have them.

13th. I was to have dined to-day with lord-keeper, but would not, becauſe that brute Sir *John Walter* was to be one of the company. You may remember he railled at me laſt ſummer was twelve months at *Windſor*, and has never begged my pardon, tho' he promiſed to do it; and lord *Manſel*, who was one of the company, would certainly have ſet us together by the ears, out of pure roguiſh miſchief. So I dined with lord treaſurer, where there was none but lord *Bolingbroke*. I ſtayed till eight, and then went to lady *Orkney*'s, who has been ſick, and ſat with her till twelve. The parliament was prorogued to-day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very bad, and ſlobbery, and I ſhall ſpoil my new hat, or empty my pockets. Lord *Abercorn* plagues me to death. I have now not above ſix people to provide for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many, that I will do nothing for.

14th. To-day I took the circle of morning viſits. I went to the ducheſs of *Ormond*, and there was ſhe, and lady *Betty*, and lord *Aſhburnham* together. That was the firſt time the mother and daughter ſaw each

other ſince lady *Aſhburnham*'s death. They were both in tears; and I chid them for being together, and made lady *Betty* go to her own chamber; then ſat a while with the ducheſs, and went after lady *Betty*, and all was well. There is ſomething of farce in all theſe mournings, let them be ever ſo ſerious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the ducheſs of *Hamilton*, who never grieved*, but raged, and ſtormed, and railled. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord keeper and his ſon, and their two ladies, and I, dined to-day with Mr. *Cæſar*, treaſurer of the navy, at his houſe in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of *Brutus*, and I ſaid ſomething in his praiſe; when it ſtruck me immediately, that I had made a blunder in doing ſo; and therefore I recollected myſelf, and ſaid, Mr. *Cæſar*, I beg your pardon. So we laughed, *&c.*

* The dean expreſſes different ſentiments of this lady, in his letter to Mrs. *Dingly*, dated *November* 15, 1712; but it is probable he had then very little acquaintance with her.

15th.

15th. I forgot to tell you, that laſt night I had a preſent ſent me (I found it when I came home in my chamber) of the fineſt wild fowl I ever ſaw, with the vileſt letter, and from the vileſt poet in the world, who ſent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I know not where the ſcoundrel lived, ſo I could not ſend them back; and therefore I gave them away as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue ſhould have kept the wings at leaſt for his muſe. One of his fowls was a large capon pheaſant, as fat as a pullet. I ate ſhare of it to-day with a friend. We have now a drawing-room every *Wedneſday*, *Thurſday*, and *Saturday*, at one o'clock. The queen does not come out; but all her miniſters, foreigners, and perſons of quality, are at it. I was there to-day; and as lord treaſurer came towards me, I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at church, or court. He knows it, for I have told him ſo; and to-night, at lord *Maſham's*, he gave an account of it to the company; but my reaſons are, that people ſeeing me

If it ſucceeds, I will tell you of it; otherwiſe not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day, as bad as rain; yet I walked, like a good boy, all the way. The biſhop of *Dromore* ſtill draws breath, but cannot live two days longer. My large book lies flat. Some people think a great part of it ought not to be now printed. I believe I told you ſo before. This letter ſhall not go till *Saturday*, which makes up the three weeks exactly, and I allow ſix weeks.

22d. This is one of our court days, and I was there. I told you there is a drawing-room *Wedneſday*, *Thurſday*, and *Saturday*. The *Hamiltons* and *Abercorns* have done teazing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to *France*. Lord treaſurer quarrelled with me at court, for being four days without dining with him; ſo I dined there to-day, and he has at laſt fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining half-pence and farthings with devices, like medals, in honour of the queen, every year changing the device. I wiſh it may be done.

23d. Duke of *Ormond* and I appointed to dine with *Ned Southwell* to-day, to talk of ſettling your affairs of parliament in *Ireland*; but

but there was a mixture of company, and the duke of *Ormond* was in haſte, and nothing was done. If your parliament meets this ſummer, it muſt be a new one; but I find ſome are of opinion there ſhould be none at all theſe two years. I will trouble myſelf no more about it. My deſign was to ſerve the duke of *Ormond*. Dr. *Pratt* and I ſat this evening with the biſhop of *Clogher*, and played at ombre for three pence. That I ſuppoſe is but low with you. I found at coming home, a letter from *M*, No. 37. I ſhall not anſwer it this bout, but will the next. I have got a terrible new cold, before my old was quite gone, and don't know how. I ſhall have *D. D*'s money ſoon from the exchequer. The biſhop of *Dromore* is dead now at laſt.

24th. I was at court to-day, and it was comical to ſee lord *Abercorn* bowing to me, but not ſpeaking, and lork *Selkirk* the ſame. I dined with lord treaſurer, and his *Saturday* club, and ſat with him two hours after the reſt were gone, and ſpoke freer to him of affairs than I am afraid others do, who might do more good. All his friends repine, and ſhrug their ſhoulders; but will not

not deal with him ſo freely as they ought. It is an odd buſineſs; the parliament juſt going to ſit, and no employments given. They ſay they will give them in a few days. There is a new biſhop made of *Hereford*; ſo *Oſſory* is diſappointed. I hinted ſo to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding himſelf and being indiſcreet, as he was.

LETTER LXXXII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Thurſday Morning, two o'clock, January 5, 1712.

THO' I have not ſeen you, I did not fail to write to lord treaſurer. *Non tua res agitur*, dear *Jonathan*. It is the treaſurer's cauſe *, it is my cauſe, 'tis every man's cauſe who is embarked on our bottom. Depend upon it, that I never will neglect any opportunity of ſhewing that true eſteem, that ſincere affection, and honeſt friendſhip for you, which fills the breaſt of your faithful ſervant, BOLINGBROKE.

* This ſeems to relate to the promotion of Dr. *Swift*, in which lord *Bolingbroke*, in one of his letters, charges the lord treaſurer with being extremely backward. Dr. *Swift* was made dean of *St. Patrick's* about *May* following.

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LETTER LXXXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, January 25, 1712-13.

WE had ſuch a terrible ſtorm to-day, that going to lord *Bolingbroke*'s, I ſaw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one ſwinger fell about forty yards before me, that would have killed a horſe: ſo after church and court, I walked through the Park, and took a chair to lord treaſurer's. Next door to his houſe a tin chimney top had fallen down, with a hundred bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you ſuch a wind to-day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord treaſurer has engaged me to dine again with him to-morrow. He has thoſe tricks ſometimes of inviting me from day to day, which I am forced to break through. My little pamphlet is out; 'tis not politics.

26. This morning I felt a little touch of giddineſs, which has diſordered and weakened me with its ugly remains all this day. After dinner at lord treaſurer's, the *French* ambaſſador, duke *d'Aumont*, ſent lord treaſurer

ſurer word, that his houſe was burned down to the ground. It took fire in the upper rooms, while he was at dinner with *Monteleon*, the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador, and other perſons; and ſoon after lord *Bolingbroke* came to us with the ſame ſtory. We are full of ſpeculations upon it, but I believe it was the careleſſneſs of his *French* raſcally ſervants. 'Tis odd, that this very day lord *Sommers*, *Wharton*, *Sunderland*, *Halliſax*, and the whole club of whig lords dined at *Pontac*'s in the city, as I received private notice they have ſome damned deſign. I tell you another odd thing; I was obſerving it to lord treaſurer, that he was ſtabbed on the day king *William* died, and the day I ſaved his life, by opening the band-box, was king *William*'s birth-day. My friend Mr. *Lewis* * has had a lye ſpread on him by the miſtake of a man, who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for

* 'Eraſmus *Lewis*, ſecretary to the earl of *Dartmouth*, one of the ſecretaries of ſtate, and afterwards to the earl of *Oxford*, lord high treaſurer. He was member for *Leſtwithiel*, in *Cornwall*, in the parliament, which began *April* 9, 1713. A particular account of this affair may be ſeen in the *Examiner*, Vol. III. N° 21, for *February* 2, 1712-13, and in *Boyer's Political State*, Vol. V. p. 25, & ſeq.'

paſſing

paſſing his privy ſeal to come from *France*. That other *Lewis* ſpread about, that the man brought him thanks from lord *Perth* and lord *Melfort* (now lords with the Pretender) for his great ſervices, *&c.* The lords will examine that other *Lewis* to-morrow in council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make *Abel Roper* give a relation of it.

27. I dined to-day with lord treaſurer: this makes four days together; and he has invited me again to-morrow, but I abſolutely refuſed him. I was this evening at a chriſtening with him of lord *Dupplin's* daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me and ſome others till paſt twelve; ſo you may be ſure 'tis late, as they ſay. We have now ſtronger ſuſpicions, that the duke *d'Aumont's* houſe was ſet on fire by malice. I was to-day to ſee lord keeper, who has quite loſt his voice with a cold. There Dr. *Ratcliffe* told me, that it was the ambaſſador's confectioner ſet the houſe on fire by boiling ſugar, and going down and letting it boil over. Yet others ſtill think differently; ſo I know not what to judge.

28. I

28. I was to-day at court, where the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador talked to me, as if he did not ſuſpect any deſign in burning *d'Aumont*'s houſe, but the abbé *Gautier*, ſecretary for *France* here, ſaid quite otherwiſe; and that *d'Aumont* had a letter the very ſame day, to let him know his houſe ſhould be burned, and tells ſeveral other circumſtances, too tedious to write. One is, that a fellow mending the tiles juſt when the fire broke out, ſaw a pot with wild-fire in the room. I dined with lord *Orkney*. Neither lord *Abercorn* nor *Selkirk* will now ſpeak with me. I have diſobliged both ſides.

29. Our ſociety met to-day, fourteen of us, and at the tavern. We now reſolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of ſix or ſeven to conſult about doing ſome good. I propoſed another meſſage to lord treaſurer by three principal members, to give one hundred guineas to a certain perſon, and they are to urge it as well as they can. We alſo raiſed ſixty guineas upon our own ſociety; but I made them do it by aſſeſſors, and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax to the ſeveral eſtates. The duke of *Ormond* pays ten gui-

 neas,

neas, and I the third part of a guinea; at that rate, they may tax as often as they pleaſe.

30. I have drank *Spa* waters theſe two or three days; but they do not paſs, and make me very giddy. I am not well; I will take them no more.

I ſauntered after church to-day with the provoſt, to ſee a library to be ſold, and dined at five with lord *Orkney*. We ſtill think there was malice in burning *d'Aumont*'s houſe. I hear little *Harriſon* is come over; it was he I ſent to *Utrecht*. He is now queen's ſecretary to the embaſſy, and has brought with him the barrier treaty, as it is now corrected by us, and yielded to by the *Dutch*, which was the greateſt difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a month hence, for we will ſend him back as ſoon as poſſible. I long to ſee the little brat, my own creature. His pay is in all a thouſand pounds a year, and they have never paid him a groat, though I have teazed their hearts out. He muſt be three or four hundred pounds in debt at leaſt.

31. *Harriſon* was with me this morning; we talked three hours, and then I carried

him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodging, I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it; but he whiſpered me, it was impoſſible to do otherwiſe; and in the coach he told me, he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money ſome where or other. So there was the queen's miniſter intruſted in affairs of the greateſt importance, without a ſhilling in his pocket to pay a coach. I paid him while he was with me ſeven guineas, in part of a dozen of ſhirts he bought me in *Holland*. I preſented him to the duke of *Ormond*, and ſeveral lords at court; and I contrived it ſo, that lord treaſurer came to me, and aſked (I had *Parnell* by me) whether that was Dr. *Parnell*, and came up and ſpoke to him with great kindneſs, and invited him to his houſe. I value myſelf upon making the miniſtry deſire to be acquainted with *Parnell*, and not *Parnell* with the miniſtry. His poem is almoſt fully corrected, and ſhall be ſoon out. Here is enough for to-day; only to tell you, that I was in the city with my printer to alter an

Examiner

Examiner *, about my friend *Lewis*'s ſtory, which will be told with remarks.

February 1. I could dothing till to-day about the *Examiner*, but the printer came this morning, and I dictated to him what was fit to be ſaid, and then Mr. *Lewis* came and corrected as it he would have it; ſo I was neither at church nor court. The duke of *Ormond* and I dined at lord *Orkney*'s. I left them at ſeven, and ſat with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, who has a very bad ſore leg, for which he deſigns to go to *France*. The parliament is to ſit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four days; for the queen is laid up with the gout, and both ſpeakers out of order, though one of them, lord keeper, is almoſt well. I ſpoke to the duke of *Ormond* a good deal about *Ireland*. We do not altogether agree, nor am I judge enough of *Iriſh* affairs; but I will ſpeak to lord treaſurer to-morrow, that we three may ſettle them ſome way or other.

2. It rained all this day, and *Dilly* came to me, and was coaching it into the city; ſo I went with him for a ſhaking, becauſe it would not coſt me a farthing. There I

* See *Examiner*, Vol. III. N° 21.

met my friend *Stratford*, the merchant, who is going abroad to gather up his debts, and be clear in the world. He begged me I would dine with ſome merchant friends of ours there, becauſe it was the laſt time I ſhould ſee him: ſo I did, and thought to have ſeen lord treaſurer in the evening, but he happened to go out at five; ſo I viſited ſome friends, and came home. The parliament meets to-morrow, but will be prorogued for a fortnight; which diſappointment will, I believe, vex abundance of them, though they are not whigs; for they are forced to be in town at expence for nothing: but we want an anſwer from *Spain* before we are ſure of every thing being right for the peace; and God knows whether we can have that anſwer this month. It is a moſt tickliſh juncture of affairs; we are always driving to an inch: I am weary of it.

3. The parliament met, and was prorogued, as I ſaid, and I found ſome cloudy faces, and heard ſome grumbling. We have got over all our difficulties with *France*, I think. They have now ſettled all the articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much diſpoſed to play

play the rogue, if we had not held them to; and this buſineſs we wait for from *Spain*, is to prevent ſome other rogueries of the *French*, who are finding an evaſion to trade to the *Spaniſh Weſt Indies*; but I hope we ſhall prevent it. I dined with lord treaſurer, and he was in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuſcript to read, where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the biſhop of St. *David's* * (now removing to *Hereford*) came and interrupted us. I left him at eight, and ſat till twelve with the provoſt and biſhop of *Clogher*.

4. I was to-day at court, but kept out of lord treaſurer's way, becauſe I was engaged to the duke of *Ormond*, where I dined, and, I think, eat and drank too much. I ſat this evening with lady *Maſham*, and then with lord *Maſham* and lord treaſurer at lord *Maſham's*. It was laſt year, you may remember, my conſtant evening place. I ſaw lady *Jerſey* with lady *Maſham*, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promiſe from me to drink choco-

* 'Dr. *Philip Biſſe*.'

late with her in a day or two, which I know not whether I ſhall perform, for I do not much like her character; but ſhe is very malicious, and therefore I think I muſt keep fair with her. I did not write to Dr. *Coghill*, that I would have nothing in *Ireland*; but that I was ſoliciting nothing any where, and that is true. I have named Dr. *Sterne* * to lord treaſurer, lord *Bolingbroke*, and the duke of *Ormond*, for a biſhopric, and I did it heartily. I know not what will come of it; but I tell you as a great ſecret, that I have made the duke of *Ormond* promiſe me to recommend no body till he tells me, and this for ſome reaſons too long to mention. My head is ſtill in no good order.

5. I dined to-day with Sir *Andrew Fountain* and the provoſt, and played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I won, yet Sir *Andrew* is an admirable player. Lord *Pembroke* came in, and I gave him three or four ſcurvy *Dilly*-puns, that begin with an *if*. I believe I ſhall write no more this good while, nor publiſh what I have done. Pray God mend *Pp*'s health; mine is but very

* 'Dean of *St. Patrick's*.'

indifferent.

indifferent. I have left off *Spa* water; it makes my legs ſwell.

6. This is the queen's birth-day, and I never ſaw it celebrated with ſo much luxury and fine cloaths. I went to court to ſee them, and I dined with lord keeper, where the ladies were fine to admiration. I paſſed the evening at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s, and came home pretty early. Pray God keep the queen; ſhe was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her ſtomach. When I came from lord keeper's, I called at lord treaſurer's, becauſe I heard he was very fine, and that was a new thing, and it was true; for his coat and waiſtcoat were embroidered. All things grow dear in *Ireland*, but corn to the parſons; for my livings are fallen much this year by *Parviſol*'s account.

7. I was at court to-day, but ſaw no birth-day cloaths; the great folks never wear them above once or twice. I dined with lord *Orkney*, and ſat the evening with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, whoſe leg is in a very dubious condition. This, I believe, will hardly go till *Saturday*; for being not very well, I dare not ſtudy much: ſo I let company come in a morning, and paſs the af-

ternoon in dining and ſitting ſomewhere. Lord treaſurer is angry, if I don't dine with him every ſecond day, and I cannot part with him till late. He kept me laſt night till near twelve. Our weather is conſtant rain above theſe two months, which hinders walking, ſo that our ſpring is not like your's. I have not ſeen *Fanny Manly* yet; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my acquaintance, but I will mend with my health and the weather. Colds! why we are all dying with colds; but now they are a little over, and my ſecond is almoſt over.

8. It was terribly rainy to-day from morning till night. I intended to have dined with lord treaſurer, but went to ſee Sir *Andrew Fountain*, and he kept me to dinner, which ſaved coach hire, and I ſtaid with him all the afternoon, and loſt thirteen ſhillings and ſixpence at ombre. There was management! and lord treaſurer will chide; but I'll dine with him to-morrow. The biſhop of *Clogher*'s daughter has been ill ſome days, and it proves the ſmall-pox. She is very full; but it comes out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady *Orkney* has given me her picture; a very fine original

original of Sir *Godfrey Kneller*'s; it is now a mending. He has favoured her ſquint admirably; and you know I love a caſt in the eye. I was to ſee lady *Worſley* to-day, who is juſt come to town; ſhe is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old and ſickly.

9. I thought to have dined with lord treaſurer to-day, but he dined abroad at *Tom Harley*'s; ſo I dined at lord *Maſham*'s, and ſo was winning all I had loſt playing with lady *Maſham* at crown picquet, when I went to *Pool*'s, and I loſt it again. Lord treaſurer came to us, and chid me for not following him to *Tom Harley*'s. I was this morning to ſee lady *Jerſey*, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I ſhall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced after all her greatneſs to ſeven ſervants, and a ſmall houſe, and no coach. I like her tolerably as yet.

10. I made viſits this morning to the duke and ducheſs of *Ormond*, and lady *Betty*, and the ducheſs of *Hamilton*. When I was writing this near twelve o'clock, the ducheſs of *Hamilton* ſent to have me dine with her to-morrow. I am forced to give my

anſwer through the door, for my man has got the key, and is gone to bed; but I cannot obey her, for our ſociety meets to-morrow. I ſtole away from lord treaſurer by eight, and intended to have paſſed the evening with Sir *Thomas Clarges* and his lady; but met them in another place, and have there ſat till now. My head has not been ill to-day. I was at court, and made lord *Manſel* walk with me in the Park before we went to dinner. Yeſterday and to-day have been fair, but yet it rained all laſt night. I ſaw *Sterne* ſtaring at court to-day. He has been often to ſee me he ſays; but my man has not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his wife. I did not aſk him.

12. I have reckoned days wrong all this while; for this is the twelfth. I do not know when I loſt it. I dined to-day with our ſociety, the greateſt dinner I have ever ſeen. It was at *Jack Hill*'s, the governor of *Dunkirk*. I gave an account of ſixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow. And lord treaſurer has promiſed me one hundred pounds to reward ſome others. I found

found a letter on my table laſt night, to tell me, that poor little *Harriſon*, the queen's ſecretary, that came lately from *Utrecht* with the barrier treaty, was ill, and deſired to ſee me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I have often mentioned him in my letters, you may remember. I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from lord *Bolingbroke*, and an order for one hundred pounds from the treaſury, to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to *Knightſbridge* for air. He has a fever and inflammation on his lungs, but I hope will do well.

13. I was to ſee a poor poet, one Mr. *Diaper*, in a naſty garret, very ſick. I gave him twenty guineas from lord *Bolingbroke*, and diſpoſed the other ſixty to two other authors, and deſired a friend to receive the one hundred pounds for poor *Harriſon*, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I ſent to ſee how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature in a very honourable poſt, and very worthy of it. His mother and ſiſter attend him, and he wants nothing. I dined in the city.

14. I took *Parnell* this morning, and we walked to ſee poor *Harriſon*. I had the one hundred pounds in my pocket. I told *Parnell* I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind miſgave me. I did knock, and his man in tears told me his maſter was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral with as little coſt as poſſible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord treaſurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with lord treaſurer, nor any where elſe; but got a bit of meat towards evening. No loſs ever grieved me ſo much: poor creature! Pray God almighty bleſs you. Adieu. I ſend this away to-night, and I am ſorry it muſt go while I am in ſo much grief.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, February 15, [1712-13.]

I DINED to-day with Mr. *Rowe*, and a projector, who has been teazing me with twenty ſchemes to get grants; and I don't

don't like one of them; and, beſides, I was out of humour for the loſs of poor *Harriſon*. At ten this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as poſſible. We had but one coach, with four of us; and when it was carrying us home, after the funeral, the braces broke; and we were forced to ſit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night, in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed.

16th. I dined to-day with lord *Dupplin*, and ſome company, to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading a fooliſh book for amuſement. I ſhall never have courage again to care for making any body's fortune. The parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which ſeveral of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped, though every thing about the peace is paſt all danger. I never ſaw ſuch a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days together theſe ten weeks. I have not dined with lord treaſurer theſe four days, nor can till *Saturday*; for I have ſeveral engagements till then, and he will chide me to ſome purpoſe.

poſe. I am perplexed with this one hundred pounds of poor *Harriſon*'s, what to do with it. I cannot pay his relations till they adminiſter, for he is much in debt; but I will have the ſtaff in my own hands, and venture nothing.

17th. Lady *Jerſey* and I dined, by appointment, to-day with lord *Bolingbroke*. He is ſending his brother to ſucceed Mr. *Harriſon*. It is the prettieſt poſt in *Europe* for a young gentleman. I loſt my money ſadly at ombre; I make a thouſand blunders at it, and play but three-penny ombre; but it is what you call running ombre. Lady *Clarges*, and a drab I hate, won a dozen ſhillings of me laſt night. The parliament was prorogued to-day. People grumble; and the good of it is, the peace cannot be finiſhed by the time they meet, there are ſo many fidling things to do. I reckon you have all your cards from *France*, for ours pay ſix-pence a pack taxes, which goes deep to the box. I have given away all my *Spa* water, and take ſome naſty ſteel drops, and my head has been better this week paſt. I ſend every day to ſee how miſs *Aſhe* does. She is very full, they ſay, but in no danger,

I fear ſhe will loſe ſome of her beauty. The ſon lies out of the houſe. I wiſh he had them too, while he is ſo young.

18th. The earl of *Abingdon* had been teazing me theſe three months to dine with him; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my company; lord *Stawell*, colonel *Diſney*, and Dr. *Arbuthnot*; but the two laſt ſlipped out their necks, and left *Stawell* and me to dine there. We did not dine till ſeven, becauſe it is *Aſh-Wedneſday*. We had nothing but fiſh, which lord *Stawell* could not eat, and got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poiſon; yet the puppy has twelve thouſand pounds a year. His carps were raw; and his candles tallow. He ſhall not catch me in haſte again; and every body has laughed at me for dining with him. I was to-day to let *Harriſon*'s mother know, I could not pay her till ſhe adminiſters; which ſhe will do. There were more whigs to-day at court than tories. I believe they think the peace muſt be made, and ſo come to pleaſe the queen. She is ſtill lame with the gout.

19th. I was at court to-day, to ſpeak to lord *Bolingbroke*, to look over *Parnell*'s poem

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ſince it is corrected; and *Parnell* and I dined with him, and he has ſhewn him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady *Bolingbroke* came down to us while we were at dinner, and *Parnell* ſtared at her, as if ſhe were a goddeſs. I thought ſhe was like *Parnell*'s wife, and he thought ſo too. *Parnell* is much pleaſed with lord *Bolingbroke*'s favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues raining as freſh as if it had not rained at all. I ſat to-night at lady *Maſham*'s, where lord treaſurer came, and ſcolded me for not dining with him. I told him, I would not till *Saturday*. I have ſtayed there till paſt twelve; ſo good night.

20th. Lady *Jerſey*, lady *Catherine Hyde**, the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador, the duke *d'Atree*, another *Spaniard*, and I, dined to-day, by appointment, with lord *Bolingbroke*; but they fell a drinking ſo many *Spaniſh* healths in champagne, that I ſtole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight; and then went and loſt my money at ombre with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, who has a very bad leg. Miſs *Aſhe*

* The preſent ducheſs of *Queenſbury*.

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is paſt all danger; and her eye, which was lately bad (I ſuppoſe one effect of her diſtemper) is now better. I do not let the biſhop ſee me, nor ſhall this good while. I will ſpeak to Mr. *Griffin* to-morrow, about *Pp*'s brother *Filly*, and deſire, that his employment may be mended.

21ſt. I ſaw *Griffin* at court. He ſays he knows nothing of a ſalt-work at *Rection*, but that he will give *Filly* a better employment, and deſires, *Filly* will write to him. If I knew where to write to *Filly*, I would; but pray do you. Bid him let Mr. *Griffin* know, that he has had the honour to be recommended by Dr. *Swift*, &c. that he will endeavour to deſerve, *&c.* I think Mr. *Griffin* lives in *Bury-ſtreet*, near *St. James's-ſtreet*, hard by me; but I ſuppoſe your brother may direct to him to the ſalt-office, and, as I remember, he knows his chriſtian name, becauſe you ſent it to me in the liſt of the commiſſioners.

I dined with lord treaſurer, and ſeven lords to-day. You know *Saturday* is his great day. I ſat with them till eight, and then came home, and have been writing a letter to Mrs. *Davis*, at *York*. She took care

to have a letter directed for me at lord treaſurer's, for I would not own one ſhe ſent by poſt. She reproaches me for not writing to her theſe four years; and I have honeſtly told her, it was my way never to write to thoſe, whom I am never likely to ſee, unleſs I can ſerve them, which I cannot her, *&c. Davis*, the ſchoolmaſter's widow.

22d. I dined to-day at lord *Orkney*'s, with the duke of *Ormond* and Sir *Thomas Hanmer*. Have you ever heard of the latter? He married the ducheſs of *Grafton* in his youth (ſhe dined with us too). He is the moſt conſiderable man in the houſe of commons. He went laſt ſpring to *Flanders*, with the duke of *Ormond*; from thence to *France*, and was going to *Italy*; but the miniſtry ſent for him, and he has been come over about ten days. He is much out of humour with things. He thinks the peace is kept off too long, and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is deſigned for ſecretary of ſtate, inſtead of lord *Dartmouth*. We have been acquainted theſe two years; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an hour's talk with him on affairs. I ſaw the biſhop of *Clogher* at court. Miſs is recovering

vering. I know not how much ſhe will be marked. The queen is ſlowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to parliament, when it meets, which will be the third of *March*; for I ſuppoſe they will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be ſigned then, and we apprehend the tories themſelves will many of them be diſcontented.

23d. It was ill weather to-day, and I dined with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, and in the evening played at ombre with him and the provoſt, and won twenty-five ſhillings; ſo I recovered myſelf pretty well. *Dilly* has been dunning me to ſee *Fanny Manly*; but I have not yet been able to do it.

24th. I walked this morning to *Chelſea*, to ſee Dr. *Atterbury*, dean of *Chriſt-church*. I had buſineſs with him about entering Mr. *Fitz-Maurice*, lord *Kerry*'s ſon, into his college; and lady *Kerry* is a great favourite of mine. Lord *Harley*, lord *Dupplin*, young *Bromley*, the ſpeaker's ſon, and I, dined with Dr. *Stratford* and ſome other clergymen; but I left them at ſeven, to go to lady *Jerſey*, to ſee *Monteleon* the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador play at ombre. Lady *Jerſey* was

abroad, and I chid the ſervants, and made a rattle; but ſince I came home, ſhe ſent me a meſſage, that I was miſtaken, and that the meeting is to be to-morrow. I have a worſe memory than when I left you, and every day forget appointments; but here my memory was by chance too good. But I'll go to-morrow; for lady *Catherine Hyde*, and lady *Bolingbroke*, are to be there by my appointment.

25th. Lord treaſurer met me laſt night at lord *Maſham*'s, and thanked me for my company in a jeer, becauſe I had not dined with him in three days. He chides me if I ſtay but two days away together. What will this come to? Nothing. My grandmother uſed to ſay, more of your lining, and leſs of your dining. However, I dined with him, and could hardly leave him at eight, to go to lady *Jerſey*'s, where five or ſix foreign miniſters were, and as many ladies. *Monteleon* played like the *Engliſh*, and cried gacco, and knocked his knuckles for trump, and played at ſmall games like *Pp*. Lady *Jerſey* whiſpered me to ſtay, and ſup with the ladies when the fellows were gone; but they played till eleven, and I would not ſtay.

ſtay. Lady *Catherine Hyde* had a mighty mind I ſhould be acquainted with lady *Dalkeith*, her ſiſter, the duke of *Monmouth*'s eldeſt ſon's widow, who was of the company to-night; but I did not like her; ſhe paints too much.

26th. This day our ſociety met at the duke of *Ormond*'s, but I had buſineſs, that called me another way; ſo I ſent my excuſe, and dined privately with a friend. Beſides, Sir *Thomas Hanmer* whiſpered me laſt night, at lady *Jerſey*'s, that I muſt attend lord treaſurer, and duke of *Ormond*, at ſupper, at his houſe to-night; which I did, at eleven, and ſtayed till one. There was the ducheſs of *Grafton*, and the duke her ſon; nine of us in all. Duke of *Ormond* chid me for not being at the ſociety to-day, and ſaid ſixteen were there. I ſaid, I never knew ſixteen people good company in my life; no, nor eight neither. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder why I don't write you news. I know leſs of what paſſes than any body, becauſe I go to no coffee-houſe, nor ſee any but miniſters, and ſuch people; and miniſters never talk politics in converſation. The whigs are form-

ing great ſchemes againſt the meeting of parliament, which will be next *Tueſday*, I ſtill think, without fail; and we hope to hear, by then, that the peace is ready to ſign. The queen's gout mends daily.

27th. I paſſed a very inſipid day, and dined privately with a friend in the neighbourhood. Did I tell you, that I have a very fine picture of lady *Orkney*, an original, by Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, three quarters length? I have it now at home, with a fine frame. Lord *Bolingbroke*, and lady *Maſham*, have promiſed to ſit for me; but I deſpair of lord treaſurer only. I hope he will give me a copy, and then I ſhall have all the pictures of thoſe I really love here; juſt half a dozen; only I'll make lord keeper give me his print in a frame. I have little to do now with my pen, for my grand buſineſs* ſtops till they are more preſſing, and till ſomething or other happens; and I believe I ſhall, with diſguſt, return to finiſh it, it is ſo very laborious. Sir *Thomas Hanmer* has my papers now. You are now at ombre with the dean, always on *Friday* night. I ſtood by the other night, while the duke

* 'His *Hiſtory of the Peace of* Utrecht.'

d'Atree

d'Atree loſt ſix times with *Manille*, *Baſto*, and three ſmall trumps; and lady *Jerſey* won above twenty pounds.

28th. I was at court to-day, when the abbé *Gautier* whiſpered me, that a courier was juſt come with an account, that the *French* king had conſented to all the queen's demands, and his conſent was carried to *Utrecht*, and the peace will be ſigned in a few days. I ſuppoſe the general peace cannot be ſo ſoon ready; but that is no matter. The news preſently ran about the court. I ſaw the queen carried out in her chair, to take the air in the garden. I met *Griffin* at court; and he told me, that orders were ſent to examine *Filly*; and, if he be fit, to make him, I don't know what, ſuperviſor. It is ſome employment, a good deal better than his own. The parliament will have another ſhort prorogation; though it is not known yet. I dined with lord treaſurer, and his *Saturday* company, and left him at eight. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 1, 1712-13.

I SEE I anſwered a good deal of your laſt letter about your brother, *&c.* I dined with lady *Orkney*, and we talked politics till eleven at night; and, as uſual, found every thing wrong, and put ourſelves out of humour. Yes, I have lady *Giffard*'s picture ſent me by your mother. It is bound up at a place where my other things are. I have goods in two or three places; and when I leave a lodging, I box up the books I get (for I always get ſome) and come naked into a new lodging; and ſo on. Talk not to me of deaneries; I know leſs of that than ever by much.

2. I went into the city to ſee *P.* at *Rolt*, who lodges with a city couſin, a daughter of couſin *Clerk* (you are much the wiſer). I had never been at her houſe before. My he-couſin *Thompſon* is dead, or dying. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to ſit with lady *Clarges*. I found four of them, of which lady *Godolphin* was one.

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I ſat by her, and talked of her cards, *&c.* But ſhe would not give one look, nor ſay a word to me. She refuſed ſome time ago to be acquainted with me. You know ſhe is lord *Marlborough*'s eldeſt daughter. She is a fool for her pains, and I'll pull her down. What can I do for Dr. *Smith*'s daughter's huſband? I have no perſonal credit with any of the commiſſioners. I will ſpeak to *Keightley*; but I believe it will ſignify nothing. In the cuſtoms people muſt riſe by degrees, and he muſt at firſt take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. *Pp*. miſtakes me, I am not angry at your recommending any one to me, provided you will take my anſwer. Some things are in my way, and then I ſerve thoſe I can. But people will not diſtinguiſh, but take things ill, when I have no power; but *Pp*. is wiſer, and employments in general are very hard to get.

3. I dined to-day with lord treaſurer, who chid me for my abſence, which was only from *Saturday* laſt. The parliament was again prorogued for a week, and I ſuppoſe the peace will be ready by then, and the queen will be able to be brought to the houſe,

houſe, and make her ſpeech. I ſaw Dr. *Griffith* two or three months ago at a *Latin* play at *Weſtminſter*, but did not ſpeak to him. I hope he will not die; I ſhould be ſorry for *Pp*'s ſake; he is very tender of her. I have long loſt all my colds, and the weather mends a little. I take ſome ſteel drops, and my head is pretty well. I walk when I can, but am grown very idle, and not finiſhing my thing, I ramble abroad, and play at ombre. I ſhall be more careful in my phyſic than Mrs. *Price:* 'tis not a farthing matter her death, I think; and ſo I ſay no more to-night, but will read a dull book, and go ſleep.

4. Mr. *Ford* has been this half year inviting me to dine at his lodgings; ſo I did to-day, and brought the provoſt and Dr. *Parnell* with me, and my friend *Lewis* was there. *Parnell* went away, and the other three played at ombre, and I looked on, which I love, and would not play. *Tiſdall* is a pretty fellow, as you ſay; and when I come back to *Ireland* with nothing, he will condole me with abundance of ſecret pleaſure. I believe I told you what he wrote to me, *That I have ſaved* England, *and he* Ireland: but

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I can bear that. I have learned to hear and ſee, and ſay nothing. I was to ſee the duchеſs of *Hamilton* to-day, and met *Bligh* of *Ireland* juſt going out of her houſe into his coach. I aſked her how ſhe came to receive young fellows. It ſeems he had a ball in the duke of *Hamilton*'s houſe when the duke died; and the ducheſs got an advertiſement put in the *Poſt-Boy*, reflecting on the ball, becauſe the *Marlborough* daughters were there; and *Bligh* came to beg the ducheſs's pardon, and clear himſelf.

5. Lady *Maſham* has miſcarried, but is almoſt well again. I have paid many viſits to-day. I met *Bligh* at the duke of *Ormond*'s; and he begged me to carry him to the ducheſs of *Hamilton* to beg her pardon again. I did, on purpoſe to ſee how the blunderbuſs behaved himſelf; but I begged the ducheſs to uſe him mercifully, for ſhe is the devil of a teazer. The good of it is, ſhe ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet ſhe would not allow him to put in an advertiſement to clear himſelf from her's, though her's was all a lye. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave it againſt him. I was at court to-day, and the foreign

reign miniſters have got a trick of employing me to ſpeak for them to lord treaſurer and lord *Bolingbroke*; which I do when the caſe is reaſonable. The college need not fear; I will not be their governor. I dined with Sir *Thomas Hanmer* and his ducheſs. The duke of *Ormond* was there, but we parted ſoon, and I went to viſit lord *Pembroke* for the firſt time; but it was to ſee ſome curious books. Lord *Cholmondeley* came in, but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances.

6. I was to-day at an auction of pictures with *Pratt*, and laid out two pounds four ſhillings for a picture of *Titian*, and if it were a *Titian*, it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll part with it to lord *Maſham*: if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myſelf. But I made *Pratt* buy ſeveral pictures for lord *Maſham*. *Pratt* is a great virtuoſo that way. I dined with lord treaſurer, but made him go to court at eight. I always teaze him to be gone. I thought to have made *Parnell* dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more conſtant. Poor boy! I was at lord treaſurer's levee with the provoſt,

voſt, to aſk a book of the college. I never go to his levee, unleſs it be to preſent ſomebody.

7. Yes, I hope *Leigh* will ſoon be gone. A p— on him! I met him once, and he talked gravely to me of not ſeeing the *Iriſh* biſhops here, and the *Iriſh* gentlemen; but I believe my anſwers fretted him enough. I would not dine with lord treaſurer to-day, though it was *Saturday*, for he has engaged me for to-morrow; but went and dined with lord *Maſham*, and played at ſix-penny running ombre for three hours. There were three voles againſt me, and I was once a great loſer, but came off for three ſhillings and ſix-pence. One may eaſily loſe five guineas at it. Lady *Orkney* is gone out of town to-day, and I could not ſee her for lazineſs, but wrote to her. She has left me ſome phyſic. I never ſaw *D. D*'s politics before, and I think it pretty extraordinary, and a great compliment to you, and I believe never three people converſed ſo much with ſo little politics. *Parviſol* has ſent me a bill of fifty pounds, as I ordered him, which, I hope, will ſerve me, and bring me over. I was not at court to-day; a wonder!

8th. You

8th. You muſt know, I give chocolate almoſt every day to two or three people, that I ſuffer to come to ſee me in a morning. My man begins to lye pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man knows all I will ſee, and denies me to every body elſe. This is the day of the queen's coming to the crown, and the day lord treaſurer was ſtabbed by *Guiſcard*. I was at court, where every body had their birth-day cloaths on, and I dined with lord treaſurer, who was very fine. He ſhewed me ſome of the queen's ſpeech, which I corrected in ſeveral places, and penn'd the vote of addreſs of thanks for the ſpeech*; but I was of opinion, the houſe ſhould not ſit on *Tueſday* next, unleſs they hear the peace is ſigned; that is, provided they are ſure it will be ſigned the week after, and ſo have one ſcolding for all.

9. Lord treaſurer would have had me dine with him to-day; he deſired me laſt night, but I refuſed, becauſe he would not keep the day of his ſtabbing with all the cabinet, as he intended: ſo I dined with

* See this addreſs in the volumes juſt publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

my

my friend *Lewis*; and the provoſt, and *Parnell*, and *Ford* were with us. I loſt ſixteen ſhillings at ombre; I don't like it. At night *Lewis* brought us word, that the parliament does not ſit to-morrow. I hope they are ſure of the peace by next week, and then they are right, in my opinion: otherwiſe I think they have done wrong, and might have ſat three weeks ago. People will grumble; but lord treaſurer cares not a ruſh. Lord keeper is ſuddenly taken ill of a quincy; and ſome lords are in commiſſion. I think lord treaſurer is to prorogue the parliament in his ſtead. You never ſaw a town ſo full of ferment and expectation. Mr. *Pope* has publiſhed a fine poem, called, *Windſor Foreſt*. Read it.

10. I was early this morning to ſee lord *Bolingbroke*. I find he was of opinion the parliament ſhould ſit, and ſays, they are not ſure the peace will be ſigned next week. The prorogation is to this day ſe'nnight. I went to look on a library I am going to buy, if we can agree. I have offered one hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten pounds more. Lord *Bolingbroke* will lend me the money. I was two hours poring over

over the books. I will ſell ſome of them, and keep the reſt; but I doubt they won't take the money. I dined in the city, and ſat an hour in the evening with lord treaſurer, who was in a very good humour; but reproached me for not dining with him yeſterday, and to-day. What will all this come to? Lord keeper had a pretty good night, and is better. I was in pain for him.

11. I was this morning to viſit the duke and ducheſs of *Ormond*, and the ducheſs of *Hamilton*, and went with the provoſt to an auction of pictures, and laid out fourteen ſhillings. I am in for it, if I had money; but I doubt I ſhall be undone, for Sir *Andrew Fountain* invited the provoſt and me to dine with him, and play at ombre, when I fairly loſt fourteen ſhillings. I am come home; 'tis late, and my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to bed, and writing there, and it is paſt twelve a good while. Went out four mattadores and a trump in black, and yet was baſted.

12. I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made lord *Maſham* lay out forty-pounds. There were pictures ſold of twice as much value a-piece.

a-piece. Our ſociety met to-day at the duke of *Beaufort*'s; a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate; but we did ſome buſineſs. Our printer was to attend us, as uſual; and the chancellor of the exchequer * ſent the author of the *Examiner* † twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the moſt confounded coxcomb in the world, ſo that I dare not let him ſee me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much diſcourſe with the duke of *Ormond* this morning, and am driving ſome points, to ſecure, *&c.*——I left the ſociety at ſeven. I can't drink now at all with any pleaſure. I love white *Portugal* wine better than claret, *Champagne*, or *Burgundy*. I have a ſad vulgar appetite; I cannot endure above one diſh, nor ever could, ſince I was a boy, and loved ſtuffing. It was a fair day, which is a rarity with us, I aſſure you. Never fair two days together.

13. I had a rabble of *Iriſh* parſons this morning drinking my chocolate. I cannot remember appointments. I was to have ſupped laſt night with the *Swediſh* envoy at his houſe, and ſome other company; but

* 'Robert Benſon, Eſq.' † 'Mr. Oldiſworth.'

forgot it, and he raillied me to-day at lord *Bolingbroke*'s, who excuſed me, ſaying, the envoy ought not to be angry, becauſe I ſerve lord treaſurer and him the ſame way. For that reaſon I very ſeldom promiſe to go any where. I dined with lord treaſurer, who chid me for being abſent ſo long, as he always does, if I miſs a day. I ſat three hours this evening with lady *Jerſey*; but the firſt two hours ſhe was at ombre with ſome company. I left lord treaſurer at eight; I fanſied he was a little thoughtful, for he was playing with an orange by fits, which I told him, among common men, looked like the ſpleen. I wiſh the peace may be ready; I mean, that we have notice it is ſigned, before *Tueſday*; otherwiſe the grumbling will increaſe.

LET-

LETTER LXXXVI.

ROBERT HUNTER*, Eſq; Governor of *New York* and *New Jerſey*, to Dr. SWIFT.

New York, March 1, 1712-13.

I THINK I am indebted to you for two letters, and ſhould have continued ſo, had it not been for the apprehenſion of your putting a wrong conſtruction upon my neglect. My friends being few in number, I would not willingly, or by any fault, neglect nor loſe thoſe I have. The true cauſe is this. My unhappy circumſtances have ſo ſoured me, that whatever I write muſt be vinegar and gall to a man of your mirth. For the better underſtanding of which, be pleaſed to read them in the words of one of my moſt renowned predeceſſors: *Quando penſe venir a eſte govierno a comer caliente, y a bever frio, y a recrear il cuerpo entre ſabanas de Olanda, ſobre colchones de pluma, he venido a bazar penitencia, como ſe fuera Erme-*

* Brigadier *Hunter*, who was afterwards appointed governor and captain-general of *Jamaica*, in the room of the duke of *Portland*, who died there, *July* 4th, 1726.

tanno, y como no la hago de me volontad, penſo que al cabo al cabo, me ha de ievar el diablo. This worthy indeed was but a type of me, of which I could fully convince you, by an exact parallel between our adminiſtrations and circumſtances, which I ſhall reſerve to another opportunity.

The truth of the matter is this: I am uſed like a dog, after having done all that is in the power of man to deſerve a better treatment, ſo that I am now quite jaded. *Male vehi malo alio gubernante, quam tam malis rectoribus bene gubernare.*

The approaching peace will give leiſure to the miniſtry to think of proper remedies for the diſtracted ſtate of all the provinces; but of this more particularly, the importance of it by its ſituation being greater, and the danger by their conduct more imminent, than that of the reſt. I have done my duty in repreſenting their proceedings, and warning them of the conſequences; and there I leave it. *Neque tam me* [illegible] *conſolatur ut antea quam* ἀδιαφορία, *qua nulla in re tam utor quam in hac civili et publica.*

I have purchaſed a ſeat for a biſhop, and by orders from the ſociety have given directions

rections to prepare it for his reception. You once upon a day gave me hopes of ſeeing you there. It would be to me no ſmall relief to have ſo good a friend to complain to. What it would be to you to hear me, when you could not help me, I know not. *Cætera deſunt*, for the poſt cannot ſtay. Adieu. I am, very ſincerely, your's,

R. HUNTER.

LETTER LXXXVII.

ROBERT HUNTER, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

New York, March 14, 1712-13.

QUONOROGH quaniou diadadega generoghqua aquegon tchitchinágaree; or, leſt you ſhould not have your *Iroquoiſe* dictionary at hand, Brother, I honour you and all your tribe; tho' that is to be taken *cum grano ſalis*. For one of them has done me much harm. God reward him, *&c*. For that, and what you want to know beſides relating to me, I refer you to the bearer, Mr. *Sharp*, our chaplain; a very worthy, ingenious, and conſcientious clergyman. I wrote to you ſome time ago by a merchant-

ſhip, and therein gave you ſome hints of my ſufferings, which are not diminiſhed ſince that time. In hopes of a better ſettlement, I wiſhed for your company. Until that comes, I can contribute to nothing but your ſpleen. Here is the fineſt air to live upon in the univerſe. And if our trees and birds could ſpeak, and our aſſembly-men be ſilent, the fineſt converſation too. *Fert omnia tellus*, but not for me. For you muſt underſtand, according to the cuſtom of our country, the ſachims are of the pooreſt of the people. I have got the wrong ſide of Sir *Polidore*'s office; a great deal to do, and nothing to receive. In a word, and to be ſerious at laſt, I have ſpent three years of life in ſuch torment and vexation, that nothing in life can make me amends for it. *Tu interim ſis lætus et memor noſtrûm, Vale.*

R. HUNTER.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 14, 1712-13.

IT was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of walking a good deal in the Park,

Park, before I went to court. Colonel *Disney*, one of our ſociety, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loſs. I doubt I ſhall not buy the library; for a roguiſh bookſeller has offered ſixty pounds more than I deſigned to give. So you ſee I meant to have a good bargain. I dined with lord treaſurer, and his *Saturday* company; but there were but ſeven at table. Lord *Peterborow* is ill, and ſpits blood, with a bruiſe he got before he left *England*; but, I believe, an *Italian* lady he has brought over is the cauſe, that his illneſs returns. You know old lady *Bellaſis* is dead at laſt? She has left lord *Berkley* of *Stratton* one of her executors, and it will be of great advantage to him; they ſay, above ten thouſand pounds. I ſtayed with lord treaſurer, upon buſineſs, after the company was gone; but I dare not tell you upon what. My letters would be good memoirs, if I durſt venture to ſay a thouſand things that paſs; but I hear ſo much of letters opening at your poſt-office, that I am fearful, *&c.*

15th. Lord treaſurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready

what he wanted; but he would not ſee it, but put me off till to-morrow. The queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to parliament on *Tueſday*, if the houſes meet, which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the miniſters themſelves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumſtances of negotiation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I am to be at lord treaſurer's to-morrow, upon that ſuppoſition, to ſettle ſome things relating that way. *Pp*. may underſtand me. The doctors tell me, that if poor colonel *Diſney* does not get ſome ſleep to-night, he muſt die. What care you? Ah! but I do care. He is one of our ſociety; a fellow of abundance of humour; an old battered rake; but very honeſt. Not an old man, but an old rake. It was he, that ſaid of *Jenny Kingdom*, the maid of honour, who is a little old, that, ſince ſhe could not get a huſband, the queen ſhould give her a brevet, to act as a married woman. You don't underſtand this. They give brevets to majors and captains, to act as colonels in the army. Brevets are commiſſions. Aſk ſoldiers.

16th. I

16th. I was at lord treaſurer's before he came; and, as he entered, he told me, the parliament was prorogued till *Thurſday* ſe'n-night. They have had ſome expreſſes, by which they count, that the peace will be ſigned by that time, at leaſt that *France*, *Holland*, and we, will ſign ſome articles, by which we ſhall engage to ſign the peace, when it is ready. But *Spain* has no miniſter there; for *Monteleon*, who is to be their ambaſſador at *Utrecht*, is not yet gone from hence; and till he is there, the *Spaniards* can ſign no peace. And one thing take notice of, that a general peace can hardly be finiſhed theſe two months, ſo as to be proclaimed here; for, after ſigning, it muſt be ratified; that is, confirmed by the ſeveral princes at their courts, which to *Spain* will coſt a month; for we muſt have notice, that it is ratified in all courts, before we can proclaim it; ſo be not in too much haſte.

17th. The *Iriſh* folks were diſappointed, that the parliament did not meet to-day, becauſe it was St. *Patrick*'s-*day*; and the *Mall* was ſo full of croſſes, that I thought all the world was *Iriſh*. Miſs *Aſhe* is almoſt quite

quite well, and I ſee the biſhop, but ſhall not yet go to his houſe *. I dined again with lord treaſurer; but the parliament being prorogued, I muſt keep what I have till next week; for I believe he will not ſee it till juſt the evening before the ſeſſion. He has engaged me to dine with him again to-morrow, tho' I did all I could to put it off; but I don't care to diſoblige him.

18th. I have now dined ſix days ſucceſſively with lord treaſurer; but at night I ſtole away, while he was talking with ſomebody elſe, and ſo am at liberty to-morrow. There was a flying report of a general ceſſation of arms: every body had it at court; but, I believe, there is nothing in it. I aſked a certain *French* miniſter how things went? and he whiſpered me in *French*, Your plenipotentiaries and ours play the fool. None of us indeed approve of the conduct of either at this time; but lord treaſurer was in full good humour for all that. He had invited a good many of his relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all of the *Harley* family but myſelf.

* This ſeems to indicate, that *Swift* never had the ſmall-pox.

Diſney

Diſney is recovering, tho' you don't care a ſtraw. *Dilly* murders us with his if-puns. You know them.

19th. The biſhop of *Clogher* has made an if-pun, that he is mighty proud of, and deſigns to ſend it over to his brother *Tom*; but Sir *Andrew Fountain* has wrote to *Tom Aſhe* laſt poſt, and told him the pun, and deſired him to ſend it over to the biſhop as his own; and, if it ſucceeds, it will be a pure bite. The biſhop will tell it us as a wonder, that he and his brother ſhould jump ſo exactly. I'll tell you the pun. If there was a hackney coach at Mr. *Pooley's* door, what town in *Egypt* would it be? Why, it would be *Hecatompolis*; *Hack at Tom Pooley's*. Silly, ſays *Pp*. I dined with a private friend to-day; for our ſociety, I told you, meet but once a fortnight. I have not ſeen *Fanny Manley* yet; I can't help it. Lady *Orkney* is come to town: why, ſhe was at her country-houſe; but what care you?

20th. *Dilly* read me a letter to-day, from *Pp*. She ſeems to have ſcratched her head when ſhe wrote it. 'Tis a ſad thing to write to people without taſte.

There

There you ſay, you hear I was going to *Bath*. No ſuch thing; I am pretty well, I thank God. The town is now ſending me to *Savoy*; forty people have given me joy of it, yet there is not the leaſt truth that I know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was ſo glad of my liberty, that I would dine no where; but, the weather being fine, I ſauntered into the city, and eat a bit about five, and then ſupped at Mr. *Burke's*, the accomptant-general, who had been engaging me this month. The biſhop of *Clogher* was to have been there, but was hindered by lord *Paget's* funeral. The provoſt and I ſat till one o'clock; and, if that be not late, I don't know what is late. *Parnell's* poem will be publiſhed on *Monday*, and to-morrow, I deſign, he ſhall preſent it to lord treaſurer and lord *Bolingbroke* at court. The poor lad is almoſt always out of order with his head. *Burke's* wife is his ſiſter.

21ſt. Morning. I will now finiſh my letter; for company will come, and a ſtir, and a clutter; and I'll keep the letter in my pocket, and give it in to the poſt. I muſt go to court, and you know on *Saturday* I dine with lord treaſurer of courſe. Farewel.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 21, 1712-13.

I DINED with lord treaſurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting at lord *Halifax*'s houſe with four principal whigs; but he is reſolved to begin a ſpeech againſt them, when the parliament ſits; and I have begged, that the miniſters may have a meeting on purpoſe to ſettle that matter, and let us be the attackers; and I believe it will come to ſomething, for the whigs intend to attack the miniſters: and, if inſtead of that, the miniſters attack the whigs, it will be better. And further, I believe, we ſhall attack them on thoſe very points they intend to attack us. The parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, becauſe of paſſion week. I forgot to tell you, that Mr. *Griffin* has given *Pp*'s brother a new employment, better than his former; but more remote, and conſequently cheaper. I wiſh I could have done better, and hope, that you will take what can be done in good part, and that *Pp*'s brother will not diſlike it.

22d. I dined to-day with lord ſteward. There *Frank Anneſly* (a parliament man) told me he had heard, that I had wrote to my friends in *Ireland*, to keep firm to the whig intereſt; for that lord treaſurer would certainly declare for it after the peace. *Anneſley* ſaid twenty people had told him this. You muſt know this is what they endeavour to report of lord treaſurer, that he deſigns to declare for the whigs; and a *Scotch* fellow has wrote the ſame to *Scotland*; and his meeting with thoſe lords gives occaſion to ſuch reports. Let me henceforth call lord treaſurer *Eltee*, becauſe poſſibly my letters may be opened. Pray remember *L. T.* and *Eltee* are pronounced the ſame way. You ſee why I cannot come over the beginning of *April*. Whoever has to do with this miniſtry can fix no time.

23d. I dined to-day at Sir *Thomas Hanmer's*, by an old appointment: there was the duke of *Ormond*, and lord and lady *Orkney*. I left them at ſix; every body is as ſour as vinegar. I endeavour to keep a firm friendſhip between duke of *Ormond* and *Eltee*. I have great deſigns, if I can compaſs them; but delay is rooted in *Eltee's* heart;

heart; yet the fault is not altogether there, that things are no better. Here is the curſedeſt libel in verſe come out, called, *The Ambaſſadreſs* *; it is very dull too; it has been printed in three or four different ways, and is handed about, but not ſold. It abuſes the queen horribly. The *Examiner* † has cleared me to-day of being au-

* 'It was, entitled, *The* Britiſh *ambaſſadreſs's ſpeech to the* French *king*, for publiſhing of which Mr. *William Hart*, the printer of the *Flying Poſt*, was tried in the court of *King's Bench*, *June* 27, 1713, and ſentenced to ſtand twice in the pillory, to pay a fine of 50 *l.* to her majeſty, to be impriſoned two years, and till he ſhould pay the ſaid fine; and to find ſufficient ſureties for his good behaviour during life.'

† 'The paper is N° 35. Vol. III. and the paſſage as follows: "They have been a long time laying "a load upon a gentleman of the firſt character for "learning, good ſenſe, wit, and more virtues, than even "they can ſet off and illuſtrate by all the oppoſition and "extremes of vice, which are the compounds of their "party. He is indeed fully accompliſhed to be mortally "hated by them, and they needed not to charge him "with writing the *Examiner*, as if that were a ſuffi-"cient revenge; in which they ſhew as little judgment "as truth. I here pronounce him clear of that im-"putation; and, out of pure regard to juſtice, ſtrip "myſelf of all the honour that lucky untruth did this "paper, reſerving to myſelf the entertaining reflection, "that I was once taken for a man, who has a thouſand "other recommendations, beſides the malice of the "worſt men, to make him loved and eſteemed by the "beſt. This is the ſecond time I have humoured that "party, by publicly declaring who is not the author "of the *Examiner*. I will lend them no more light,

thor of his paper, and done it with great civilities to me. I hope it will ſtop people's mouths; if not, they muſt go on and be hanged, I care not. 'Tis terrible rainy weather, I'll go ſleep.

24th. It rained all this day, and ruined me in coach hire. I went to ſee colonel *Diſney*, who is paſt danger. Then I viſited lord keeper, who was at dinner. I would not dine with him, but drove to lord treaſurer (*Eltee* I mean) paid the coachman, and went in; but he dined abroad: ſo I was forced to call the coachman again, and went to lord *Bolingbroke*'s. He dined abroad too; and at lord *Dupplin*'s I alighted, and by good luck got a dinner there, and then went to the *Latin* play at *Weſtminſter* ſchool, acted by the boys; and lord treaſurer, *Eltee* I mean again, honoured them with his preſence. Lady *Maſham*'s eldeſt ſon, about two years old, is ill, and I am afraid will

" becauſe they do not love it. I could only wiſh, that " their invectives againſt that gentleman had been con- " ſiderable enough to call forth his public reſent- " ments; and I ſtand amazed at their folly, in provok- " ing ſo much ruin to their party. Their intellectuals " muſt be as ſtupid as their conſciences, not to dread " the terrors of his pen, though they met him with all " that ſpite to his perſon, which they ever expreſſed " againſt his order."

not

not live. She is full of grief, and I pity and am angry with her. Four ſhillings to-day in coach hire; it won't do. Our peace will certainly be ready by *Thurſday* fort-night; but our plenipotentiaries were to blame, that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not full enough to ſign the peace, unleſs every prince was ready, which cannot yet be; for *Spain* has no miniſter yet at *Utrecht:* but now ours have new orders.

25th. Weather worſe than ever; terrible rain all day, but I was reſolved I would ſpend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr. *Pratt*, and there met the duke of *Beaufort*, who promiſed to come with me to court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to court, and did ſome little buſineſs there, but was forced to go home; for you muſt underſtand I take a little phyſic over-night, which works me next day. Lady *Orkney* is my phyſician. It is hierapicra two ſpoonfuls, deviliſh ſtuff! I thought to have dined with *Eltee*, but would not, merely to ſave a ſhilling; but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and won ſix ſhillings. Here are

ſeveral people of quality lately dead of the ſmall-pox. I have not yet ſeen miſs *Aſhe*, but hear ſhe is well. The biſhop of *Clogher* has bought abundance of pictures; and Dr. *Pratt* has got him very good penny-worths. I can get no walks, the weather is ſo bad.

26th. Though it was ſhaving day, head and beard, yet I was out early to ſee lord *Bolingbroke*, and talk over affairs with him; and then I went to the duke of *Ormond*, and ſo to court, where the miniſters did not come, becauſe the parliament was prorogued till this day fortnight. We had terrible rain and hail to-day. Our ſociety met this day, but I left them before ſeven, and went to Sir *Andrew Fountain*, and played at ombre with him and Sir *Thomas Clarges* till ten, and then went to Sir *Thomas Hanmer*. His wife, the ducheſs of *Grafton*, left us after a little while, and I ſtayed with him about an hour upon ſome affairs, &c. Lord *Bolingbroke* left us at the ſociety before I went, for there is an expreſs from *Utrecht*, but I know not yet what it contains; only I know the miniſters expect the peace will be ſigned in a week, which is a week before the ſeſſion.

27th.

27th. *Parnell*'s poem is mightily eſteemed; but poetry ſells ill. I am plagued with poor *Harriſon*'s mother: you would laugh to ſee how cautious I am of paying her the 100*l.* I received for her ſon from the treaſury. I have aſked every creature I know, whether I may do it ſafely? yet durſt not venture, till my lord keeper aſſured me there was no danger. Yet I have not paid her, but will in a day or two; though I have a great mind to ſtay till *Pp*. ſends me her opinion, becauſe *Pp*. is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a *Scotchman*'s, who made the invitation to Mr. *Lewis* and me, and has ſome deſign upon us, which we know very well. I went afterwards to ſee a famous moving picture, and I never ſaw any thing ſo pretty. You ſee a ſea ten inches wide, a town at the other end, and ſhips ſailing in the ſea, and diſcharging their cannon. You ſee a great ſky, with moon and ſtars, *&c.* I am a fool.

28th. I had a mighty levee to-day. I deny myſelf to every body, except about half a dozen, and they were all here; and Mr. *Addiſon* was one. I had chocolate twice,

which I don't like. Our rainy weather continues. Coach-hire goes deep. I dined with *Eltee*, and his *Saturday* company as uſual, and could not get away till nine. Lord *Peterborow* was making long harangues, and *Eltee* kept me in ſpite. Then I went to ſee the biſhop of *Oſſory*, who had engaged me in the morning; he is going to *Ireland*. The biſhop of *Killaloe* and *Tom Leigh* were with us. The latter had wholly changed his ſtile by ſeeing how the biſhops behaved themſelves; and he ſeemed to think me one of more importance than I really am. I put the ill conduct of the biſhops, about the firſt-fruits, with relation to *Eltee* and me, ſtrongly upon *Killaloe*, and ſhewed how it had hindered me from getting a better thing for them, called, *The Crown Rents*, which the queen had promiſed. He had nothing to ſay, but was humble, and deſired my intereſt in that and ſome other things.

29th. I have been employed in endeavouring to ſave one of your * junior fellows, who came over here for a diſpenſation from taking orders, and in ſoliciting

* Mr. *Charles Grattan*.

it,

it, has run out his time, and now his fellowſhip is void, if the college pleaſes, unleſs the queen ſuſpends the execution, and gives him time to take orders. I ſpoke to all the miniſters yeſterday about it; but they ſay the queen is angry, and thought it was a trick to deceive her; and ſhe is poſitive, and ſo the man muſt be ruined, for I cannot help him. I never ſaw him in my life; but the caſe was ſo hard I could not forbear interpoſing. Your government recommended him to the duke of *Ormond*, and he thought they would grant it; and by the time it was refuſed, the fellowſhip by rigour is forfeited. I dined with Dr. *Arbuthnot* (one of my brothers) at his lodgings in *Chelſea*, and was there at chapel; and the altar put me in mind of *Tiſdal*'s outlandiſh mould at your hoſpital for ſoldiers. I was not at court to-day, and I hear the queen was not at church. Perhaps the gout has ſeized her again. Terrible rain all day.

30th Morning. I was naming ſome time ago to a certain perſon another certain perſon, that was very deſerving, and poor and ſickly; and the other, that firſt certain perſon, gave me 100*l.* to give the other,

which I have not yet done. The perſon, who is to have it, never ſaw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the leaſt knowledge or imagination of it; ſo I believe it will be a very agreeable ſurprize; for I think it a handſome preſent enough.

At night I dined in the city, at *Pontac's*, with lord *Dupplin* *, and ſome others. We were treated by one colonel *Cleland*, who has a mind to be governor of *Barbadoes*, and is laying theſe long traps for me and others, to engage our intereſt for him. He is a true *Scotchman*. I payed the 100*l.* this evening, and it was a great ſurprize to the receiver. We reckon the peace is now ſigned, and that we ſhall have it in three days. I believe it is pretty ſure.

31ſt. I thought to-day on *Pp*. when ſhe told me ſhe ſuppoſed I was acquainted with the ſteward, when I was giving myſelf airs of being at ſome lord's houſe. Sir *Andrew Fountain* invited the biſhop of *Clogher* and me, and ſome others, to dine where he did; and he carried us to the duke of *Kent's*, who was gone out of town; but the ſteward treated us nobly, and ſhewed us the fine

* Then one of the tellers of the exchequer.

pictures, &c. This evening lady *Maſham*, Dr. *Arbuthnot* and I were contriving a lye for to-morrow, that Mr. *Noble* *, who was hanged laſt *Saturday*, was recovered by his friends, and then ſeized again by the ſheriff, and is now in a meſſenger's hands at the *Black Swan* in *Holborn*. We are all to ſend to our friends, to know whether they have heard any thing of it? and ſo we hope it will ſpread. However, we ſhall do our endeavours; nothing ſhall be wanting on our parts, and leave the reſt to fortune.

April 1. We had no ſucceſs in our ſtory, tho' I ſent my man to ſeveral houſes, to enquire among the footmen, without letting him into the ſecret; but I doubt my collegues did not contribute as they ought. *Parnell* and I dined with *Dartineuf* to-day. You have heard of *Dartineuf*: I have told you of him. After dinner, we all went to Lord *Bolingbroke*'s, who had deſired me to dine with him; but I would not, becauſe I heard it was to look over a dull poem of one parſon *Trap*, upon the peace. The *Swe-*

* 'Richard Noble, an attorney at *New Inn*, executed at *Kingſton*, for the murder of *John Sayer*, eſq; whoſe wife, the daughter of admiral *Nevill*, he had ſeduced from her huſband.'

diſh envoy told me to-day at court, that he was in great apprehenſions about his maſter; and indeed we are afraid that prince * is dead among thoſe *Turkiſh* dogs. I prevailed on lord *Bolingbroke* to invite Mr. *Addiſon* to dine with him on *Good Friday*. I ſuppoſe we ſhall be mighty mannerly. *Addiſon* is to have a play on *Friday*, in *Eaſter* week: 'tis a tragedy, called *Cato*; I ſaw it unfiniſhed ſome years ago. Did I tell you, that *Steele* has begun a new daily paper, called the *Guardian* †; they ſay good for nothing. I have not ſeen it.

2d. I was this morning with lord *Bolingbroke*, and he tells me a *Spaniſh* courier is juſt come, with the news, that the king of *Spain* has agreed to every thing, that the queen deſires; and the duke *Oſſuna* has left *Paris*, in order to his journey to *Utrecht*. I was prevailed on to come home with *Trap*, and read his poem, and correct it; but it was good for nothing. While I was there employed, Sir *Thomas Hanmer* came up to my chamber, and baulked me of a journey

* *Charles* the XIIth.

† 'That paper began to be publiſhed on *Thurſday*, *March* 12, 1712-13.'

he

he and I intended this week to lord *Orkney's*, at *Cliffden*; but he is not well, and his phyſician will not let him undertake ſuch a journey. I intended to dine with lord treaſurer, but going to ſee colonel *Diſney*, who lives with general *Withers*, I liked the general's little dinner ſo well, that I ſtayed and took ſhare of it, and did not go to lord treaſurer till ſix, where I found Dr. *Sacheverell*, who told us, that the bookſeller had given him 100*l.* for his * ſermon, preached laſt *Sunday*, and intended to print 30,000; but I believe he will be confoundedly bit, and will hardly ſell above half. I have fire ſtill, though *April* is begun, againſt my old maxim; but the weather is wet and cold. I never ſaw ſuch a long run of ill weather in my life.

* 'His (*Sacheverell's*) ſermon, preached at *St. Saviour's* church, in *Southwark*, of which he was one of the chaplains, on *Luke* xxiii. 34, on occaſion of the expiration of the three years ſilence impoſed upon him by the houſe of lords, in conſequence of his impeachment in 1709. The ſermon was publiſhed under the title of *The Chriſtian triumph, or the duty of praying for our enemies.* In *April* 1713, he was preſented by the queen to the rectory of *St. Andrew's, Holborn*, which had been held *in commendam* by Dr. *Thomas Manningham*, with the biſhopric of *Chicheſter*.'

3d. I was at the queen's chapel to-day, but ſhe was not there. Mr. *St. John*, lord *Bolingbroke*'s brother, came this day at noon with an expreſs from *Utrecht*, that the peace is ſigned by all the miniſters there, but thoſe of the emperor, who will likewiſe ſign in a few days; ſo that now the great work is in effect done; and I believe will appear a moſt excellent peace for *Europe*, particularly for *England*. *Addiſon* and I, and ſome others, dined with lord *Bolingbroke*, and ſat with him till twelve. We were very civil, but yet when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. *Addiſon* raiſed his objections, and lord *Bolingbroke* anſwered them with great complaiſance. *Addiſon* began lord *Sommers*'s health, which went about; but I bid him not name lord *Wharton*'s, for I would not pledge it; and I told lord *Bolingbroke* frankly, that *Addiſon* loved lord *Wharton* as litle as I did: ſo we laughed, *&c.* Well, but you are glad of the peace, you *Pp*. the trimer, are not you? As for *D. D.* I don't doubt her.

4th. This paſſion week people are ſo demure, eſpecially this laſt day, that I told *Dilly*,

Dilly, who called here, that I would dine with him, and ſo I did; and had a ſmall ſhoulder of mutton of my own beſpeaking. It rained all this day. I came home at ſeven, and have never ſtirred out, but have been reading *Sacheverell*'s long dull ſermon, which he ſent me. It is the firſt ſermon ſince his ſuſpenſion is expired; but not a word in it upon the occaſion, except two or three remote hints. The biſhop of *Clogher* has been ſadly bit by *Tom Aſhe*, who ſent him a pun, which the biſhop had made, and deſigned to ſend to him, but delayed it; and lord *Pembroke* and I made Sir *Andrew Fountain* write it to *Tom*. I believe I told you of it in my laſt; it ſucceeded right, and the biſhop was wondering to lord *Pembroke* how he and his brother could hit on the ſame thing. I'll go to bed ſoon, for I muſt be at church by eight to-morrow, *Eaſter-day*.

5th. *Warburton* wrote to me two letters about a living of one *Foulkes*, who is lately dead in the county of *Meath*. My anſwer is, that before I received the firſt letter, general *George* had recommended a friend of his to the duke of *Ormond*, which was the firſt

firſt time I heard of its vacancy, and it was the provoſt told me of it. I believe verily that *Foulkes* was not dead when *George* recommended the other. For *Warburton*'s laſt letter ſaid, that *Foulkes* was dead the day before the date. This has prevented me from ſerving *Warburton*, as I would have done, if I had received notice early enough. Pray ſay, or write this to *Warburton*, to juſtify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and ſhaved and dreſſed after. I came back, but was too late at court; and lord *Abington* had like to have ſnapped me for dinner; and, I believe, will fall out with me for refuſing him: but I hate dining with him, and I dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks; for it was a very fine day, the firſt we have had a great while. Remember, was *Eaſter-day* a fine day with you? I have ſat with lady *Worſley* till late.

6th. I was this morning, at ten, at the rehearſal of Mr. *Addiſon*'s play, called *Cato*, which is to be acted on *Friday*. There were not above half a ſcore of us to ſee it. We ſtood on the ſtage, and it was fooliſh enough to ſee the actors prompted every moment,

moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab, that acts *Cato*'s daughter *, out in the midſt of a paſſionate part, and then calling out, what's next? The biſhop of *Clogher* was there too, but he ſtood privately in a gallery. I went to dine with lord treaſurer, but he was gone to *Wimbledon*, his daughter *Caermarthen*'s country ſeat, ſeven miles off; ſo I went back, and dined privately with Mr. *Addiſon*, whom I had left to go to lord treaſurer. I keep fire yet; I am very extravagant. I ſat this evening with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, and we amuſed ourſelves with making *if-puns* for *Dilly*. It is rainy weather; never ſaw the like. Pray tell *Swanton* I had his letter, but cannot contrive how to ſerve him. If a governor were to go over, I would recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more; and you know all employments in *Ireland*, at leaſt almoſt all, are engaged in reverſions. If I were on the ſpot, and had credit with a lord lieutenant, I would very heartily recommend him; but employments here are no more in my power than the monarchy itſelf.

* 'Mrs. *Oldfield*.'

7th.

7th. Morning. I have had a viſiter here, that has taken up my time. I write by this poſt to the dean, but it is not above two lines, and one incloſed to you; but that incloſed to you is not above three lines; and then one incloſed to the dean, which he muſt not have, but upon condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are ſome things in it I would not have liable to accident. You ſhall only know in general, that it is an account of what I have done to ſerve him in his pretenſions on theſe vacancies, *&c.* But he muſt not know, that you know ſo much.

LETTER XC.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, April 7th, 1713.

I DINED with lord treaſurer, and though the buſineſs I had with him is ſomething againſt *Thurſday*, when the parliament is to meet, and this is *Tueſday*, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not tell you what it is, leſt this letter ſhould miſcarry, or be opened; but I never ſaw his fellow for delays.

lays. The parliament will now certainly ſit, and every body's expectations are ready to burſt. At a council to-night, the lord chief juſtice *Parker* *, a whig, ſpoke againſt the peace; ſo did lord *Cholmondeley*, another whig, who is treaſurer of the houſhold. My lord keeper was this night made lord chancellor. We hope there will ſoon be ſome removes.

8. Lord *Cholmondeley* is this day removed from his employment, for his laſt night's ſpeech; and Sir *Richard Temple*, lieutenant-general, the greateſt whig in the army, is turned out; and lieutenant-general *Palmer* will be obliged to ſell his regiment. This is the firſt-fruits of a friendſhip I have eſtabliſhed between two great men. I dined with lord treaſurer, and did the buſineſs I had for him to his ſatisfaction. I won't tell you what it was. The parliament ſits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter printed in *Maccartney*'s name, vindicating himſelf from the murder of duke *Hamilton*. I muſt give ſome hints to have it anſwered; 'tis full of lies, and will give an opportunity of expoſing that party. To-morrow will

* Afterwards earl of *Macclesfield*.

be

be a very important day. All the world will be at *Weſtminſter*. Lord treaſurer is as eaſy as a lamb. They are muſtering up the proxies of the abſent lords, but they are not in any fear of wanting a majority, which death and accidents have increaſed this year.

9. I was this morning with lord treaſurer, to preſent to him a young ſon of the late earl of *Jerſey*, at the deſire of the widow. There I ſaw the mace and great coach ready for lord treaſurer, who was going to parliament. Our ſociety met to-day, but I expected the houſes would ſit longer than I cared to faſt; ſo I dined with a friend, and never enquired how matters went till eight this evening, when I went to lord *Orkney*'s, where I found Sir *Thomas Hanmer*. The queen delivered her ſpeech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vaſt. The order for an addreſs was moved, and oppoſed by lords *Nottingham*, *Halifax*, and *Cowper*. Lord treaſurer ſpoke with great ſpirit and reſolution; lord *Peterborow* flirted againſt the duke of *Marlborough*, (who is in *Germany*, you know) but it was in anſwer to one of lord *Halifax*'s impertinencies. The order for an addreſs paſſed

paſſed by a majority of thirty-three, and the houſes roſe before ſix. This is the account I heard at lord *Orkney*'s. The biſhop of *Cheſter* *, a high tory, was againſt the court. The ducheſs of *Marlborough* ſent for him ſome months ago to juſtify herſelf to him in relation to the queen; and ſhewed him letters, and told him ſtories, which the weak man believed, and was perverted.

10th. I dined with a couſin in the city, and poor *Patty Rolt* was there. I have got her rogue of a huſband leave to come to *England* from *Portmahon*. The whigs are much down, but I reckon they have ſome ſcheme in agitation. This parliament-time hinders our court-meetings on *Wedneſdays*, *Thurſdays*, and *Saturdays*. I had a great deal of buſineſs to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle, and I loſt a dozen ſhillings at ombre with Dr. *Pratt* and another. It rains every day, and yet we are all over duſt. Lady *Maſham*'s eldeſt boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and ſhe ſtays at *Kenſington* to nurſe him, which vexes us all. She is ſo exceſſively fond,

* 'Dr. *Francis Gaſtrell*, conſecrated to that ſee, *April* 4, 1713.'

it makes me mad. She ſhould never leave the queen, but leave every thing, to ſtick to what is ſo much the intereſt of the public, as well as her own. This I tell her; but talk to the winds.

11th. I dined at lord treaſurer's with his *Saturday* company. We had ten at table, all lords, but myſelf, and the chancellor of the exchequer. *Argyle* went off at ſix, and was in very indifferent humour, as uſual. Duke of *Ormond* and lord *Bolingbroke* were abſent. I ſtaid till near ten. Lord treaſurer ſhewed us a ſmall picture, enamelled work, and ſet in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean of the queen, which ſhe gave to the ducheſs of *M——gh*, ſet in diamonds. When the ducheſs was leaving *England*, ſhe took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs. *Higgins*, (an old intriguing woman, whom every body knows) bidding her make the beſt of it ſhe could. Lord treaſurer ſent to Mrs. *Higgins* for this picture, and gave her one hundred pounds for it. Was ever ſuch an ungrateful beaſt as that ducheſs? or did you ever hear ſuch a ſtory? I ſuppoſe the whigs will not believe it. Pray, try them.

them. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an inſignificant woman, as a thing of no conſequence; and gives it to her to ſell, like a piece of old-faſhion'd plate.

12th. I went to court to-day, on purpoſe to preſent Mr. *Berkeley* *, one of your fellows of *Dublin* college, to lord *Berkeley* of *Stratton*. That Mr. *Berkeley* is a very ingenious man, and a great philoſopher, and I have mentioned him to all the miniſters, and have given them ſome of his writings; and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to, in honour and conſcience, to uſe all my little credit towards helping forward men of worth in the world †. The queen was at chapel to-day, and looks well. I dined at lord *Orkney*'s with the duke of *Ormond*, lord *Arran*, and Sir *Thomas Hanmer*. Mr. *St. John*, ſecretary at *Utrecht*, expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace.

13th. This morning my friend, Mr. *Lewis*, came to me, and ſhewed me an order for

* This Mr. *Berkeley* was afterwards the celebrated biſhop of *Cloyne*. See a letter of lord *Bolingbroke*, dated *July* 25, 1725, and note.

† *Swift* procured him to be ſent ſecretary and chaplain to *Sicily*, with the earl of *Peterborow*.

a warrant for the three vacant deaneries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foreſaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. *Lewis* tell my lord treaſurer, that I take nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely notice, as he promiſed to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for me. At noon, lord treaſurer hearing I was in Mr. *Lewis*'s office, came to me, and ſaid many things, too long to repeat. I told him, I had nothing to do but go to *Ireland* immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, ſtay longer here, unleſs I had ſomething honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the duke of *Ormond*'s. He there told me, he had ſtopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me, might be at the ſame time, and he hoped to compaſs it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the duke of *Ormond* my intentions. He is content *Sterne* ſhould be a biſhop, and I have *St. Patrick*'s; but, I believe, nothing will come of it; for ſtay I will not; and ſo I believe you will ſee me in *Dublin* before *April* ends. I am leſs out of humour than

you would imagine; and if it were not that impertinent people will condole with me, as they uſed to give me joy, I would value it leſs. But I ſtill avoid company, and muſter up my baggage, and ſend them next *Monday* by the carrier to *Cheſter*, and go ſee my willows, againſt the expectation of all the world.

14th. I dined in the city to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me againſt I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as ſoon as ever the warrants for the deaneries are out, which are yet ſtopped. Lord treaſurer told Mr. *Lewis*, that it ſhould be determined to-night; and ſo he will ſay an hundred nights; ſo he ſaid yeſterday, but I value it not. My daily journals ſhall be but ſhort till I get into the city, and then I will ſend away this, and follow it myſelf; and deſign to walk it all the way to *Cheſter*, my man and I, by ten miles a day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I ſhall do it in fourteen days.

15th. Lord *Bolingbroke* made me dine with him to-day, (I was as good company as ever) and told me the queen would de-

termine ſomething for me to-night. The diſpute is *Windſor*, or *St. Patrick*'s. I told him I would not ſtay for their diſputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord *Maſham* told me, that lady *Maſham* is angry I have not been to ſee her ſince this buſineſs, and deſires I will come to-morrow.

16th. I was this noon at lady *Maſham*'s, who was juſt come from *Kenſington*, where her eldeſt ſon is ſick. She ſaid much to me of what ſhe had talked to the queen, and lord treaſurer. The poor lady fell a ſhedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having *St. Patrick*'s, *&c.* I was never more moved than to ſee ſo much friendſhip. I would not ſtay with her, but went and dined with Dr. *Arbuthnot*, with Mr. *Berkeley*, one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor, *&c.* Mr. *Lewis* tells me, that the duke of *Ormond* has been to-day with the queen; and ſhe was content, that Dr. *Sterne* ſhould be biſhop of *Dromore*, and I dean of St. *Patrick*'s; but then out came lord treaſurer, and ſaid, he would not be ſatisfied, but that I muſt be a prebendary of *Windſor*. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but

I confeſs, as much as I love *England*, I am ſo angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have *St. Patrick's*. Lady *Maſham* ſays, ſhe will ſpeak to the purpoſe to the queen to-morrow.

17th. I went to dine at lady *Maſham's* to-day, and ſhe was taken ill of a ſore throat, and is aguiſh. She ſpoke to the queen laſt night, but had not much time. The queen ſays ſhe will determine to-morrow with lord treaſurer. The warrants for the deaneries are ſtill ſtopped, for fear I ſhould be gone. Do you think any thing will be done? I don't care whether it is or no. In the mean time I prepare for my journey, and ſee no great people, nor will ſee lord treaſurer any more, if I go. Lord treaſurer told Mr. *Lewis*, it ſhould be done to-night; ſo he ſaid five nights ago.

18th. This morning Mr. *Lewis* ſent me word, that lord treaſurer told him the queen would determine at noon. At three lord treaſurer ſent to me, to come to his lodgings at *St. James's*, and told me the queen was at laſt reſolved, that Dr. *Sterne* ſhould be biſhop of *Dromore*, and I dean of *St. Patrick's*; and that *Sterne's* warrant

ſhould be drawn immediately. You know the deanery is in the duke of *Ormond*'s gift; but this is concerted between the queen, lord treaſurer, and the duke of *Ormond*, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; ſome unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at paſſing my days in *Ireland*, and, I confeſs, I thought the miniſtry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it.

19th. I forgot to tell you, that lord treaſurer forced me to dine with him yeſterday, as uſual, with his *Saturday* company; which I did, after frequent refuſals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at court. After dinner, Mr. *Lewis* ſent me word, that the queen ſtayed till ſhe knew whether the duke of *Ormond* approved of *Sterne* for a biſhop. I went this evening, and found the duke of *Ormond* at the *Cockpit*, and told him, and deſired he would go to the queen, and approve of *Sterne*. He made objections, and deſired I would name any other deanery, for he did not like *Sterne*; that *Sterne* never went to ſee him; that he was influenced by the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, *&c.* ſo all is now broken again.

I ſent out for lord treaſurer, and told him this. He ſays all will do well; but I value not what he ſays. This ſuſpenſe vexes me worſe than any thing elſe.

20th. I went to-day, by appointment, to the *Cockpit*, to talk with the duke of *Ormond*. He repeated the ſame propoſals of any other deanery, *&c.* I deſired he would put me out of the caſe, and do as he pleaſed. Then, with great kindneſs, he ſaid he would conſent; but would do it for no man elſe but me, *&c.* And he will ſpeak to the queen to-day or to-morrow: ſo, perhaps, ſomething will come of it. I can't tell.

21ſt. The duke of *Ormond* has told the queen, he is ſatisfied, that *Sterne* ſhould be biſhop, and ſhe conſents I ſhall be dean; and I ſuppoſe the warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an alehouſe with *Parnell* and *Berkeley*; for I am not in humour to go among the miniſters, tho' lord *Dartmouth* invited me to dine with him to-day, and lord treaſurer was to be there. I ſaid I would, if I were out of ſuſpenſe.

22d. The queen ſays warrants ſhall be drawn, but ſhe will diſpoſe of all in *England*

Land and *Ireland* at once, to be teazed no more. This will delay it ſome time; and, while it is delayed, I am not ſure of the queen, my enemies being buſy. I hate this ſuſpenſe.

23d. I dined yeſterday with general *Hamilton*. I forgot to tell you. I write ſhort journals now. I have eggs on the ſpit. This night the queen has ſigned all the warrants, among which *Sterne* is biſhop of *Dromore*, and the duke of *Ormond* is to ſend over an order for making me dean of *St. Patrick*'s. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now paſt. But you ſee what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but ſix hundred pounds for the houſe; but the biſhop of *Clogher* ſays eight hundred pounds; firſt-fruits about one hundred and fifty pounds *Iriſh*, and ſo with a patent, *&c.* a thouſand pounds in all; ſo that I ſhall not be the better for the deanery theſe three years. I hope, in ſome time, they will be perſuaded here to give me ſome money to pay off theſe debts. I muſt finiſh the book * I am writing, before I can go over; and they expect I ſhall paſs next

* 'The *Hiſtory of the Peace of* Utrecht.'

winter

winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a ſum of money. However, I hope to paſs four or five months with you. I received your's to-night; juſt ten weeks ſince I had your laſt. I ſhall write next poſt to biſhop *Sterne*. Never man had ſo many enemies of *Ireland* as he. I carried it with the ſtrongeſt hand poſſible. If he does not uſe me well, and gently, in what dealings I ſhall have with him, he will be the moſt ungrateful of mankind. The archbiſhop of *York* *, my mortal enemy, has ſent, by the third hand, that he would be glad to ſee me. Shall I ſee him, or not? I hope to be over in a month. I ſhall anſwer your rattle ſoon; but no more journals. I ſhall be very buſy. Short letters from henceforward. I ſhall not part with *Laracor*. That is all I have to live on, except the deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a year. Is it? Pray write to me a good-humoured letter immediately, let it be ever ſo ſhort. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they ſay here, it is much to my reputation, that I

* Dr. *Sharp*, who, with the ducheſs of *Somerſet*, prevented the queen from giving him a biſhopric.

have

have made a biſhop, in ſpite of all the world, and to get the beſt deanery in *Ireland*.

24th. I forgot to tell you I had *Sterne*'s letter yeſterday, in anſwer to mine. I dined in the city to-day with my printer, and came home early, and am going to be buſy with my work. I will ſend this to-morrow, and I ſuppoſe the warrants will go then. I wrote to Dr. *Cogbill*, to take care of paſſing my patent; and to *Parviſol*, to attend him with money, if he has any, or to borrow ſome where he can.

25th. Morning. I know not whether my warrant be got ready from the duke of *Ormond*. I ſuppoſe it will by to-night. I am going abroad, and will keep this unſealed, till I know whether all be finiſhed.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr. *Lewis* ſent to *Southwell*'s clerk at ten; and he ſaid the biſhop of *Killaloe* had deſired they ſhould be ſtopped till next poſt. He ſent again, that the biſhop of *Killaloe*'s * buſineſs had nothing to do with ours. Then I went myſelf, but it was paſt

* 'Dr. *Thomas Lindſay*.'

eleven,

eleven, and aſked the reaſon. *Killaloe* is removed to *Rapho*, and he has a mind to have an order for the rents of *Rapho*, that have fallen due ſince the vacancy, and he would have all ſtop till he has gotten that. A pretty requeſt! But the clerk, at Mr. *Lewis*'s meſſage, ſent the warrants for *Sterne* and me; but then it was too late to ſend this, which frets me heartily.

26th. I was at court to-day, and a thouſand people gave me joy; ſo I ran out. I dined with lady *Orkney*. Yeſterday I dined with lord treaſurer, and his *Saturday* people, as uſual; and was ſo be-dean'd, *&c.* The archbiſhop of *York* ſays, he will never more ſpeak againſt me. Pray ſee, that *Parviſol* ſtirs about getting my patent. I have given *Took D. D.*'s note, to prove ſhe is alive.

27th. Nothing new to-day. I dined with *Tom Harley*, *&c.* I'll ſeal up this to-night. Pray write ſoon.

LET-

LETTER XCI.

MATTHEW PRIOR*, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Paris, April 8, 1713.

PRAY take this word writ after our pacquets cloſed, and the meſſenger's ſtaying for it, as an equivalent for your diſpatches at midnight, when the writer was half a-ſleep. Hang me if I know how to go on, tho' I am in a country where every body does not only write letters, but print them. Our great affair goes on very ſucceſsfully. We tranſmit the *Spaniſh* treaty, concluded at *Madrid*, for your approbation in *England*, and tranſmiſſion to *Utrecht*; after which, I think, *pax fit* will become authentic *Latin*: after which, I ſuppoſe, our ſociety will flouriſh, and I ſhall have nothing to do but to partake of that univerſal protection, which it will receive. In the mean time, pray give my great reſpects to our brethren†; and tell them, that,

* He was plenipotentiary to *France*.

† The ſixteen. See note to a letter from lord *Harley* to *Swift*, dated *July* 17, 1714.

while

while in hopes of being favoured, they are ſpending their own money, I am advancing my intereſt in the *French* language, and forgetting my own mother-tongue. But we ſhall have time enough to perfect our *Engliſh*, when we have done with other matters. I want mightily to hear from lord treaſurer. Tell him ſo. I owe brother *Arbuthnot* a letter. Excuſe my not writing to him, till I know what to ſay. I cannot find *Vanhomrigh* * ſince he brought me your letter. I have a rarity of a book to ſend you by the firſt fair occaſion. It makes but little of the *Engliſh* wit, *The Guardian*; but, poſſibly, I do not yet enter into his deſign. Let lord *Bolingbroke* know, I love him mightily; and pray do you as much for *Dick Skelton*. Adieu, my good friend. I am, very truly, your obedient and faithful ſervant,

M. PRIOR.

* One of the brothers of *Vaneſſa*. See the note prefixed to the dean's letters to miſs *Eſther Vanhomrigh*.

LET-

LETTER XCII.

The Earl of POULET, Lord Steward of the Houſhold, to Dr. SWIFT.

Sunday Afternoon, April , 1713.

I WAS called away, preſently after chapel, about ſome buſineſs, which hindered my going up-ſtairs at *St. James*'s, and occaſions Dr. *Swift* the trouble of this, to write my excuſe for not returning the paper, which I here ſend you. And tho' it is not in my power to ſerve you in any proportion to my unfeigned reſpects for you; yet I would not be wanting, in my part, in any opportunity, where I can, to expreſs myſelf, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant, POULET.

LETTER XCIII.

Dr. ATTERBURY, afterwards Biſhop of Rocheſter, to Dr. SWIFT.

Mr. DEAN, Chelſea, Tueſ. Morn. [Apr. 21, 1713.]

GIVE me leave to tell you, that there is no man in *England* more pleaſed with your being preferred, than I am. I would have

have told you ſo myſelf at your lodgings, but that my waiting confines me. I had heard a flying report of it before; but my lord *Bolingbroke* yeſterday confirmed the welcome news to me. I could not excuſe myſelf without ſaying thus much, and I have not time to ſay more, but that I am your moſt affectionate and faithful ſervant,

FR. ATTERBURY.

LETTER XCIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, May 16, 1713.

YOUR new biſhop acts very ungratefully. I cannot ſay ſo bad of him as he deſerves. I begged, by the ſame poſt his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave thoſe livings to my diſpoſal. I ſhall write this poſt to him, to let him know how ill I take it. I have letters to tell me, that I ought to think of employing ſomebody to ſet the tythes of the deanery. I know not what to do at this diſtance. I cannot be in *Ireland* under a month. I will write two orders; one to *Parviſol*, and the other to *Parviſol* and ———; a blank for the fellow, whom the laſt dean employed; and I

would deſire you to adviſe with friends, which to make uſe of. If the latter, let the fellow's name be inſerted, and both may act by commiſſion. If the former, then ſpeak to *Parviſol*, and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it is hardly to be done by a ſtranger alone, as *Parviſol* is. He may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his intereſt with me; but that is needleſs, for I am willing to do him any good, that will do me no harm. Pray adviſe with *Walls* and *Raymond*, and a little with biſhop *Sterne* for form. Tell *Raymond* I cannot ſucceed to get him the living of *Moymed*. It is repreſented here as a great fine-cure. Several chaplains have ſolicited for it; and it has vexed me ſo, that, if I live, I will make it my buſineſs to ſerve him better in ſomething elſe. I am heartily ſorry for his illneſs. I thank Mr. *Walls* for his letter. Tell him, that muſt ſerve for an anſwer, with my ſervice to him and her. I ſhall buy biſhop *Sterne*'s hair, as ſoon as his houſhold goods. I ſhall be ruined, or at leaſt ſadly cramped, unleſs the queen will give me one thouſand pounds. I am ſure ſhe owes me a great deal more. Lord treaſurer raillies me upon it, and I believe intends it; but *quando?* I

am

am adviſed to haſten over as ſoon as poſſible, and ſo I will, and hope to ſet out the beginning of *June*. Take no lodging for me; I can lie ſomewhere after I land, and I care not where, nor how. Pray think immediately, and give me ſome commiſſions, and I will perform them. You did not write to the dean, *&c.* and I think you might have had a dean under your girdle for the ſubſcription. I have juſt finiſhed my treatiſe *, and muſt be ten days in correcting it.

LETTER XCV.

Sir THOMAS HANMER, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, to Dr. SWIFT, after peruſing the manuſcript Hiſtory †.

SIR, Tueſday.

I KEEP only the laſt book, which I ſhall have gone through before night. The reſt I ſend you, with the very few obſervations I made upon them, which yet were as many as I could ſee occaſion for; though, I do aſſure you, I read with the ſame

* 'His *Hiſtory of the Peace of* Utrecht.'
† 'Of the Peace of *Utrecht*.'

ſtrictneſs, and ill nature, as in the former part. I am, your moſt, *&c.*

THO. HANMER.

Indorſed, Received about May 1713.

LETTER XCVI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; * to Dr. SWIFT.

June 2, 1713.

I HOPE this will meet you at *Cheſter*, and that your paſſage at ſea will be favoured with as mild weather as your journey by land has been theſe two firſt days. The diviſion yeſterday, in the houſe of lords, was fifty-four againſt fifty-four. Proxies were called for, and we had ſeventeen to thirteen. This is the greateſt victory we ever had. The duke of *Argyle*, and the *Scotch*, were againſt us to a man. The lords *Weymouth* and *Carteret* were with them. It was very comical to ſee the tories, who voted with lord treaſurer againſt the diſſolution of the union, under all the perplexities in the world, leſt they ſhould

* 'Secretary to the lord treaſurer, the earl of *Oxford*, and member for *Leſtwithiel* in *Cornwall* in the parliament, which met *April* 9, 1713.'

be

be victorious; and the *Scotch*, who voted for a bill of diſſolution, under agonies, leſt they themſelves ſhould carry the point they pretended to deſire. In all the time I have been converſant in buſineſs, I never before obſerved both ſides, at the ſame time, acting parts, which they thought contrary to their intereſts. Let us hear from you ſometimes, and believe there is nobody with more ſincerity your's, than, *&c.*

LETTER XCVII.

The Reverend Mr. SHARPE * to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, London, June 4, 1713.

I WAS commanded, by his excellency brigadier *Hunter*, governor of *New York*, to deliver the incloſed with my own hand. Had I been ſo happy, for his ſervice and my own ſatisfaction, as to have ſeen you at *London*, I am perſuaded your influence here might have contributed to create a better opinion of him, amongſt ſome leading men in the ſociety for propagation of the goſpel

* 'Chaplain to brigadier *Hunter*, governor of *New York*.'

in foreign parts, who have been much impoſed on by the clamorous memorials of ſome indiſcreet miſſionaries abroad. He has the juſt eſteem of two-thirds of the clergy in his government, and the greateſt part of the laiety, who have either ſenſe, probity, or honour; but his adverſaries have made the church's cauſe a favourable handle for their repeated complaints, which, with the application of their friends here, makes them hopeful of ſucceſs.

I have been twelve years abroad, in the ſervice of the church in *America:* the laſt ten were in the ſtation of chaplain to her majeſty's forces at *New York*, where I had the opportunity of being very near to the ſeveral governors; and do aſſure you, that, if I had ever obſerved in him any inclination to weaken the intereſt of the church there, I could not in conſcience offer to excuſe him; but he is better known to you, than that I, who am altogether unknown, ſhould preſume to give his character.

What I beg leave to intreat of you, is to recommend me, in my endeavours for his ſervice, to the advice and aſſiſtance of your friends.

The

The perplexity of all his affairs at this time claims the good offices of all, that wiſh him well. If, in favour to his excellency, you are pleaſed to honour me with the pardon of this, and what return the incloſed may require, direct for me to the care of Mr. *James Douglas*, in *Fen-Court*, *Fenchurch-Street*, *London*. I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, with great reſpect, reverend Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN SHARPE.

LETTER XCVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

Cheſter, June 6th, 1713.

I AM come here after ſix days. I ſet out on *Monday* laſt, and got here to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider! and all the ſhips and people went off yeſterday, with a rare wind. This was told me, to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not been uſed to riding theſe three years, made me terrible weary; yet I reſolve on *Monday* to ſet out for *Holyhead*, as weary as I am: 'tis good for my health. I will

come when God pleaſes; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I ſhall be three days going to *Holyhead*; I cannot ride faſter. You will ſay, I am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myſelf. I would fain eſcape this *Holyhead* journey; but I have no proſpect of ſhips, and it will be almoſt neceſſary I ſhould be in *Dublin* before the twenty-fifth inſtant, to take the oaths; otherwiſe I muſt wait to a quarter's ſeſſion. I will lodge as I can; therefore take no lodgings for me, to pay in my abſence. The poor dean can't afford it. I ſpoke again to the duke of *Ormond* for *Raymond*, and hope he may have it; for I laid it ſtrongly to the duke, and gave him the biſhop of *Meath*'s memorial. I will ſpeak to lord treaſurer about Mrs. *South* to-morrow.——Odſo! I forgot; I thought I had been in *London*. The letters to *Ireland* go at ſo uncertain an hour, that I am forced to conclude. Farewel.

LET-

LETTER XCIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Miſs VANHOMRIGH *.

Laracor, July 8th, 1713.

I STAYED but a fortnight in *Dublin*, very ſick; and returned not one viſit of a hundred, that were made me; but all to the dean, and none to the doctor. I am riding here for life; and I think I am ſomething better. I hate the thoughts of *Dublin*, and prefer a field bed, and an earthen floor, before the great houſe there, which they ſay is mine. I had your laſt ſplenetic letter. I told you, when I left *England*, I would endeavour to forget every thing there, and would write as ſeldom as I could. I did, indeed, deſign one general round of letters to my friends; but my health has not yet ſuffered me. I deſign to paſs the greateſt part of the time I ſtay in *Ireland*, here, in

* This is the lady, whom the dean has celebrated by the name of *Vaneſſa*. She was the eldeſt daughter of *Bartholomew Vanhomrigh*, firſt a merchant of *Amſterdam*, and afterwards of *Dublin*, who was appointed commiſſary of the ſtores by king *William*, upon his expedition into *Ireland*. Her mother was the daughter of Mr. *Stone* the commiſſioner, and niece to the accountant-general of *Ireland*.

the

the cabin where I am now writing: neither will I leave the kingdom till I am ſent for; and if they have no further ſervice for me, I will never ſee *England* again. At my firſt coming, I thought I ſhould have died with diſcontent; and was horribly melancholy, while they were inſtalling me, but it begins to wear off, and change to dulneſs. My river-walk is extremely pretty, and my canal in great beauty; and I ſee trouts playing in it. I know not any one thing now in *Dublin*. But Mr. *Ford* is very kind, and writes to me conſtantly what paſſes among you. I find you are likewiſe a good politician; and I will ſay ſo much to you, that I verily think, if the thing you know of had been publiſhed juſt upon the peace, the miniſtry might have avoided what hath ſince happened: but I am now fitter to look after willows, and to cut hedges, than meddle with affairs of ſtate. I muſt order one of the workmen to drive thoſe cows out of my iſland, and make up the ditch again; a work much more proper for a country vicar, than driving out factions, and fencing againſt them. I muſt go and take my bitter draught to cure my

head,

head, which is ſpoiled by the bitter draughts the public hath given me. So go to your dukes and ducheſſes, and leave me to *Goodman Bumford*, and *Patrick Dolan*, of *Clanduggan*. Adieu.

LETTER C.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Whitehall, July 9th, 1713.

WE are all running headlong into the greateſt confuſion imaginable. Sir *Thomas Hanmer* * is gone into the country this morning, I believe much diſcontented; and I am very apprehenſive neither lord *Angleſey* †, nor he, will continue long with us. I heartily wiſh you were here, for you might certainly be of great uſe to us, by your endeavours to reconcile, and by repreſenting to them the infallible conſequences of theſe diviſions. We had letters this morning from *Ireland*. What is the reaſon I had none from you? Adieu. I hope your want of health is not the cauſe.

* Speaker of the houſe of commons.

† '*Arthur*, who was joint vice-treaſurer of *Ireland* with *Edward* earl of *Clarendon*.'

LET-

LETTER CI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Whitehall, July 30th, 1713.

THIS day ſe'nnight the queen goes to *Hampton-Court*, and the *Monday* following to *Windſor*. I fanſy, by that time, Mr. *Bromley* * will be ſecretary of ſtate, in the room of my lord †. Lord treaſurer was abroad this evening, for the firſt time after a fortnight's illneſs. I hear there came a dozen of letters from you by the ſame poſt to your friends here. My lord treaſurer deſires you'll make all poſſible haſte over, for we want you extremely.

LETTER CII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

Paris, Auguſt 16-5th, 1713.

AS I did not expect, my good friend *Jonathan*, to have received a letter from you

* 'William Bromley, eſq; appointed ſecretary of ſtate, *Aug.* 17th, 1713, in the room of *William*, earl of *Dartmouth*, made lord privy-ſeal.'

† 'Dartmouth, to whom Mr. *Lewis* had been ſecretary.'

at

at *Dublin*, ſo I am ſure I did not intend to write one thither to you; but Mr. *Roſingrave* * thinks it may do him ſervice, in recommending him to you. If ſo, I am very glad of it; for it can be of no other uſe imaginable. I have writ letters now above twenty-two years. I have taken towns, deſtroyed fleets, made treaties, and ſettled commerce in letters. And what of all this? Why, nothing; but that I have had ſome ſubject to write upon. But to write a letter only, becauſe Mr. *Roſingrave* has a mind to carry one in his pocket, to tell you, that you are ſure of a friendſhip, which can never do you three pence worth

* *Thomas Roſingrave*, a celebrated performer in muſic. When he arrived in *Ireland*, he played a voluntary at *St. Patrick's* cathedral, Dr. *Pratt*, then provoſt of *Dublin-college*, and the dean being preſent. The doctor, who happened to dine at the deanery the ſame day, was ſo extravagant in his encomiums on *Roſingrave's* voluntary, that ſeveral of the company ſaid they wiſhed they had heard it. Do you? ſaid *Swift*; then you ſhall hear it ſtill: and he immediately ſung out ſo lively, and yet ſo ridiculous an imitation of it, that all the company were kept in continual laughter, except one old gentleman, who ſat with great compoſure, and though he liſtened, yet ſhewed neither curioſity nor approbation. After the entertainment, he was aſked by ſome of the company, how it happened, that he had been no more affected by the muſic? To which he anſwered, with great gravity, that he heard Mr. *Roſingrave* play it himſelf before.

of

of good, and to wiſh you well in *England* very ſoon, when I do not know when I am likely to be there myſelf. All this, I ſay, is very abſurd for a letter, eſpecially when I have this day written a dozen much more to the purpoſe. If I had ſeen your manuſcript*; if I received Dr. *Parnell*'s poem; if I had any news of *Landen* being taken, why well and good; but as I know no more than that the duke of *Shrewſbury* deſigns for *England* within three weeks; that I muſt ſtay here till ſomebody elſe comes, and then brings me neceſſarily to ſay, good Mr. Dean, that I am like the fellow in the *Rehearſal*, who did not know if he was to be merry or ſerious, or in what way or mood to act his part. One thing only I am aſſured of, that I love you very well; and am, moſt ſincerely and faithfully, dear Sir, your ſervant and brother †,

M. PRIOR.

Lord and lady *Shrewſbury* give their ſervice to you. *Vanhomrigh* has run terribly here in debt, and, being in durance, has ſent to his mother upon pecuniary concerns. Adieu, once more.

* 'Of the Hiſtory of the Peace of *Utrecht*.'

† He was one of the ſixteen.

what

What we are doing, or what is to become of us, I know not.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus,
Ridetque ——

This is all the *Latin* and writing I can at preſent ſpare you.

Pray give my ſervice to your chancellor *, and be much acquainted with judge *Nutley*, and love him very well for my ſake. Adieu. Once more, find out my couſin *Pennyfather* and *Nutley* (if he is not too grave for you); and, according to the laudable cuſtom of your country, drink this Louis out, for a token of my generoſity and your ſobriety. And now I think, I have furniſhed out a very pretty letter.

LETTER CIII.

Mr. LEWIS to Dr. SWIFT.

Whitehall, Auguſt 6, 1713.

I HAVE ſo often, and in ſo preſſing a manner, deſired you to come over, that, if what I have already ſaid has no effect, I ſhall deſpair of better ſucceſs by any

* 'Sir *Conſtantine Phipps.*'

farther arguments. If I were to recapitulate the ſeveral reaſons you offer to the contrary, and anſwer them ſeparately, I ſhould grow peeviſh; which I have no way to avoid, but by telling you in general, it is all wrong. You and I have already laid it down for a maxim, that we muſt ſerve lord t——*, without receiving orders or particular inſtructions; and I do not yet ſee a reaſon for changing that rule. His mind has been communicated more freely to you than any other†; but you will not underſtand it. The deſires of great men are commands; at leaſt the only ones, I hope, they ever will be able to uſe. You have a mind to ſtay in *Ireland* till *October*, and deſire me to give my opinion whether you ſhould come ſooner. I anſwer, yes. Then you bid me conſider again; that is, you would have me ſay I am of opinion you ſhould ſtay till *October*. When judges would have a jury change their verdict, they bid them conſider again; when a man is determined to marry a woman, and his friend

* Treaſurer.

† By this it appears, that the late lord *Orrery* was miſtaken, when he ſaid that *Swift* was *employed, not truſted.*

adviſes

adviſes him againſt it, he aſks his opinion again; and if his friend is ſo ſilly as not to alter his advice, he marries without it. I am as much in the ſpleen now I am anſwering your letter, as you were when you writ it. Come over; you will cure yourſelf and me too. Adieu.

LETTER CIV.

Dr. SMALRIDGE (afterwards Biſhop of Briſtol) to Dr. SWIFT.

Mr. DEAN, September 27, 1713.

WHEN you was ſo kind as to favour the maſter of the *Temple* * and me, with your company at the chaplain's table at *Kenſington*, there dined with us one Mr. *Fiddes* †, a well-deſerving clergyman, whoſe circumſtances, we told you, were not at all ſuitable to his merits. You expreſſed on that occaſion ſo generous a concern for him, and ſo great a readineſs to do him any good offices, which might lie in your way, that he ſeems to think he ſhould be wanting to himſelf, if he did not endeavour to culti-

* 'Dr. *Sherlock*, afterwards biſhop of *London*.'

† '*Richard Fiddes*, afterwards D. D. author of a *Body of Divinity*, *the Life of Cardinal* Wolſey, *&c.*'

vate an intereſt with one ſo willing and ſo able to ſerve him. He has therefore made repeated inſtances to me, that I would remind you of him, which I ſhould not have hearkened to, were I not aſſured, that you would excuſe, if not thank me, for furniſhing you with an opportunity of doing a generous and good-natured thing. You will not, I fanſy, think a formal application to any great man in his behalf, either proper or requiſite; but if you ſhould, upon the peruſal of one or two of his ſermons, think as well of them as I do, and ſhould, in converſation with my lord treaſurer, expreſs a good opinion of the author, one kind word from you, ſeaſonably dropped, might determine his fortune, and give you the ſatisfaction of having made him and his family happy as they can wiſh to be. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

GEO. SMALRIDGE.

LETTER CV.

Lord Chancellor PHIPPS to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Dublin, October 10, 1713.

I HAD the favour of your kind letter of the twenty-ſecond of *September*, and had ſooner

ſooner acknowledged it, if I had not been prevented by the conſtant hurry we have been in, with relation to the city and parliament affairs.

I heartily congratulate your ſafe arrival in *London*, and return you, with all the gratitude imaginable, my thanks for the great trouble you have given yourſelf, as well on behalf of my ſon in particular, as of this kingdom in general. And I am ſorry you ſhould venture ſo far as to burn your fingers; but you prove ſuch misfortunes often happen to gentlemen, who have a hearty zeal for the intereſt of their friends. But this comfort attends them, that the burning goes off ſoon; whereas the credit and honour of ſerving one's friend laſt always. The account you ſent me of Mr. *Worſeley*'s being an envoy was new, and had not reached us before your letter came. I know not how ſufficiently to acknowledge the obligations you have laid on me; but aſſure you, if you have any commands on this ſide of the water, there is no one will be more proud of being honoured with them, than he, who is, with very great reſpect, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

CON. PHIPPS.

LETTER CVI.

Lord Chancellor PHIPPS to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, October 24, 1713.

I AM indebted to you for your kind letters of the eighth and tenth inſtant, and I very heartily acknowledge the obligation. That of the eighth gave me a great many melancholy thoughts, when I reflected upon the danger our conſtitution is in, by the neglect and ſupineneſs of our friends, and the vigilance and unanimity of our enemies: but I hope your parliament proving ſo good will awaken our friends, and unite them more firmly, and make them more active.

That part of your letter of the tenth, which related to my ſon, gave me a great ſatisfaction; for tho' your commiſſioners here have heard nothing of it, yet I believed Mr. *Keightly* might bring over full inſtructions in it: but he is arrived, and knows nothing of it; ſo that whatever good intentions my lord treaſurer had in relation to my ſon, his lordſhip has forgotten to give any directions concerning him; for, with him, things are juſt as they were when you left *Dublin*.

Dublin. If you will be ſo kind to put his lordſhip in mind of it, you will be very obliging.

I cannot diſcharge the part of a friend, if I omit to let you know, that your great neighbour at *St. Pulcher's* is very angry with you. He accuſeth you for going away without taking your leave of him, and intends in a little time to compel you to reſide at your deanery. He lays ſome other things to your charge, which you ſhall know in a little time.

We hourly expect my lord lieutenant *. The whigs begin to be ſenſible they muſt expect no great countenance from him, and begin to be a little down in the mouth, ſince they find *Broderick* is not to be their ſpeaker †. I am, with very great truth, your moſt obedient ſervant.

* 'Duke of *Shrewſbury.*'

† 'He was, however, choſen ſpeaker, by a majority of four voices.'

LETTER CVII.

Dr. DAVENANT * to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Windſor, November 3, 1713.

YOU have the character of employing, in good offices to others, the honour and happineſs you have of being often with my lord treaſurer. This uſe of your acceſs to him is an uncommon inſtance of generoſity, deſerving the higheſt praiſes; for, moſt commonly, men are moſt apt to convert ſuch advantages to their own ſingle intereſt, without any regard of others; though, in my poor opinion, not ſo wiſely. Acts of friendſhip create friends, even among ſtrangers, that taſte not of them; and, in my experience, I hardly ever knew a man friendly in the courſe of his proceedings, but he was ſupported in the world; ingratitude being the vice, of which the generality of men are moſt aſhamed to be thought guilty.

My ſon † and I have reaſons to return you our thanks, for what you have already

* Inſpector-general of the exports and imports.

† 'Henry Davenant, Eſq; who had been employed in Germany as reſident.'

done

done of this kind in his favour, and we beg the continuance of it. Miniſters of ſtate have ſuch multiplicity of buſineſs, that it is no wonder, if they forget low individuals; and, in ſuch a caſe, private perſons muſt be beholden to ſome good-natured man, to put thoſe in power in mind of them: otherwiſe they may be forgotten, till old age overtakes them. Such well-diſpoſed remembrancers deſerve acceſs, familiarity, and intereſt with great men; and, perhaps, they are the moſt uſeful ſervants they can countenance in their hours of leiſure.

I need not tell you, that, in point of time, he is above all pretenders to foreign buſineſs; that his affairs have now depended almoſt three years; that, in the interim, it has gone very hard with him; and, that he gave a very early inſtance of his zeal to the preſent adminiſtration. But what he builds his hopes moſt upon, is the promiſe my lord treaſurer was pleaſed to make to the duke of *Shrewſbury*, juſt as his grace left *Windſor*, that a proviſion ſhould be made for Mr. *Davenant*. We muſt intreat you to find ſome lucky moment of repreſenting to my lord, that the young man is preſſed by a nearer

concern than that of making his fortune, and that lovers can hardly be perſuaded to be as patient as other men. The duke has carried his miſtreſs from him, and will not conſent to make him happy, till he ſees him in ſome way of being ſettled, in which how anxious any delay muſt be (poſſeſſion depending upon it) he leaves you to judge, who have ſo well ſtudied mankind, and who know, that love is a paſſion, in one of his age, much ſtronger than ambition. I beg your pardon for this long trouble, and am, Sir, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

CHA. DAVENANT.

LETTER CVIII.

The Ducheſs of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

DOCTOR, Nov. 3, 1713, Eleven o'clock at Night.

I HOPE your ſervant has told you, I ſent to beg the favour of you to come hither to-night; but ſince you could not conveniently, I hope you will not deny me the ſatisfaction of ſeeing you to-morrow morning. My lord joins with me in that requeſt, and will ſee no company but you. I hope you

you will come before ten o'clock, becauſe he is to go at that hour to *Windſor*. I beg your pardon for ſending ſo early as I have ordered them to carry this; but the fear of your being gone abroad, if they went later, occaſioned that trouble given you by, Sir, your moſt ſincere and moſt faithful humble ſervant, M. ORMOND.

LETTER CIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE, biſhop of *Dromore*.

MY LORD, London, Dec. 19th, 1713.

I HAVE two letters from you to acknowledge, one of the fifth, and the other of the eleventh inſtant. I am very glad it lies in my way to do any ſervice to Mr. *Worral**, and that his merits and my inclinations agree ſo well. I wrote this poſt to Dr. *Synge*, to admit him. I am glad your lordſhip thinks of removing your palace to the old, or ſome better place. I wiſh I were near enough to give my approbation; and if you do not chuſe till ſummer, I ſhall, God willing,

* See note preceding the firſt letter to Mr. *Worral* in this collection.

attend

attend you. Your ſecond letter is about Dr. *Marſh*, who is one I always loved, and have ſhewn it lately, by doing every thing he could deſire from a brother. I ſhould be glad, for ſome reaſons, that he would get a recommendation from the lord lieutenant, or at leaſt that he be named. I cannot ſay more at this diſtance, but aſſure him, that all due care is taken of him. I have had an old ſcheme, as your lordſhip may remember, of dividing the biſhoprics of *Kilmore* and *Ardagh* *. I adviſed it many months ago, and repeated it lately; and the queen and miniſtry, I ſuppoſe, are fallen into it. I did likewiſe lay very earneſtly before proper perſons the juſtice, and indeed neceſſity, of chuſing to promote thoſe of the kingdom; which advice has been hearkened to, and I hope will be followed. I would likewiſe ſay ſomething in relation to a friend of your lordſhip's; but I can only venture thus much, that it was not to be done, and you may eaſily gueſs the reaſons.

* Theſe ſees were then vacant, and were granted the month following to the lord lieutenant's chaplain, Dr. *Godwyn*.

I know not who are named among you for the preferments; and, my lord, this is a very nice point to talk of at the diſtance I am. I know a perſon there better qualified perhaps, than any that will ſucceed. But, my lord, our thoughts here are, that your kingdom leans too much one way; and, believe me, it cannot do ſo long, while the queen and adminiſtration here act upon ſo very different a foot. This is more than I care to ſay; and I will for once venture a ſtep farther than, perhaps, diſcretion ſhould let me, that I never ſaw ſo great a firmneſs in the court, as there now is, to purſue thoſe meaſures, upon which this miniſtry began, whatever ſome people may pretend to think to the contrary: and were certain objections made againſt ſome perſons we both know, removed, I believe I might have been inſtrumental to the ſervice of ſome, whom I much eſteem. Pick what you can out of all this, and believe me to be ever yours, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER CX.

Lord Primate LINDSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, December 26th, 1713.

YOUR'S of *December* the 8th I have received, and have obeyed your commands; but am much troubled to find, that the trade of doing ill offices is ſtill continued. As for my part, I can entirely clear myſelf from either writing or ſaying any thing to any one's prejudice upon this occaſion †; and if others have wounded me in the dark, it is no more than they have done before; for archbiſhop *Tillotſon* formerly remembered, that if he ſhould hearken to what the *Iriſh* clergy ſaid of one another, there was not a man in the whole country, that ought to be preferred.

We are now adjourned for a fortnight, and the commons for three weeks. I hear our lord lieutenant is not well pleaſed, that we have adjourned ſhort of them: and I

† 'There was at this time a great difference between the houſe of lords and commons in *Ireland*, about the lord chancellor *Phipps* of that kingdom; the latter addreſſing the queen to remove him from his poſt, and the former addreſſing in his favour.'

ſanſy

fanſy the queen will not be well pleaſed, that the commons have had ſo little regard to the diſpatch of public buſineſs, as to make ſo long an adjournment as three weeks: and indeed they lately ſeem to intimate, that if the lord chancellor * is not removed by that time, they will give her majeſty no more money; and ſome of them do not ſtick to ſay as much; and think it a duty incumbent on the crown, to turn out that miniſter, (how innocent ſoever he be) whom the commons have addreſſed againſt.

I think it is plain to any, who know the ſtate of affairs here, that no party hath ſtrength enough directly to oppoſe a money-bill in this kingdom, when the government thinks fit to exert itſelf, as to be ſure it always will do upon ſuch occaſions: and the half-pay officers, no doubt, will readily come in to that ſupply, out of which they are to receive their pay. But ſhould all fail, yet the queen ſtill may make herſelf eaſy, by diſbanding two or three regiments, and ſtriking off ſome unneceſſary penſions.

Hobbes, in his *Behemoth*, talks of a heighth in time as well as place; and if ever there

* Sir *Conſtantine Phipps*.

was

was a heighth in time here, it is certainly now; for ſome men ſeem to carry things higher, according to their poor power, than they did in *England* in 1641. And now they threaten, (and am pretty well aſſured, have reſolved upon it) that if the chancellor is not diſcarded, they will impeach him before the lords in *England*. But if they have no more to ſay againſt him, than what their addreſs contains, I think they will go upon no very wiſe errand. I queſtion not but that you will receive the votes, addreſſes, and repreſentations of both houſes from other hands, and therefore I have not troubled you with them: but if the parliament ſhall continue to ſit, you may expect a great product of that kind; for the commons have taken upon themſelves to be a court of judicature, have taken examinations out of the judges hands about murder, (which is treaſon here) without ever applying to the government for them; and before trial have voted the ſheriffs and officers to have done their duty, and acquitted themſelves well, when poſſibly the time may yet come, that ſome may ſtill be hanged for that fact, which, in my poor opinion,

is

is entirely deſtructive of liberty, and the freedom of elections. I am your moſt humble ſervant, *&c.*

LETTER CXI.

Lord Primate LINDSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, January 5th, 1713-14.

YOUR'S I received the 2d inſtant, and immediately got Mr. juſtice *Nutley* to write to the biſhop of *Killala* *, at *Kells*, to know of him, whether, if we could get him tranſlated to the biſhopric of *Raphoe*, he would accept of it: and this day we received his anſwer, that it was not worth his while to carry his family ſo far northwards, for ſo little advantage as that biſhopric would bring him; his own being upwards of a thouſand pounds a year, and *Raphoe* not much above eleven hundred. The reaſon why I got judge *Nutley* to write, was becauſe I apprehended it might ſeem irkſome to him to be perſuaded by myſelf to accept of what I left: though at the ſame time I can aſſure you, I have done little more than ſaved myſelf whole by that bi-

* Dr. *William Lloyd.*

ſhopric;

ſhopric; and he might, if he pleaſed, in a little time have received 1600*l.* or 1700*l.* for fines; ſo that if this comes time enough to your hands, you will prevent any further motion that way. But if *Meath* drops, I believe it would be an acceptable poſt; and the truth is, he hath always, in the worſt of times, voted honeſtly, and behaved himſelf as a true ſon of the church. In the mean time, be aſſured the judge knows not that you are concerned in this affair.

There is a gentleman, whom I believe you muſt have heard of, Dr. *Andrew Hamilton*†, archdeacon of *Raphoe*, a man of good learning and abilities, and one of great intereſt in that country, whom I could wiſh you would move for (ſince the biſhop of *Killala* refuſeth) to ſucceed me in *Raphoe*, as one, that is the moſt likely to do good in that part of the country, of any one man I know.

And now be pleaſed to accept my thanks for the great ſervices you have done me; and as you have contributed much to my

† 'Though recommended by the primate to ſucceed him in the ſee of *Raphoe*, he was not preferred to it; Dr. *Edward Synge* being then advanced to that biſhopric.'

advancement,

advancement, ſo I muſt deſire you, upon occaſion, to give me your farther aſſiſtance for the ſervice of the church.

The parliament is prorogued to the 18th inſtant; but the whigs continuing obſtinate, and deaf to all perſuaſions to carry on the queen's buſineſs with peace and gentleneſs, we conclude it muſt be diſſolved.

If this ſhould not come time enough to your hands, to prevent the biſhop of *Killaloe*'s letter for a tranſlation to *Raphoe*, I will labour all I can to make him eaſy. I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXII.

Lord Chancellor PHIPPS to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, Jan. 15th, 1713.

MANY of my letters from *London* tell me how much I am obliged to you for your friendly ſolicitation on my ſon's behalf, which will be always remembered by us both, with the ſame gratitude, as if it had ſucceeded. I had congratulations from the duke of *Ormond*, my lord *Bolingbroke*, and others, on account of my ſon's having the place; for they ſent me word it was actually

done; and ſeveral others had letters of it, and our friends were extremely rejoiced at the well timing of it, and it was a great addition to the mortification of the whigs: and the diſappointment will be a cauſe of great joy to them. But in this, and all other things, I ſubmit to the judgment of my ſuperiors, who know beſt what is fit to be done. As to looking out for any thing elſe for my ſon, there is nothing elſe here, that I know is fit for him; and if any thing worth his having falls in *England*, it will be diſpoſed of before I can have notice of it.

We are told by every body, that the reſt of our vacant biſhoprics will be filled to our ſatisfaction: if they are, you muſt be one of them. But if you are reſolved, that you will not yet *epiſcopari* there, give me leave to recommend to you an affair of my lord *Abercorn*'s, which the vicars choral have made with him for renewing his leaſe *. I am informed there are ſome miſunderſtandings between you. It is very unhappy

* This leaſe was for the greateſt part of *York-ſtreet*, in which lord *Abercorn* lived; and by the terms of their charter, the vicars choral cannot make leaſes, without conſent of the dean and chapter.

there

there ſhould be any difference between two ſuch ſure and great friends to the common cauſe. I do aſſure you, we are very much obliged to my lord *Abercorn* for his great ſervice in theſe times of difficuity: he is as good a friend as any in the world, and as bad an enemy; and I am very ſure, if you would make him a compliment, and oblige him in this matter, you would gain an entire true friend of him for the future, and oblige a great many of your friends here, who have all a great value and eſteem for him.

I heartily congratulate you on her majeſty's recovery, and the good effect it has had in uniting our friends. That, together with the reſolution, that is taken to ſupport the church-intereſt, will, without doubt, in a little time render all things eaſy and quiet in both kingdoms; though as yet our whigs here are as obſtinate and perverſe as ever. The commons are reſolved, they will give no money-bill till I am removed: and the aldermen will not own my lord mayor, nor proceed to any election, notwithſtanding the opinion of all the judges here, and of the attorney-general, and all

the queen's council (except Sir *Joſeph Jekyll*) in *England*.

I wiſh you many happy new years, and ſhould be very proud to receive your commands here, being, with the utmoſt ſincerity and eſteem, your moſt obedient humble ſervant, CON. PHIPPS.

LETTER CXIII.

The Earl of ANGLESEY to Dr. SWIFT.

MR. DEAN, Dublin, Jan. 16, 1713-14.

YOU judged extremely right of me, that I ſhould, with great pleaſure, receive what you tell me, that my endeavours to ſerve her majeſty, in this kingdom, are agreeable to my lord treaſurer, and the reſt of the miniſters. I have formerly ſo freely expreſſed to you the honour I muſt always have for his lordſhip, that I think I cannot explain myſelf more fully on that ſubject. But what his lordſhip has already done for the church, and the church-intereſt here, and what we have aſſurance will ſoon be done, will give his lordſhip ſo entire a command in the affections of all honeſt men here (which

(which are not a few) that, I am perſuaded, he will ſoon find *Ireland* an eaſy part of the adminiſtration. For it is my firm opinion, that ſteady and vigorous meaſures will ſo ſtrengthen the hands of our friends in both kingdoms, that, after the efforts of deſpair (which never laſt long) are over, her majeſty, and her miniſters, will receive but little trouble from the faction, either on this or your ſide of the water.

You are very kind to us in your good offices for Mr. *Phipps*, becauſe a mark of favour ſo ſeaſonably, as at this time, conferred on lord chancellor's ſon, will have a much greater influence, and reach farther than his lordſhip's perſon. I am preparing for my journey, and I hope I ſhall be able to lay ſuch a ſtate of this kingdom before my lord treaſurer, as may prevent future diſappointments, when it ſhall be thought neceſſary to hold a parliament. If this parliament is not to ſit after the preſent prorogation, I do think, were I with you, I could offer ſome reaſons why the filling the vacant biſhoprics ſhould be deferred for a little time. I praiſe God for his great goodneſs in reſtoring her majeſty to her

health; the bleſſing of which, if we had no other way of knowing, we might learn from the mortification it has given a certain ſet of men here.

I ſhall trouble you with no compliments, becauſe I hope ſoon to tell you how much I am, dear Sir, your's,

ANGLESEY.

LETTER CXIV.

The Earl of PETERBOROW (being abroad in embaſſies) from Sicily to Dr. SWIFT.

March 5, 1713-14.

QUERIES for Dr. *Swift*, next *Saturday*, at dinner.

WHETHER any great man, or miniſter, has favoured the earl of *Peterborow* with one ſingle line ſince he left *England*; for, as yet, he has not received one word from any of them, nor his friend of *St. Patrick*?

Whether, if they do not write till they know what to write, he ſhall ever hear from them?

Whether

Whether any thing can be more unfortunate, than to be overcome when ſtrongeſt, outwitted having moſt wit, and baffled having moſt money?

Whether betwixt two ſtools (reverend dean) be not a good old proverb, which may give ſubject for daily meditation and mortification?

I ſend the lazy ſcribler a letter from the extremities of the earth, where I paſs my time, admiring the humility and patience of that power heretofore ſo terrible; and the new ſcene, which we ſee, to wit, the moſt Chriſtian king waiting with ſo much reſignation and reſpect, to know the emperor's pleaſure as to peace or war.

Where I reflect, with admiration, upon the politics of thoſe, who, breaking with the old allies, dare not make uſe of the new ones; who, pulling down the old rubbiſh and ſtructure, do not erect a new fabric on ſolid foundations. But this is not ſo much to the purpoſe; for in the world of the moon, provided toaſtings continue, the church and ſtate can be in no danger.

But, alas! in this unmerry country, where we have time to think, and are un-

der the neceſſity of thinking; where impiouſly we make uſe of reaſon, without a blind reſignation to providence, the bottle or chance, what opinion, think you, we have of the preſent management in the refined parts of the world, where there are juſt motives of fear? When neither ſteadineſs nor conduct appears, and when the evil ſeems to come on apace, can it be believed, that extraordinary remedies are not thought of?

Heavens! what is our fate! What might have been our portion, and what do we ſee in the age we live in? *France* and *England*, the kings of *Spain* and *Sicily*, perplexed and confounded by a headſtrong youth *; one, who has loſt ſo many kingdoms by pride and folly; and all theſe powerful nations at a gaze, ignorant of their deſtiny; not capable of forming a ſcheme, which they can maintain, againſt a prince, who has neither ſhips, money, nor conduct. Some of the miniſters aſſiſted and ſupported with abſolute power, others with a parliament at their diſpoſal, and the moſt inconſiderable of them with the Indies at their tail.

* *Charles* the twelfth of *Sweden*.

And

And what do I ſee in the centre, as it were, of ignorance and bigotry? The firſt requeſt of a parliament to their king is to employ effectual means againſt the increaſe of prieſts; the idle devourers of the fat of the land. We ſee churches, ſhut up by the order of the pope, ſet open by dragoons, to the general content of the people. To conclude; it fell out, that one of our acquaintance † found himſelf, at a great table, the only excommunicated perſon by his holineſs; the reſt of the company eating and toaſting, under anathemas, with the courage of a hardened heretic.

Look upon the proſe I ſend you. See, nevertheleſs, what a ſneaking figure he makes at the foot of the parſon. Who could expect this from him? But he thinks, reſolves, and executes.

If you can gueſs from whence this comes, addreſs your letter to him. A meſſieurs *Raffnell* et *Fretti Sacerdotti, Genoa.*

† 'Probably the Rev. Mr. *George Berkley*, fellow of *Dublin-college*, who went chaplain and ſecretary to the earl of *Peterborow* to *Sicily*, at the recommendation of Dr. *Swift*.'

LETTER CXV.

Lord Treaſurer OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT, in a counterfeit Hand, with a Bill; when the Printer *Morphew* was proſecuted by the Houſe of Lords, for the Pamphlet intitled, *The public Spirit of the Whiggs* *.

Indorſed thus alſo. { Letter with Bill £. 100. Received March 14, 1713-14.

Wedneſday Night.

I HAVE heard, that ſome honeſt men, who are very innocent, are under trouble, touching a printed pamphlet. A friend of mine, an obſcure perſon, but charitable, puts the encloſed bill in your hands, to anſwer ſuch exigencies, as their caſe may immediately require. And I find he will do more, this being only for the preſent. If this comes ſafe to your hands, it is enough.

* This pamphlet was written in anſwer to a tract of Sir *Richard Steele*'s, called the *Criſis*, and publiſhed on the ſecond of *March*, 1713-14. All the *Scots* lords then in *London* went to the queen, and complained of the affront put on them and their nation by the author; upon which, a proclamation was publiſhed by her majeſty, offering a reward of three hundred pounds to diſcover him.

LET-

LETTER CXVI.

A Letter from an Informer to Lord TREASURER, offering to diſcover the Author of the Pamphlet, called, *The public Spirit of the Whigs.*

March 18, 1713-14.

PURSUANT to her majeſty's proclamation, of the fifteenth of this inſtant *March*, for diſcovering the author of a falſe, malicious, and factious libel, intitled, *The public ſpirit of the Whigs*; wherein her majeſty is graciouſly pleaſed to promiſe a reward of three hundred pounds, to be paid by your lordſhip; which ſaid diſcovery I can make. But your lordſhip, or ſome perſons under your lordſhip, have got ſuch an ill name in paying ſuch rewards. Inſtance two poor men, *viz. John Greenwood* and *John Bouch*, who took and brought to juſtice ſix perſons, vulgarly *Mohocks*; which the ſaid two poor men never received more than twenty pounds, and the latter thirty; and they had no partners concerned with them, as appears by the attorney-general's reports to your lordſhip; which if I ſhould be ſo

 ſerved,

ſerved, to cauſe any perſons to be puniſhed, and be no better rewarded, will be no encouragement for me to do it; for theſe two poor men being ſo plain a precedent for me to go by. Your lordſhip's moſt humble, and moſt obedient ſervant, L. M.

LETTER CXVII.

Humourous Lines by Lord Treaſurer OXFORD, ſent to Dr. SWIFT, Dr. ARBUTHNOTT, Mr. POPE, and Mr. GAY.

April 14, 1714. Back Stairs, paſt Eight.

Gay

IN a ſummons ſo *large*, which all clergy contains,
I muſt turn *Diſmal*'s * convert, or part with my brains,
Should I ſcruple to quit the back ſtairs for your blind ones,
Or refuſe your true juncto † for one of —

* *Diſmal* was lord *Nottingham*.

† Dr. *Swift*, Dr. *Arbuthnott*, Mr. *Pope*, and Mr. *Gay*, were writing the hiſtory of *Martinus Scribblerus*; and theſe four wits, in conjunction, are ſtiled by lord treaſurer a juncto.

The

The following is their anſwer to his lordſhip, chiefly written by the dean.

Let not the whigs our tory club rebuke;
Give us our earl ‡, the devil take their duke ‖.
Quædam quæ attinent ad Scriblerum,
Want your aſſiſtance now to clear 'em.
One day it will be no diſgrace,
In ſcribbler to have had a place.
Come then, my lord, and take your part in
The important hiſtory of *Martin.*

THE DEAN.

A pox on all ſenders
For any pretenders,
Who tell us theſe troubleſome ſtories,
In their dull hum-drum key,
Of *arma virumque,*
§ *Hanoniæ qui primus ab oris.*
A pox too on *Hanmer,*
Who prates like his gran-mere,
And all his old friends would rebuke.
In ſpite of the carle,
Give us but our earl,
The devil may take their duke.
Then come and take part in
The memoirs of *Martin;*

‡ 'Of *Oxford.*'
‖ 'Of *Marlborough.*'
§ The duchy of *Hainault.*

Lay

Lay down your white ſtaff and grey habit:
For truſt us, friend *Mortimer*,
Should you live years forty more,
Hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.

LETTER CXVIII.

More Lines of Humour, by Lord TREASURER.

April 14, 1714.

I HONOUR the men, Sir,
Who are ready to anſwer,
When I aſk them to ſtand by the queen;
In ſpite of orâtors,
And blood-thirſty praters,
Whoſe hatred I highly eſteem.
Let our faith's defender
Keep out every pretender,
And long enjoy her own;
Thus you four, five,
May merrily live,
Till faction is dead as a ſtone.

LETTER CXIX.

The Ducheſs of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

BROTHER *, April 24, 1714.

I SHOULD ſooner have thanked you for your letter, but that I hoped to have ſeen you here by this time. You cannot imagine how much I am grieved, when I find people I wiſh well to, run counter to their own intereſt, and give their enemies ſuch advantages, by being ſo hard upon their friends, as to conclude, if they are not without fault, they are not to be ſupported, or ſcarce converſed with. Fortune is a very pretty gentlewoman; but how ſoon ſhe may be changed, no body can tell. Fretting her, with the ſeeing all ſhe does for people only makes them deſpiſe her, may make her ſo ſick as to alter her complexion; but I hope our friends will find her conſtant, in ſpite of all they do to ſhock her. And remem-

* The duke of *Ormond* was one of the ſixteen brothers; the ducheſs, therefore, calls *Swift* brother in her lord's right. See the note to a letter from lord *Harley* to the dean, dated *July* 17, 1714.

ber

ber the † ſtory of the arrows, that were very eaſily broke ſingly; but when tied up cloſe together, no ſtrength of man could hurt them. But that you may never feel any ill conſequences from whatever may happen, are the ſincere wiſhes of, brother, your's, with all ſiſterly affection,

M. ORMOND.

† In this letter the ducheſs alludes to the diviſion then ſubſiſting among the miniſters at court; and it is probable, that the hint *about the ſtory of the arrows* produced the poem called *the faggot*, which the dean wrote about this time. It is ſaid, under the title, to have been written in the year 1713, when the queen's miniſters were quarrelling among themſelves. It begins thus.

Obſerve the dying father ſpeak;
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngeſt of the ſix
Take up a heap of well-bound ſticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot,
And ſtrove by turns to break the faggot.
In vain: the complicated wands,
Were much too ſtrong for all their hands.
See, ſaid the ſire, how ſoon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
&c.

LET-

LETTER CXXI.

CHIVERTON CHARLTON, Eſq; Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, May 22, 1714.

HEARING from honeſt *John* *, that you ſtill perſiſt in your reſolution of retiring into the country, I cannot but give you my thoughts of it, at the ſame time that I am ſenſible how intruding it may appear in me to trouble you with what I think: but you have an unlucky quality, which expoſes you to the forwardneſs of thoſe who love you; I mean, good nature. From which, tho' I did not always ſuſpect you guilty of it, I now promiſe myſelf an eaſy pardon. So that, without being in much pain as to the cenſure you may paſs upon my aſſurance, I ſhall go on gravely to tell you, I am intirely againſt your deſign.

I confeſs a juſt indignation at ſeveral things, and particularly as the return your ſervices have met with, may give you a diſguſt to the court; and that retirement may

* Alderman *Barber*.

afford a pleaſing proſpect to you, who have lived ſo long in the hurry, and have borne ſo great a ſhare of the load of buſineſs; and the more ſo at this juncture, when the diſtraction among your friends is enough to make any one ſick of a courtier's life. But on theſe very accounts, you ſhould chuſe to ſleep, and convince the world, that you are as much above private reſentment, where the public is concerned, as you are incapable of being tired out in the ſervice of your country; and that you are neither afraid, nor unwilling, to face a ſtorm in a good cauſe.

It is true, you have leſs reaſon than any one I know, to regard what the world ſays of you; for I know none, to whom the world hath been more unjuſt. Yet ſince the moſt generous revenge is to make the ungrateful appear yet more ungrateful, you ſhould ſtill perſecute the public with freſh obligations; and the rather, becauſe ſome there are of a temper to acknowledge benefits; and it is to be hoped the reſt may not always continue ſtupid. At leaſt (ſuppoſe the worſt) the attempt to do good carries along with it a ſecret ſatisfaction, with which if you are not

ſenſibly

ſenſibly affected, I am at a loſs how to account for many of your actions. I remember very well, what you have ſometimes ſaid upon this ſubject; as if you were now grown uſeleſs, &c. To which I have this to anſwer, that tho' your efforts are in vain to-day, ſome unforeſeen accident may make them otherwiſe to-morrow; and that, ſhould you by your abſence loſe any happy opportunity, you will be the firſt to reproach yourſelf with running away, and be the laſt man in the world to pardon it. If I denied ſelf-intereſt to be at the bottom of all I have ſaid, I know you would think I ly'd villainouſly, and perhaps not think amiſs; for I ſtill flatter myſelf with the continuance of that favour you have, on many occaſions, been pleaſed to ſhew me; and am vain enough to fanſy I ſhould be a conſiderable loſer, if you were where I could not have an opportunity of clubbing my ſhilling with you now and then at good eating. But as much as I am concerned on this account, I am not ſo ſelfiſh to ſay what I have done, if it were not my real opinion; which, whether you regard or not, I could not deny myſelf the ſatisfaction of ſpeaking it, and

of aſſuring you, that I am, with the utmoſt ſincerity and reſpect, Sir, your moſt obliged, and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

CH. CHARLTON.

My lady ducheſs *, I can anſwer for her, is very much your ſervant, tho' I have not her commands to ſay ſo. She is gone to ſee the duke of *Beaufort*, who is ſo ill, 'tis feared he cannot recover. She went this morning ſo early, I have had no particular account how he is; but am told, he does nothing but doze. The meſſenger came to her at three in the the morning; and ſhe went away immediately afterwards.

Lady *Betty* deſires me to thank you for your letter, and would be glad, ſince the provoſt is graciouſly pleaſed to ſtay her majeſty's time, to know where it is he deſigns to ſtay.

Honeſt *Townſhend* and I have the ſatisfaction to drink your health, as often as we do drink together. Whether you approve of your being toaſted with the biſhop of *London*, and ſuch people, I cannot tell.

My ſervant is juſt now come from the ducheſs of *Ormond*, and gives ſuch an ac-

* Of *Ormond*.

count

count of the duke of *Beaufort*, that it is thought he cannot poſſibly recover.

LETTER CXXII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, June 8, 1714.

SINCE you went out of the town, my lord *Clarendon* was appointed envoy extraordinary to *Hanover*, in the room of lord *Paget*; and by making uſe of thoſe friends, which I entirely owe to you, he hath accepted me for his ſecretary. This day, by appointment, I met his lordſhip at Mr. ſecretary *Bromley*'s office *: he then ordered me to be ready by *Saturday*. I am quite off from the ducheſs of *Monmouth* †. Mr. *Lewis* was very ready to ſerve me upon this occaſion, as were Dr. *Arbuthnott*, and Mr. *Ford*. I am every day attending my lord treaſurer for his bounty, in order to ſet me out; which he hath promiſed me upon the following petition, which I ſent him by Dr. *Arbuthnott*.

* *Bromley* was joint ſecretary with *Bolingbroke*.

† 'Mr. *Gay* had been ſecretary, or domeſtic ſteward, to the ducheſs, widow of the duke of *Monmouth*, who was beheaded in the firſt year of king *James* II.'

The Epigrammatical Petition of *John Gay*.

I'm no more to converſe with the ſwains,
  But go where fine people reſort.
One can live without money on plains,
  But never without it at court ——
If, when with the ſwains I did gambol,
  I array'd me in ſilver and blue;
When abroad, and in courts I ſhall ramble,
  Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

We had the honour of the treaſurer's company laſt *Saturday*, when we ſat upon *Scriblerus* ‡. *Pope* is in town, and hath brought with him the firſt book of *Homer*.

I am to be at Mr. *Lewis*'s this evening with the provoſt §, Mr. *Ford*, *Parnell*, and *Pope*. It is thought my lord *Clarendon* will make but a ſhort ſtay at *Hanover*. If it was poſſible, that any recommendation could be procured to make me more diſtinguiſhed than ordinary, during my ſtay at that court, I ſhould think myſelf very happy, if you could contrive any method to proſecute it; for I am told, that their civilities very rarely deſcend ſo low as the ſecretary. I have

‡ Memoirs of *Martinus Scriblerus*; a joint work of *Pope*, *Arbuthnott*, and others. See *Pope*'s works.

§ 'Of *Dublin-college*, Dr. *Benjamin Pratt*.'

all

all the reaſon in the world to acknowledge this as wholly owing to you. And the many favours I have received from you, purely out of your love for doing good, aſſures me you will not forget me in my abſence. As for myſelf, whether I am at home or abroad, gratitude will always put me in mind of the man, to whom I owe ſo many benefits. I am your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

J. GAY.

LETTER CXXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Miſs ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.

Upper Letcomb, near Wantage, Berks, June 8th, 1741.

I HAVE not much news to tell you from hence, nor have I had one line from any body ſince I left *London*, of which I am very glad: but, to ſay the truth, I believe I ſhall not ſtay here ſo long as I intended. I am at a clergyman's houſe, whom I love very well; but he is ſuch a melancholy thoughtful man, partly from nature, and partly by a ſolitary life, that I ſhall ſoon catch the ſpleen from him. Out of eaſe and complaiſance, I deſire him not to alter any of his methods for me; ſo we dine exactly be-

tween twelve and one. At eight we have ſome bread and butter, and a glaſs of ale; and at ten he goes to bed. Wine is a ſtranger, except a little I ſent him; of which, one evening in two, we have a pint between us. His wife has been this month twenty miles off, at her father's, and will not return theſe ten days. I never ſaw her; and perhaps the houſe will be worſe when ſhe comes. I read all day, or walk; and do not ſpeak as many words as I have now wrote in three days: ſo that, in ſhort, I have a mind to ſteal to *Ireland*, unleſs I find myſelf take more to this way of living, ſo different, in every circumſtance, from what I left. This is the firſt ſyllable I have wrote to any body ſince you ſaw me. I ſhall be glad to hear from you, not as you are a *Londoner*, but as a friend; for I care not three-pence for news, nor have heard one ſyllable ſince I came here. The pretender, or duke of *Cambridge*, may both be landed, and I never the wiſer: but if this place were ten times worſe, nothing ſhall make me return to town, while things are in the ſituation I left them. I give a guinea week for my board, and can eat any thing.

LETTER CXXIV.

Mr. JOHN BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, June 8th, 1714.

I HAVE incloſed all the letters that have come to my hands. I ſaw my lord treaſurer to-day, who aſked me where you were gone? I told his lordſhip you were in *Berkſhire* *. He anſwered, it is very well; I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſoon hear from him. My lord *Bolingbroke* was very merry with me upon your journey, and hoped the world would be the better for your retirement, and that I ſhould ſoon be the midwife. The ſchiſm bill was read the ſecond time yeſterday, and committed for to-morrow, without a diviſion. Every body is in the greateſt conſternation

* *Swift* having in vain endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between lord *Oxford* and lord *Bolingbroke*, retired about this time to the houſe of a friend, the Rev. Mr. *Gerie*, at *Wantage*, in *Berkſhire*, who is ſtill living. While he was there, he wrote a diſcourſe, called, "Free thoughts on the preſent ſtate of affairs," and ſent it up to *London*: but ſome difference of opinion between him and lord *Bolingbroke* prevented its publication at that time. The queen died about ten weeks afterwards, and the diſcourſe has been ſince printed in his works.

at

at your retirement, and wonders at the cauſe. I tell them, it is for your health's ſake. Mr. *Gay* is made ſecretary to my lord *Clarendon*, and is very well pleaſed with his promotion. The queen is ſo well, that the *Sicilian* ambaſſador hath his audience to-night. She can walk, thank God, and is very well recovered. Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

TYRANT †.

LETTER CXXV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT, the Queen's domeſtic Phyſician, to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER *, St. James's, June 12th, 1714.

I AM glad your proud ſtomach is come down, and that you ſubmit to write to your friends. I was of opinion, that if they managed you right, they might bring you to be even fond of an article in the *Poſt-Boy*, or *Flying-Poſt*. As for the preſent ſtate of our court affairs, I thank God, I am almoſt as ignorant as you are, to my

† Alderman *Barber* made a preſent of Dr. *Swift*'s picture, taken in the early time of his life, to the univerſity of *Oxford*.

* One of the ſixteen,

great

great eaſe and comfort. I have never enquired about any thing, ſince my lady *Maſham* told the *dragon*†, that ſhe would carry no more meſſages, nor meddle nor make, *&c.* I don't know whether things were quite ſo bad when you went. The *dragon* manages this bill‡ pretty well, for you know, that is his *forte*: and I believe, at the rate they go on, they will do miſchief to themſelves, and good to no body elſe.

You know, that *Gay* goes to *Hanover*, and my lord treaſurer has promiſed to equip him. *Monday* is the day of departure; and he is now dancing attendance for money to buy him ſhoes, ſtockings, and linen. The ducheſs has turned him off§, which I am afraid will make the poor man's condition worſe, inſtead of better.

The *dragon* was with us on *Saturday* night laſt, after having ſent us really a moſt excellent copy of verſes. I really believe, when he lays down, he will prove a very

† 'Lord treaſurer *Oxford.*'

‡ '*To prevent the growth of ſchiſm, and for the further ſecurity of the church of* England, *as by law eſtabliſhed.* It paſſed the houſe of lords, 13th *June*, 1714.'

§ The dutcheſs of *Monmouth*, to whom he had been ſecretary.

good

good poet. I remember the firſt part of his verſes was complaining of ill uſage; and at laſt he concludes,

" He that cares not to rule, will be ſure to obey,
" When ſummon'd by *Arbuthnott, Pope, Parnell,* and *Gay.*"

Parnell has been thinking of going chaplain to my lord *Clarendon* ‖; but they will not ſay whether he ſhould or not. I am to meet our club at the *Pall-Mall* coffee-houſe, about one to-day, where we cannot fail to remember you. The queen is in good health; much in the ſame circumſtances with the gentleman I mentioned, in attendance upon her miniſters for ſomething ſhe cannot obtain. My lord and my lady *Maſham,* and lady *Fair,* remember you kindly; and none with more ſincere reſpect than your affectionate brother, and humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

‖ ' Who was ſent by the queen to the court of *Hanover.*'

LET-

LETTER CXXVI.

THOMAS HARLEY, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, June 19th, 1714.

YOUR letter gave me a great deal of pleaſure. I do not mean only the ſatisfaction one muſt always find in hearing from ſo good a friend, who has diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the world, and formed a new character, which no body is vain enough to pretend to imitate. But you muſt know, the moment after you diſappeared, I found it was to no purpoſe to be unconcerned, and to ſlight (as I really have done) all the ſilly ſtories and ſchemes I met with every day; the effects of ſelf-conceit, and a frightened, haſty deſire of gain. They aſked me, Has not the dean left the town? Is not Dr. *Swift* gone into the country? Yes. And I would have gone into the country too, if I had not learned, one cannot be hurt, till one turns one's back: for which reaſon, I will go no more on their errands. But ſeriouſly, you never heard ſuch bellowing about the town of the ſtate

of

of the nation, eſpecially among the ſharpers, ſellers of bear-ſkins *, and the reſt of that kind: nor ſuch crying and ſqualling among the ladies; inſomuch that it has at laſt reached the houſe of commons; which I am ſorry for, becauſe it is hot and uneaſy ſitting there in this ſeaſon of the year. But I was told to-day, that in ſome countries, people are forced to watch day and night, to keep wild beaſts out of their corn. Do you not pity me, for yielding to ſuch grave ſayings, to be ſtifled every day in the houſe of commons?

When I was out of *England*, I uſed to receive four or five letters each poſt with this paſſage, "as for what paſſes here, you will be informed by others much better; therefore I ſhall not trouble you with any thing of that ſort". You will give me leave to uſe it now, as my excuſe to you for not writing news. I hope honeſt *Gay* will be better ſupplied by ſome friend or other.

* Stock-jobbers. He who ſells that, of which he is not poſſeſſed, is ſaid proverbially to ſell the bear's ſkin, while the bear runs in the woods. And it being common for ſtock-jobbers to make contracts for transferring ſtock at a future time, though they were not poſſeſſed of the ſtock to be transferred, they were called ſellers of bear-ſkins.

Before

Before I received your direction, I had ordered my ſervant, who comes next *Monday* out of *Herefordſhire*, to leave your horſe at the *Crown* in *Farrington*, where you can eaſily ſend for him. I hear he was ſo fat, they could not travel him till he was taken down; and I ordered he ſhould go ſhort journies: he is of a good breed, and therefore I hope will prove well; if not, uſe him like a baſtard, and I will chuſe another for you. I am, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant.

T. HARLEY.*

LETTER CXXVII.

Mr. THOMAS, Secretary to the lord Treaſurer, to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, June 22, 1714.

IT was with ſome difficulty, that I prevailed with myſelf to forbear acknowledging your kind letter. I can only tell you, it ſhall be the buſineſs of my life, to endeavour to deſerve the opinion you expreſs of me, and thereby to recommend myſelf to the continuance of your friendſhip.

* This gentleman was couſin to the lord-treaſurer. He died in *January* 1737, and left his eſtate to *Edward Harley*, eſq;

My

My lord treaſurer does, upon all occa ons, do juſtice to your merit; and has e preſſed to all his friends the great eſtee he has for ſo hearty and honeſt a frien and particularly on occaſion of the lett you mention to have lately writ to hi And all his friends can inform you wit what pleaſure he communicated it to them

And now for buſineſs; I am to acquain you, that laſt *Thurſday* I received the 50 (which now waits your orders) and date your receipt accordingly, which I delivered to Mr. *Whetham*, who paid me the money.

I do not pretend to tell you how matters go. Our friend ſays very bad. I am ſanguine enough to hope not worſe. I am, with all poſſible eſteem, ever your's.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER, Kenſington, June 26, 1714.

I HAD almoſt reſolved not to write to you, for fear of diſturbing ſo happy a ſtate as you deſcribe. On the other hand, a little of the devil, that cannot endure any body ſhould enjoy a paradiſe, almoſt provoked me

to give you a long and melancholy ſtate of our affairs. For you muſt know, that it is juſt my own caſe. I have with great induſtry endeavoured to live in ignorance, but at the ſame time would enjoy *Kenſington* garden; and then ſome buſy diſcontented body or another comes juſt croſs me, and begins a diſmal ſtory; and before I go to ſupper, I am as full of grievances as the moſt knowing of them.

I will plague you a little, by telling you the *dragon* dies hard. He is now kicking and cuffing about him like the devil: and you know parliamentary management is the *forte*, but no hopes of any ſettlement between the two champions. The *dragon* ſaid laſt night to my lady *Maſham* and me, that it is with great induſtry he keeps his friends, who are very numerous, from pulling all to pieces. *Gay* had a hundred pounds in due time, and went away a happy man. I have ſolicited both lord treaſurer and lord *Bolingbroke* ſtrongly for the *Parnelian*, and gave them a memorial the other day. Lord treaſurer ſpeaks mighty affectionately of him, which you know is an ill ſign in eccleſiaſtical preferments. Witneſs ſome,

that you and I know, when the contrary was the beſt ſign in the world. Pray remember *Martin* *, who is an innocent fellow, and will not diſturb your ſolitude. The ridicule of medicine is ſo copious a ſubject, that I muſt only here and there touch it. I have made him ſtudy phyſic from the apothecary's bill, where there is a good plentiful field for a ſatyr upon the preſent practice. One of his projects was, by a ſtamp upon bliſtering plaiſters and melilot by the yard, to raiſe money for the government, and to give it to *Ratcliffe* and others to farm. But there was like to be a petition from the inhabitants of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, who had no mind to be fleaed. There was a problem about the doſes of purging medicines publiſhed four years ago, ſhewing, that they ought to be in proportion to the bulk of the patient. From thence *Martin* endeavours to determine the queſtion about the weight of the ancient men, by the doſes of phyſic, that were given them. One of his beſt inventions was a map of diſeaſes for the three cavities of the

* *Martinus Scriblerus*, of whom *Pope*, *Arbuthnot*, and others were to write the memoirs.

body,

body, and one for the external parts; juſt like the four quarters of the world. Then the great diſeaſes are like capital cities, with their ſymptoms all like ſtreets and ſuburbs, with the roads, that lead to other diſeaſes. It is thicker ſet with towns than any *Flanders* map you ever ſaw. *Ratcliffe* is painted at the corner of the map, contending for the univerſal empire of this world, and the reſt of the phyſicians oppoſing his ambitious deſigns, with a project of a treaty of partition to ſettle peace.

There is an excellent ſubject of ridicule from ſome of the *German* phyſicians, who ſet up a ſenſitive ſoul as a ſort of a firſt miniſter to the rational. *Helmont* calls him *Archæus*. *Dolæus* calls him *Microcoſmetor*. He has under him ſeveral other genii, that reſide in the particular parts of the body, particularly prince *Cardimelech* in the heart; *Gaſteronax* in the ſtomach; and the *Plaſtick* prince in the organs of generation. I believe I could make you laugh at the explication of diſtempers from the wars and alliances of thoſe princes; and how the firſt miniſter gets the better of his miſtreſs *Anima Rationalis*.

The beſt is, that it is making repriſals upon the politicians, who are ſure to allegoriſe all the animal oeconomy into ſtate affairs. *Pope* has been collecting high flights of poetry, which are very good; they are to be ſolemn nonſenſe.

I thought upon the following the other day, as I was going into my coach, the duſt being troubleſome.

The duſt in ſmaller particles aroſe,
Than thoſe, which fluid bodies do compoſe:
Contraries in extremes do often meet;
'Twas now ſo dry, that you might call it wet.

I don't give you theſe hints to divert you, but that you may have your thoughts, and work upon them.

I know you love me heartily, and yet I will not own, that you love me better than I love you. My lord and lady *Maſham* love you too, and read your letter to me with pleaſure. My lady ſays ſhe will write to you, whether you write to her or not. Dear friend, adieu.

LETTER CXXIX.

Mr. JOHN BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR, London, July 6, 1714.

I HAD your's of the 3d inſtant, and am heartily glad of your being in health, which I hope will continue. Pray draw what bills you pleaſe: I'll pay them on demand.

I fortunately met lord *Bolingbroke* yeſterday, the minute I had your letter. I attacked him for ſome wine, and he immediately ordered you two dozen of red *French* wine, and one dozen of ſtrong *Arizana* white wine. The hamper will be ſent to-morrow by *Robert Stone*, the *Wantage* carrier, and will be there on *Friday*. I am afraid it will coſt you 5 *s.* to *George*, my lord's butler; but I would do nothing without order. My lord bid me tell you this morning, that he will write to you, and let you know, that as great a philoſopher as you are, you have had the pip; that the public affairs are carried on with the ſame zeal and quick diſpatch as when you was there; nay, that they are improved in ſeve-

ral particulars; that the ſame good underſtanding continues; that he hopes the world will be the better for your retirement; that your inimitable pen was never more wanted than now; and more, which I cannot remember. I believe he expects you ſhould write to him. He ſpoke many affectionate and handſome things in your favour. I told him your ſtory of the ſpaniel, which made him laugh heartily. I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXXX.

Mr. JOHN BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Lambart Hill, July 6, 1714.

I Thankfully acknowledge the receipt of a packet * ſent laſt *Sunday*. I have ſhewn it only to one perſon, who is charmed with it, and will make ſome ſmall alterations and additions to it, with your leave. You will the eaſier give leave, when I tell you, that it is one of the beſt pens in *England*. Pray favour me with a line. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN BARBER.

Indorſed thus by the dean. *John Barber*'s letter about the pamphlet.

* Probably *Free thoughts on the preſent ſtate of affairs.*

LET-

LETTER CXXXI.

Mr. THOMAS, Secretary to Lord Treaſurer, to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, July 6, 1714.

I SHOULD not have preſumed to break in upon your retirements, nor ſo much as enquire for your addreſs, had not the encloſed given me a fair occaſion to aſk after your health. I need not add any thing to what the papers will inform you touching that affair. The perſon mentioned in the baron's letter has not yet called upon me. When you have indorſed the letter of attorney, pleaſe to return that and the baron's letter, that I may follow his directions. I dare not mention any thing of politics to one, that has purpoſely withdrawn himſelf from the din of it. I ſhall only tell you, that your friends applaud your conduct with relation to your own eaſe; but they think it hard you ſhould abdicate at a juncture your friendſhip ſeems to be of moſt uſe to them. I am ſure ſome of them want your advice, as well as aſſiſtance. You will forgive this digreſſion from buſineſs, when I tell you I

ſhall not repeat this trouble, not having ſo much as kept a copy of your direction. You may direct your commands to me, under cover, to our common friend. I hope you believe me too ſenſible of obligations to need formal aſſurances of the ſincere reſpect, wherewith I am, reverend Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM THOMAS.

LETTER CXXXII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Whitehall, July 6, 1714.

YOU give me ſuch good reaſons for your deſire of knowing what becomes of our grand affair, that, to oblige you, and perhaps to give myſelf vent, I will tell you what I think on it. The two ladies * ſeem to have determined the fall of the *dragon* †, and to entertain a chimerical notion, that there ſhall be no *Monſieur le Premier*, but that all power ſhall reſide in one, and profit in the other. The man of Mercury ‡ ſooths

* The queen and lady *Somerſet*.
† 'Lord treaſurer *Oxford*.'
‡ 'Lord *Bolingbroke*.'

them

them in this notion with great dexterity and reaſon, for he will be *Monſieur le Premier* then of courſe, by virtue of the little ſeal. His character is too bad to carry the great enſigns; therefore he takes another method, and I think it very artful, *viz.* to continue his preſent ſtation, to which the power may altogether be as properly attached as to the wand. In this brangle I am no otherwiſe concerned, than that I muſt loſe part of the pleaſure I had in the converſation of my friends. And that I am really apprehenſive the two ladies may ſuffer by the undertaking; for the man of Mercury's bottom is too narrow, his faults of the firſt magnitude; and we cannot find, that there is any ſcheme in the world how to proceed. *Mercurialis* ‖ complains, that the *dragon* § has uſed him barbarouſly; that he is in with the democraticals, and never conferred a ſingle obligation upon him ſince he had the wand. *Le temps nous eclaircira.*

I propoſe to move on the 2d of *Auguſt* to *Bath*, and to ſtay there, or go from thence, according as our chaos ſettles here. I be-

‖ 'Lord *Bolingbroke*.'
§ 'Lord treaſurer.'

lieve

lieve I ſhall not go to *Abercathy*, otherwiſe I would attend you. Shall not we meet at *Bath*? Before I began this paragraph, I ſhould have added ſomething to the former, which is, that the *dragon* is accuſed of having betrayed his friends yeſterday upon the matter of the three explanatory articles of the *Spaniſh* treaty of commerce, which he allowed not to be beneficial, and that the queen might better preſs for their being changed, if it was the ſenſe of the houſe they ought to be ſo. The addreſs then paſſed without a negative.

I thank you for the account you gave me of the farm in *Buckinghamſhire*. I could like the thing, and the price too very well; but when it comes to a point, I own my weakneſs to you. I can't work myſelf up to a reſolution, whilſt I have any hope of the 200 *l.* a Year I told you of in my own pariſh; it lies now at ſale: if I miſs, I would catch greedily at the other.

When I am at the *Bath* I will ſet down the hints you deſire.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIII.

CHARLES FORD, † Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Indorſed affairs go worſe. London, July 6 ‡

IF *Barber* be not a very great blockhead, I ſhall ſoon ſend you a letter in print, in anſwer to your laſt: I hope it may be next poſt, for he had it on *Sunday*. I took care to blot out the e's out of *onely*, and the a's out of *ſcheame*, which I ſuppoſe is the meaning of your queſtion, whether I corrected it? I don't know any other alteration it wanted; and I made none except in one paragraph, that I changed the preſent to the paſt tenſe four times; and I am not ſure I did right in it neither. There is ſo great a tenderneſs and regard all along to the ——, that I could have wiſhed this expreſſion had been out [the uncertain timorous nature of the ——]. But there was no ſtriking it out without ſpoiling the beauty of the paſſage: And as, if I had been the author

† This gentleman was by the dean's intereſt made *Gazetteer*. See the dean's letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, dated *July* 1, 1712.

‡ The year is omitted, but it ſhould be 1714.

myſelf

myſelf, I preferred beauty to diſcretion. I really think it is at leaſt equal to any thing you have writ; and I dare ſay it will do great ſervice as matters ſtand at preſent ||.

The *colonel* *, and his friends, give the game for loſt on their ſide; and I believe by next week we ſhall ſee lord *Bolingbroke* at the head of affairs. The biſhop of *Rocheſter* † is to be lord privy ſeal. They talk of ſeveral other alterations, as that my lord *Trevor* is to be preſident of the council; Lord *Abingdon*, lord *Chamberlain*; lord *Angleſey*, lord lieutenant of *Ireland*; that Mr. *Bromley* ‡ is to go out, and a great many more in leſſer employments. I fanſy theſe reports are ſpread to draw in as many as they can to oppoſe the new ſcheme. I can hardly think any body will be turned out

|| It is not known that the dean publiſhed, or was about to publiſh any thing at this time, except the *Free Thoughts*. It is therefore probable that this tract was printing, or printed, when the dean ſuppreſſed it for the reaſons mentioned before. The words, however, which Mr. *Ford* ſays he could have wiſhed to have blotted out, but ſpared for the beauty of the paſſage, are not to be found in the copy printed in the dean's works; nor is it eaſy to determine where they originally ſtood.

* Lord *Oxford*.

† See *Lewis*'s letter of *Auguſt* 10, 1714.

‡ Secretary for the northern provinces.

of

of the cabinet, except the treaſurer and the privy ſeal ‖. Perhaps my lord *Paulet* § may lay down. Certainly the ſecretary may continue in, if he pleaſes, and I don't hear that he is diſpoſed to reſign, or that he is ſo attached to any miniſter, as to enter into their reſentments. What has *John* of *Bucks* * done? and yet the report is very ſtrong, that he is to be ſucceeded by my lord *T——or* †. The duke of *Shrewſbury* was one out of eight or nine lords, that ſtood by my lord *Bolingbroke* yeſterday, in the debate about the *Spaniſh* treaty, and ſpoke with a good deal of ſpirit. Is it likely he is to be turned out of all? The lords have made a repreſentation to the queen, in which they deſire her to ſurmount the inſurmountable difficulties the *Spaniſh* trade lies under by the laſt treaty. It is thought there was a majority in the houſe to have prevented ſuch reflection upon the treaty, if

‖ Lord *Dartmouth*.
§ Lord ſteward.
* 'John *Sheffield*, duke of *Buckinghamſhire*.'
† 'Trevor, lord chief juſtice of the common pleas. He had been created lord *Trevor* of *Bromham* in *Bedfordſhire*, *January* 1, 1711-12.

they

they had come to a diviſion. The clamour of the merchants, whig and tory, has been too great to have paſſed a vote in vindication of it, as it ſtands ratified. But my lord *Angleſey* and his ſquadron ſeemed willing to oppoſe any cenſure of it; and yet this repreſentation was ſuffered to paſs nobody knows how. To-day they are to take into conſideration the queen's anſwer to their addreſs, deſiring to know who adviſed her to ratify the explanation of the three articles. She ſent them word ſhe thought there was little difference between that and what was ſigned at *Utrecht*. When they riſe I will tell you what they have done. The laſt money-bill was ſent up yeſterday; ſo that in all probability the parliament will be up in two or three days, and then we ſhall be entertained with court affairs. I hope you got mine laſt poſt, and one a fortnight ago. Will the change of the miniſtry affect *Elwood?* He is in pain about it. I am told the people of *Ireland* are making a ſtrong oppoſition againſt the preſent provoſt.

The

The conſideration of the queen's anſwer is deferred till to-morrow. I am now with lord *Guilford* and three other commiſſioners of trade, who were examined to-day at the bar of the houſe of lords. They are prodigiouſly pleaſed with what has been done. But I don't underſtand it well enough to give you an account of it. For the rapture they are in hinders them from explaining themſelves clearly. I can only gather from their manner of diſcourſe, that they are come off without cenſure.

LETTER CXXXIV.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, July 10th, 1714.

WHAT anſwer ſhall I ſend? I am againſt any alteration, but additions, I think, ought by no means to be allowed. I wiſh I had called ſooner at St. *Dunſtan*'s; but I did not expect it would have come out till *Thurſday*, and therefore did not go there till yeſterday. Pray let me know what you would have done. *Barber* was a blockhead to have ſhewed it at all; but who

who can help that? Write an anſwer either for yourſelf or me; but I beg of you to make no condeſcenſions *.

Yeſterday put an end to the ſeſſion, and to your pain. We gained a glorious victory at the houſe of lords the day before: the attack was made immediately on *Arthur Moore* †, who appeared at the bar, with the other commiſſioners of the trade. The *South-Sea* company had prepared the way for a cenſure, by voting him guilty of a breach of truſt, and incapable of ſerving them in any office for the future. This paſſed without hearing what he had to ſay in his defence, and had the uſual fate of ſuch unreaſonable reflections. Thoſe, who propoſed the reſolutions, were blamed for their violence; and the perſon accuſed, appearing to be leſs guilty than they made him, was thought to be more innocent than I doubt he is. The whigs propoſed two queſtions in the houſe of lords againſt him, and loſt both, one by twelve, and the other, I think, by eighteen votes.

* This probably relates to the "Free thoughts."

† 'One of the commiſſioners of trade and plantations, who was accuſed of being bribed by the court of *Spain*, to favour that kingdom in the treaty of commerce made between it and *England*.'

Court

Court affairs go on as they did. The cry is ſtill on the *captain*'s ſide *. Is not he the perſon *Barber* means by one of the beſt pens in *England*? It is only my own conjecture, but I can think of nobody elſe. Have you the queen's ſpeech, the lords addreſs, *&c.* or ſhall I ſend them to you? and do you want a comment? Have *Pope* and *Parnell* been to viſit you, as they intended?

I had a letter yeſterday from *Gay*, who is at the *Hague*, and preſents his humble ſervice to you. He has writ to Mr. *Lewis* too, but his reſpect makes him keep greater diſtance with him; and I think mine is the pleaſanter letter, which I am ſorry for.

We were alarmed by *B.* † two days ago: he ſent *Tooke* word, our friend was ill in the country; which we did not know how to interpret, till he explained it. It was Mrs. *M.* ‡ he meant; but ſhe is in no danger. Pray, write immediately, that there may be no further delay to what we ought to have had a week ago.

* Lord *Bolingbroke*; alluding to his difference with lord *Oxford*. See the next letter.

† Probably *John Barber*.

‡ Probably Mrs. *Manley*, the writer of the *Atalantis*, who lived with *Barber* at that time.

LETTER CXXXV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER, Kenſington, July 10, 1714.

I HAVE talked of your affairs to nobody but my lady *Maſham*. She tells me, that ſhe has it very much at heart, and would gladly do it for her own ſake, and that of her friends; but thinks it not a fit ſeaſon to ſpeak about it. We are indeed in ſuch a ſtrange condition as to politics, that nobody can tell now who is for who. It were really worth your while to be here for four and twenty hours only, to conſider the oddneſs of the ſcene. I am ſure it would make you reliſh your country life the better.

The *dragon* holds faſt with a dead gripe the little machine *. If he would have taken but half ſo much pains to have done other things, as he has of late, to exert himſelf againſt the eſquire, he might have been a dragon, inſtead of a dagon. I would no more have ſuffered and done what he has, than I would have ſold myſelf to the

* His treaſurer's ſtaff.

gallies.

gallies. *Hæc inter nos.* However, they have now got rid of the parliament, and may have time to think of a ſcheme: perhaps they may have one already. I know nothing, but it is fit to rally the broken forces under ſome head or another. They really did very well the laſt day but one in the houſe of lords; but yeſterday they were in a flame about the queen's anſwer, till the queen came in, and put an end to it.

The *dragon* ſhewed me your letter, and ſeemed mightily pleaſed with it. He has paid ten pounds for the manuſcript, of which I believe there are ſeveral in town.

It is a † hiſtory of the laſt invaſion of *Scotland*, wrote juſt as plain, though not ſo

† This hiſtory was publiſhed about ten days after; being conveyed to the preſs by ſome of the tranſcribing clerks. The author laments the miſcarriage of the pretender's expedition to *Scotland*, and hates the union, as a bar to the like deſigns of *France* for the future. It is plain enough from the preface, what induced Dr. *Arbuthnott* (who had only read the two firſt ſheets of it in manuſcript) to ſay to the dean, *It was wrote as plain, though not ſo well, as another hiſtory, that you and I know.* He means here, Dr. *Swift*'s hiſtory of the peace of *Utrecht*, which he had then written, and had ſhewn to moſt of his friends. The *Scotch* author gives this account of his own work in the preface, *That having uſed a little freedom with ſeveral perſons of rank and power in the characters I have given of them, and in the relation of ſeveral matters of fact; common prudence requires theſe me-*

well, as another hiſtory, which you and I know, with characters of all the men now living, the very names and invitation, that was ſent to the pretender. This by a flaming *Jacobite*, that wonders all the world are not ſo. Perhaps it may be a whig, that perſonates a *Jacobite*. I ſaw two ſheets of the beginning, which was treaſon every line. If it goes on at the ſame rate of plain-dealing, it is a very extraordinary piece, and worth your while to come up to ſee it only. Mr. *Lockhart*, they ſay, owns it. It is no more his than it is mine. Do not be ſo dogged; but, after the firſt ſhower, come up to town for a week or ſo. It is worth your while. Your friends will be glad to ſee you, and none more than myſelf. Adieu.

meirs ſhould lie dormant, till ſuch be out of capacity to reſent the ſame either on myſelf or poſterity. From theſe words it is plain, Dr. *Arbuthnott* did expect to find the characters of ſome conſiderable perſons of that age drawn in that work, with the ſame freedom, that he found ſome others in the dean's hiſtory; though he well knew, that this obſcure writer was as far inferior to his friend in genius, as he was different in principles, the dean having always been ſo firmly attached to the proteſtant ſettlement, that he never did, either directly or indirectly, write, or adviſe his friends to write, one word in favour of the pretender.

LET-

LETTER CXXXVI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

July 13, 1714.

I NEVER laughed, my dear dean, at your leaving the town: on the contrary, I thought the reſolution of doing ſo, at the time when you took it, a very wiſe one. But, I confeſs, I laughed, and very heartily too, when I heard, that you affected to find, within the village of *Letcombe*, all your heart deſired. In a word, I judged of you, juſt as you tell me in your letter, that I ſhould judge. If my grooms did not live a happier life than I have done this great while, I am ſure they would quit my ſervice. Be pleaſed to apply this reflection. Indeed, I wiſh I had been with you, with *Pope* and *Parnell, quibus neque animi candidiores.* In a little time, perhaps, I may have leiſure to be happy. I continue in the ſame opinions and reſolutions as you left me in; I will ſtand or fall by them. Adieu. No alteration in my fortune, or circumſtances, can alter that ſincere friendſhip, with which I am, dear dean, your's.

I fanſy you will have a viſit from that great politician and caſuiſt the duke *. He is at *Oxford*, with Mr. *Clarke* †.

LETTER CXXXVII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

July 17, 1714.

I AM ſorry to find by thoſe, that have freſher advices from you, than your's of the eleventh inſtant to me, that *Parviſol*'s ‖ conduct puts you under a neceſſity of changing the adminiſtration; for it will probably draw you to *Ireland* whether you will or no. However, I hope to ſee you at *Bath* three weeks hence, whatever happens. I

* Perhaps the duke of *Ormond*.

† *George Clarke*, doctor of laws, fellow of *All Souls*, who had been ſecretary to prince *George* of *Denmark*, as lord high admiral, and was member of parliament for the univerſity of *Oxford*.

‖ *Parviſol* was the dean's agent in *Ireland*. The dean's obſervations on the names marked A, B, C, are thus written on the blank part of the original letter. [A] Mrs. *Maſham*, who was the queen's favourite, fell out in a rage, reproaching lord *Oxford* very injuriouſly. [B] The *dragon*, lord treaſurer *Oxford*, ſo called by the dean by contraries; for he was the mildeſt, wiſeſt, and beſt miniſter, that ever ſerved a prince. [C] Lord *Bolingbroke*, called ſo by Mr. *Lewis*.

meet

meet with no man or woman, who pretend upon any probable grounds to judge who will carry the great point. [A] Our female friend told the [B] *dragon*, in her own houſe, laſt *Thurſday* morning theſe words: *You never did the queen any ſervice, nor are you capable of doing her any.* He made no reply, but ſupped with her and [C] *Mercurialis* that night, at her own houſe. His revenge is not the leſs meditated for that. He tells the words clearly and diſtinctly to all mankind. Thoſe, who range under his banner, call her ten thouſand bitches and kitchen wenches. Thoſe, who hate him, do the ſame. And from my heart I grieve, that ſhe ſhould give ſuch a looſe to her paſſion; for ſhe is ſuſceptible of true friendſhip, and has many ſociable and domeſtic virtues. The great attorney ‡, who made you the ſham offer of the *Yorkſhire* living, had a long conference with the *dragon* on *Thurſday*, kiſſed him at parting, and curſed him at night. He went to the country yeſterday; from whence, ſome conjecture, nothing conſiderable will be done ſoon. Lord *Har-*

‡ Perhaps lord chancellor *Harcourt.*

ley ‖, and lady *Harriot* §, went this morning to *Oxford*. He has finiſhed all matters with lord *Pelham* †, as far as can be done without an act of parliament. The compoſition was ſigned by the auditor, and *Naylor*, brother-in-law to *Pelham*. This day ſe'nnight lord *Harley* is to have the whole *Cavendiſh* eſtate, which is valued at ten thouſand pounds *per annum*, and has upon it forty thouſand pounds worth of timber. But three of this ten thouſand pounds a year he had by the will. He remits to lord *Pelham* the twenty thouſand pounds charged for lady *Harriot*'s fortune on the *Holles* eſtate; and gives him ſome patches of land, that lie convenient to him, to the value of about twenty thouſand pounds more. According to my computation, lord *Harley* gets by the agreement (if the timber is worth forty thouſand pounds) one hundred and forty thouſand pounds; and when the jointures fall in to him, will have ſixteen thouſand pounds a year. But the cant is, twenty-ſix thouſand pounds. Lord *Pelham* will really have twenty-ſix thouſand pounds

‖ 'Edward, ſon to the lord treaſurer *Oxford*.'
§ 'Wife of lord *Harley*.'
† 'The preſent duke of *Newcaſtle*.'

a year from the *Newcaſtle* family, which, with his paternal eſtate, will be twice as much as lord *Harley*'s. The eſtate of the latter is judged to be in the beſt condition; and ſome vain-glorious friends of ours ſay, it is worth more than the other's; but let that paſs. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Lord HARLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

BROTHER * SWIFT, July 17, 1714.

YOUR ſiſter † has at laſt got rid of her lawyers. We are juſt ſetting out for *Oxford*, where we hope to ſee you. I am your affectionate brother,

HARLEY.

* A company of ſixteen, all men of the firſt claſs, *Swift* included, dined once a week at the houſe of each other, by rotation, and went under the general denomination of brothers. The number was afterwards enlarged, and they dined at a tavern every *Thurſday*. Lord *Harley* was one, which accounts for the addreſs of this letter.

† Lady *Henrietta Harley*, wife of lord *Harley*.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIX.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER, London, July 17, 1714.

I THOUGHT it neceſſary to ſpeak to lady *Maſham* about that affair, becauſe I believe it will be neceſſary to give her majeſty the ſame notion of it, which the memorial does ‡, and not that you are aſking a little ſcandalous ſalary for a ſinecure. *Lewis* deſpairs of it, and thinks it quite over ſince a certain affair. I will not think ſo. I gave your letter, with the incloſed memorial *cavalierment*, to lord *Bolingbroke*. He read it, and ſeemed concerned at ſome part of it, expreſſing himſelf thus; *That it would be amongſt the eternal ſcandals of the government to ſuffer a man of your character, that had ſo well deſerved of them, to have the leaſt uneaſy thought about thoſe matters.* As to the fifty pounds, he was ready to pay it; and, if he had had it about him, would have given it me. The *dragon* was all the while walking

‡ A memorial to the queen, humbly deſiring her majeſty to appoint him hiſtoriographer. See *Swift*'s letter to Miſs *Vanhomrigh*, in this collection, dated *Auguſt* 1, 1714.

with

with the duke of *Shrewſbury*. So my lord *Bolingbroke* told me, *I would immediately ſtir in this matter, but I know not how I ſtand with ſome folks*; (for the duke of *Shrewſbury* has taken himſelf to the *dragon* in appearance.) *I know how I ſtand with that man* (pointing to the *dragon*). . *But as to the other, I cannot tell; however, I will claim his promiſe:* and ſo he took the memorial.

Do not think I make you a bare compliment in what I am going to ſay; for I can aſſure you I am in earneſt. I am in hopes to have two hundred pounds before I go out of town, and you may command all or any part of it you pleaſe, as long as you have occaſion for it. I know what you will ſay; *To ſee a ſcoundrel pretend to offer to lend me money.* Our ſituation at preſent is in ſhort thus: they have *rompu en viſiere* with the *dragon*, and yet don't know how to do without him. My lady *Maſham* has in a manner bid him defiance, without any ſcheme or likeneſs of it in any form or ſhape, as far as I can ſee. Notwithſtanding he viſits, cringes, flatters, *&c.* which is beyond my comprehenſion.

I have

I have a very comical account of *Letcomb*, and the dean of *St. Patrick*'s, from *Pope*, with an epiſode of the burning-glaſs. I was going to make an epigram upon the imagination of your burning your own hiſtory with a burning-glaſs. I wiſh *Pope* or *Parnell* would put it into rhyme. The thought is this: *Apollo* ſpeaks; 'That ſince 'he had inſpired you to reveal thoſe things, 'which were hid, even from his own 'light, ſuch as the feeble ſprings of ſome 'great events; and perceiving that a fac-'tion, who could not bear their deeds to 'be brought to light, had condemned it to 'an ignominious flame; that it might not 'periſh ſo, he was reſolved to conſume it 'with his own; a celeſtial one.' And then you muſt conclude with ſome ſimile; thus, *&c.* There are two or three, that will fit it.

Whiſton has at laſt publiſhed his project of the longitude; the moſt ridiculous thing, that ever was thought on. But a pox on him! he has ſpoiled one of my papers of *Scriblerus*, which was a propoſal for the longitude, not very unlike his, to this purpoſe; that ſince there was no pole for

for eaſt and weſt, that all the princes of *Europe* ſhould join and build two prodigious poles, upon high mountains, with a vaſt light-houſe to ſerve for a pole-ſtar. I was thinking of a calculation of the time, charges, and dimenſions. Now you muſt underſtand, his project is by light-houſes, and exploſion of bombs at a certain hour.

Lewis invited me to dinner to-day, and has diſappointed me. I thought to have ſaid ſomething more about you. I have nothing more to add, but, my dear friend, adieu.

LETTER CXL.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 20, 1714.

WHO would ever do any thing for them, when they are ſo negligent of their own intereſt? The *captain* muſt ſee, what uſe it would be to him to have it publiſhed, and yet he has not returned it. You have another copy by you: I wiſh you would ſend it; and if you don't care it ſhould appear in your own hand, I will get it tranſcribed. My ſecretary is a boy of ten or eleven

eleven years old, and no diſcovery can be made by him. I don't know what my lord *Bolingbroke* may do, but I dare ſay *Barber* does not ſuſpect from whence it comes. However, I wonder he has not mentioned it to you *.

I thought you had heard the hiſtoriographer's place has been diſpoſed of this fortnight. I know no more of him who has it, than that his name is *Maddocks* †. It would be impudence in them to ſend for you, but I hope you will come. A reconcilement is impoſſible; and I can gueſs no reaſon why matters are delayed, unleſs it be to gain over ſome lords, who ſtick firm to the *dragon*, and others that are averſe to the *captain* ‡. The duke of *Shrewſbury* declares againſt him in private converſation; I ſuppoſe becauſe he is againſt every chief miniſter, for it is known he has no kindneſs for the *colonel* ‖. Lord *Angleſey* rails at the chancellor, for ſome opinion the attorney and ſollicitor general have given relating to *Ireland*. Who can act, when they have ſo much caprice to deal with?

* This relates to the *Free Thoughts*.
† *Thomas Maddocks*, Eſq;
‡ Lord *Oxford*.
‖ Lord *Bolingbroke*.

Mr. *Lewis* ſays, he will ſpeak to Mr. *Bromley* for his part, and will engage it ſhall be paid as ſoon as lord *Bolingbroke* has given his. But it was mentioned before my lord treaſurer, and he immediately took the whole upon himſelf. If they lived near one another, and a houſe between them was on fire, I fanſy they would contend who ſhould put it out, until the whole ſtreet were burned. Mr. *Lewis* goes into *Wales* the week after next. I ſhall have the whole town to myſelf. Now it is my own, I begin not to value it. *Pope* and *Parnell* tell me, you deſign them a viſit. When do you go? If you are with them in the middle of a week, I ſhould be glad to meet you there. Let me know where you are to be in *Herefordſhire*, and I will ſend you ſome claret. It is no compliment, for I am overſtocked, and it will decay before I drink it. You ſhall have either old or new; I have too much of both.

Pray ſend me the other copy ‖, or put me in a way of recovering the former. I am, *&c.*

‖ Of the *Free Thoughts.*

LET-

LETTER CXLI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Whitehall, July 22, 1714.

I RECEIVED a letter from you laſt *Monday*, for my lord treaſurer, in a blank cover. Laſt *Friday* lord chancellor went into the country, with a deſign to ſtay there till the tenth of *Auguſt*; but laſt *Tueſday* he was ſent for expreſs by lord *Bolingbroke*. Next *Tueſday* the queen goes to *Windſor*. What changes we are to have, will probably appear before ſhe goes. Dr. *Arbuthnott* dines with me to-day, and in the evening we go to *Kenſington*.

LETTER CXLII.

The Duke of ORMOND * to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, July 22, 1714.

I AM very glad to hear from you. I thought you had hid yourſelf from the

* He was appointed lord lieutenant of *Ireland* in the year 1710. He ſucceeded the duke of *Marlborough* in the command of the army, and his ducheſs was lady of the bedchamber.

world

world †, and given over all thoughts of your friends. I am very ſorry for the reaſon of your retirement. I am a witneſs to your endeavours to have made up, what I believe the great man you mention will hardly compaſs. I am of your opinion, that it is ſhameful, that the vacant biſhoprics are not diſpoſed of. I ſhall do all that lies in my power to ſerve the gentlemen that I have already mentioned to the queen, and hope with good ſucceſs.

For the lady you mention ‡, I ſhall endeavour to ſee her as often as I can. She is one, that I have a great eſteem for. I ſend you ſome Burgundy, which I hope you will like. It is very good to cure the ſpleen. Believe me, with great truth, Sir, your moſt affectionate friend, and humble ſervant, ORMOND.

See the letter, to which this is an anſwer, in the volumes juſt publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

† He was now retired into *Buckinghamſhire*.
‡ Lady *Maſham*.

LETTER CXLIII.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 22, 1714.

PRAY ſend me the other copy, and let us have the benefit of it, ſince you have been at the trouble of writing. Unleſs ——* be ſerved againſt his will, it is not like to be done at all; but I think you uſed to take a pleaſure in good offices of that kind; and I hope you won't let the cauſe ſuffer; though I muſt own, in this particular, the perſon who has the management of it does not deſerve any favour. Nothing being left for me at *St. Dunſtan*'s, I ſent to *B*——† for an anſwer to my laſt. He ſays, it is not yet reſtored to him; as ſoon as it is, I ſhall have it. This delay begins to make me think all miniſters are alike; and as ſoon as the *captain* is a colonel, he will act as his predeceſſors have done.

The queen goes to *Windſor* next *Tueſday*, and we expect all matters will be ſettled be-

* 'The blank ſhould probably be filled up with the word *treaſurer*, or *Oxford*.'

† *Barber*.

fore

ſore that time. We have had a report, that my lord privy ſeal is to go out alone; but the learned only laugh at it. The *captain's* ‡ friends think themſelves ſecure; and the *colonel's* ‖ are ſo much of the ſame opinion, that they only drink his health while he is yet alive. However, it is thought he will fall eaſy, with a penſion of four thouſand pounds a year, and a dukedom. Moſt of the ſtaunch tories are pleaſed with the alteration; and the whimſicals pretend, the cauſe of their diſguſt was, becauſe the whigs were too much favoured.

In ſhort, we propoſe very happy days to ourſelves, as long as this reign laſts; and if the uncertain timorous nature of —— does not diſappoint us, we have a very fair proſpect. The *dragon* and his antagoniſt § meet every day at the cabinet. They often eat, and drink, and walk together, as if there was no ſort of diſagreement: and when they part, I hear they give one another ſuch names, as nobody but miniſters of ſtate could bear, without cutting throats. The duke of *Marlborough* is expected here every day. Dr. *Garth* ſays, he only comes

‡ *Bolingbroke.* ‖ *Oxford.* § *Bolingbroke.*

to drink the *Briſtol* waters, for a diabetes. The whigs are making great preparations to receive him. But yeſterday I was offered conſiderable odds, that not one of thoſe, who go out to meet him, will viſit him in half a year. I durſt not lay, tho' I can hardly think it. My lord *Marr* is married to lady *Frances Pierrepoint*; and my lord *Dorcheſter*, her father, is to be married next week to lady *Bel. Bentinck*. Let me know if you go to *Pope*'s, that I may endeavour to meet you there? I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXLIV.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 24, 1714.

WE expected the grand affair would have been done yeſterday, and now every body agrees it will be to-night *. The biſhop of *London*, lord *Bathurſt*, Mr. *Bridges*, Sir *William Wyndham*, and *Campion*, are named for commiſſioners of the treaſury; but I have not ſufficient authority for you to depend upon it. They talk of the duke

* The diſmiſſion of lord *Oxford*.

of

of *Ormond* for our lord lieutenant. I cannot get the pamphlet back †. What ſhall I do? I wiſh you would ſend me the other copy. My lord *Angleſey* goes next *Monday* to *Ireland*. I hear he is only angry with the chancellor, and not at all with the *captain*. I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXLV.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Whitehall, July 24, 1714.

I SAW lord *Harley* this morning. He tells me, that he left you horridly in the dumps. I wiſh you were here; for, after giving a quarter of an hour's vent to our grief for the departure of our Don Quixot ‡, we ſhould recover ourſelves, and receive conſolation from each other. The triumph

† *Free Thoughts.*

‡ Lord *Oxford*, who was juſt at this time diſmiſſed from his employment as firſt miniſter, and immediately ſucceeded by lord *Bolingbroke*. On *Tueſday* the twenty-ſeventh of the ſame month he ſurrendered his ſtaff as lord treaſurer, and on the thirtieth lord *Shrewſbury* was appointed to ſucceed him in that office. See the letter from Mr. *Ford*, dated *July* 31; and an enquiry into the behaviour of the queen's laſt miniſtry, in the volumes publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

of the enemy makes me mad. I feel a ſtrange tenderneſs within myſelf, and ſcarce bear the thoughts of dating letters from this place, when my old friend is out, whoſe fortune I have ſhared for ſo many years. But *fiat voluntas tua.* The damned thing is, we are to do all dirty work. We are to turn out *Monkton* †. And, I hear, we are to paſs the new commiſſion of the treaſury. For God's ſake write to lady *Maſham*, in favour of poor *Thomas* ‡, to preſerve him from ruin. I will ſecond it. I intended to have wrote to you a long letter; but the moment I had turned this page, I had intelligence that the *dragon* had broke out into a fiery paſſion with my lord chancellor ‖, and ſwore a thouſand oaths he would

† *Robert Monckton*, one of the commiſſioners for trade and plantations, who had given information againſt *Arthur Moore*, one of his brother commiſſioners, for accepting a bribe from the *Spaniſh* court, to get the treaty of the commerce continued.

‡ Mr. *Thomas* had been ſecretary under the old commiſſion of the treaſury, and he wrote to the dean, by the ſame poſt, for a recommendation to lady *Maſham*, either to be continued in the ſame office under the new commiſſioners, or to be conſidered in ſome other manner, by way of compenſation. He urges a precedent for this in the caſe of his predeceſſor, who, being removed from his poſt of ſecretary, got the office of comptroller of the lotteries, worth five hundred pounds *per annum*, for thirty-two years.

‖ Lord *Harcourt*.

be

be revenged of him. This impotent, womaniſh behaviour vexes me more than his being out. This laſt ſtroke ſhews, *Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula.* I am determined for the *Bath* on the ſecond or the ninth of *Auguſt* at fartheſt.

LETTER CXLVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER, July 24, 1714.

I SUPPOSE you have received the account of *St. Kilda.* There is an officer there, who is a ſort of *tribunus plebis,* whoſe office it is to repreſent the grievances of the people to the laird of *M'Leod,* who is ſuppoſed to be their oppreſſor. He is bound to contradict the laird, till he gives him three ſtrokes with a can over the head, and then he is at liberty to ſubmit. This I have done, and ſo has your friend *Lewis.* It has been ſaid, that we and the dean were the authors of all that has ſince happened, by keeping the *dragon* in, when there was an offer to lay down. I was told to my face, that what I ſaid in this caſe went for nothing;

thing; that I did not care, if the great perſon's affairs went to entire ruin, ſo I could ſupport the intereſts of the *dragon*. That I did not know the half of his proceedings. Particularly it was ſaid, tho' I am confident it was a miſtake, that he had attempted the removing her from the favour of a great perſon. In ſhort, the fall of the *dragon* does not proceed altogether from his old friend, but from the great perſon, whom I perceive to be highly offended, by little hints that I have received. In ſhort, the *dragon* has been ſo ill uſed, and muſt ſerve upon ſuch terms for the future, if he ſhould, that I ſwear I would not adviſe Turk, Jew, nor infidel, to be in that ſtate. Come up to town, and I can tell you more. I have been but indifferently treated myſelf, by ſomebody at court in ſmall concerns. I can tell who it is. But mum for that. Adieu.

LET-

LETTER CXLVII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

July 27, 1714*.

IF I tell my dear friend the value I put upon his undeſerved friendſhip, it will look like ſuſpecting you or myſelf. Though I have had no power ſince the twenty-fifth of July, 1713 †, I believe now, as a private man, I may prevail to renew your licence of abſence, conditionally you will be preſent with me; for to-morrow morning I ſhall be a private perſon. When I have ſettled my domeſtic affairs here, I go to *Wimple*; thence, alone, to *Hereford*ſhire. If I have not tired you, *tete a tete*, fling away ſo much time upon one, who loves you. And I believe, in the maſs of ſouls ours were

* 'Juſt before the loſs of his ſtaff.'

† 'The earl of *Oxford*, in his *Brief Account of Publick Affairs*, preſented to the queen, on the ninth of *June*, 1714, and publiſhed in the *Report* of the *Secret Committee*, mentions, that he wrote a large letter, dated *July* 25, 1713, to lord *Bolingbroke*, "containing his "ſcheme of the queen's affairs, and what was neceſſary "for lord *Bolingbroke* to do;" which letter was anſwered by that lord, on the twenty-ſeventh of that month.'

placed

placed near each other. I ſend you an imitation of *Dryden*, as I went to *Kenſington*.

To ſerve with love,
And ſhed your blood,
Approved is above.
But here below,
Th' examples ſhew,
'Tis fatal to be good.

LETTER CXLVIII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Whitehall, July 27, 1714.

I HAVE your's of the twenty-fifth. You judge very right; it is not the going out, but the manner, that enrages me. The queen has told all the lords the reaſons of her parting with him, *viz.* that he neglected all buſineſs; that he was ſeldom to be underſtood; that when he did explain himſelf, ſhe could not depend upon the truth of what he ſaid; that he never came to her at the time ſhe appointed; that, laſtly, to crown all, he behaved himſelf towards her with bad manners, indecency, and diſreſpect. *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis.*

I am

I am diſtracted with the thoughts of this, and the pride of the conqueror *. I would give the world I could go out of town to-morrow; but the ſecretary ſaith, I muſt not go till he returns, which will not be till the ſixteenth of *Auguſt*, or perhaps the twenty-third; but I am in hopes I may go towards *Bath* the ſixteenth.

The runners are already employed to go to all the coffee-houſes. They rail to the pit of hell. I am ready to burſt for want of vent. The † ſtick is yet in his hand, becauſe they cannot agree who ſhall be the new commiſſioners. We ſuppoſe the blow will be given to-night, or to-morrow morning. The ſterility of good and able men is incredible. When the matter is over, I will wait upon our ſhe friend ‡. If ſhe receives

* Lord *Bolingbroke*.

† On the night of *Tueſday*, *July* 27, the day on which this letter is dated, a cabinet council was held (after the earl of *Oxford* had reſigned the ſtaff, which he did on that day) to conſult what perſons to be put in commiſſion for the management of the treaſury. The number to be five. Sir *William Wyndham*, chancellor of the exchequer, was to be one; but they could not agree in the choice of the other four. Their debate about the matter laſted till near two o'clock in the morning, at which the queen being preſent, it raiſed a violent agitation in her ſpirits, which affected her head.

‡ Lady *Maſham*.

me

me as uſual, I'll propoſe to her, that I will ſerve where I do, provided I may be countenanced, and at full liberty to pay my duty to all the *Harleian* family in the ſame manner I uſed to do. If that is not allowed me in the utmoſt extent, conſiſtent with my truſt here, I will propoſe an employment in the revenues, or to go out without any thing; for I will not be debarred going to him. If ſhe does not receive me as ſhe uſed to do, I will never go again. I flatter myſelf ſhe will be ſo friendly as to enter into the conſideration of my private circumſtances, and preſerve her old goodneſs to me.

There is no ſeeing the *dragon* till he is out, and then I will know his thoughts about your coming to *Brampton*. I hear he goes out of town inſtantly to *Wimple*, and my lady to *Brampton*; that he will join her there, after a few days ſtay at *Wimple*. Adieu. I am your's, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER CXLIX.

Lady MASHAM* to Dr. SWIFT.

MY GOOD FRIEND, July 29, 1714.

I OWN it looks unkind in me not to thank you, in all this time, for your ſincere kind letter; but I was reſolved to ſtay till I could tell you the queen had got ſo far the better of the *dragon*, as to take her power out of his hands. He has been the moſt ungrateful man to her, and to all his beſt friends, that ever was born. I cannot have ſo much time now to write all my mind, becauſe my dear miſtreſs is not well, and I think I may lay her illneſs to the charge of the treaſurer, who, for three weeks together, was teazing and vexing her without intermiſſion, and ſhe could not get rid of him till *Tueſday* laſt. I muſt put you in mind of one paſſage in your letter to me, which is, *I pray God ſend you wiſe and faithful friends to adviſe you at this time*,

* This lady's name was *Hill*. She was bedchamber-woman to the queen, and, in conjunction with Mr. *Harley*, afterwards earl of *Oxford*, brought about the change in the miniſtry. See the note to a letter from lord and lady *Maſham*, dated *April* 17, 1733.

when there are ſo great difficulties to ſtruggle with. That is very plain and true; therefore will you, who have gone through ſo much, and taken more pains than any body, and given wiſe advice (if that wretched man had had ſenſe enough and honeſty to have taken it); I ſay, will you leave us, and go into *Ireland?* No, it is impoſſible; your goodneſs is ſtill the ſame, your charity and compaſſion for this poor lady, who has been barbarouſly uſed, won't let you do it. I know you take delight to help the diſtreſſed; and there cannot be a greater object than this good lady, who deſerves pity. Pray, dear friend, ſtay here; and don't believe us all alike, to throw away good advice, and deſpiſe every body's underſtanding but their own. I could ſay a great deal upon the ſubject, but I muſt go to her, for ſhe is not well. This comes to you by a ſafe hand, ſo that neither of us need be in any pain about it.

My lord and brother are in the country. My ſiſter and girls are your humble ſervants.

LET-

LETTER CL.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, July 29, 1714.

I HAVE your's of the twenty-ſeventh. I write this in the morning, for I go in the evening to *Kenſington*. If I am well received, I will continue my homage; if not, they ſhall hear of me no more. Where ſhall I write to you again? for I cannot ſtir from hence till the ſixteenth of *Auguſt* at ſooneſt. Nothing could pleaſe me more than to paſs a few months with you at *Abercathy* *; but I am yet uncertain whether I ſhall go there at all. All I am ſure of is, that I will go out of town to ſome place for ſome time; firſt to the *Bath*, for I can't bear ſtaying in this room. I want phyſic to help my digeſtion of theſe things, though the 'ſquire † is kinder to me than before. I am not mortified at what you tell me of *Mercurialis*; only I would know, whether any diſreſpectful conduct of mine has brought it upon

* 'In *Caermarthenſhire*, of which county Mr. *Lewis* was a native.'

† '*William Bromley*, Eſq; ſecretary of ſtate.'

me;

me; or whether it is only a general diſlike of me, becauſe I am not a man of parts, or becauſe I am in other intereſts. They would not give the *dragon* the leaſt quarter, excepting only a penſion, if he will work journey-work by the quarter. I have long thought his parts accuſed, and am more of that opinion than ever. The new commiſſion is not yet named. Would not the world have roared againſt the *dragon* for ſuch a thing? *Mercurialis* entertained *Stanhope*, *Craggs*, *Pulteney*, and *Walpole*. What if the *dragon* had done ſo? The duke of *Somerſet* dines to-day with the fraternity, at *Greenwich*, with *Withers*. Nobody goes out with the *dragon*; but many will ſit very looſe. Some ſay, the new men will be *Lexington*, *Wyndham*, *Strangeways*, Sir *John Stonehouſe*, and *Campion*.

LETTER CLI.

Mr. JOHN BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, July 31, 1714. Paſt Six at Night.

I AM heartily ſorry I ſhould be the meſſenger of ſo ill news, as to tell you the queen

queen is dead, or dying: if alive, 'tis ſaid, ſhe can't live till morning. You may eaſily imagine the confuſion we are all in on this ſad occaſion. I had ſet out yeſterday to wait on you, but for this ſad accident, and ſhould have brought letters from lord *Bolingbroke*, and lady *Maſham*, to have prevented your going. Pray don't go, for I will come to you when I ſee how things ſtand. My lord *Shrewſbury* is made lord treaſurer, and every thing is ready for the proclaiming the duke of *Brunſwick* king of *England*. The parliament will ſit to-morrow, and chuſe a new ſpeaker, for Sir *Thomas* * is in *Wales*.

For God's ſake don't go; but either come to *London*, or ſtay till I come to you. I am, *&c.*

LETTER CLII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Kenſington, Saturday, July 31, 1714. Six in the Evening.

AT the time I am writing, the breath is ſaid to be in the queen's noſtrils; but

* 'Hanmer.'

that is all. No hope left of her recovery. Lord *Oxford* is in council; ſo are the whigs. We expect the demiſe to-night. There is a proſpect, that the elector will meet with no oppoſition; the *French* having no fleet, nor being able to put one out ſoon. Lady *Maſham* did receive me kindly. Poor woman, I heartily pity her. Now is not the *dragon* born under a happy planet, to be out of the ſcrape? Dr. *Arbuthnott* thinks you ſhould come up. You will not wonder, if all my country reſolutions are in ſuſpenſe. Pray come up, to ſee how things go.

LETTER CLIII.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 31, 1714. Three in the Afternoon.

I DON'T doubt but you have heard the queen is dead, and perhaps we may be ſo unfortunate before this comes to you; but at preſent ſhe is alive, and much better than could have been expected. I am juſt come from *Kenſington*, where I have almoſt ſpent theſe two whole days. I am in great haſte; but, till dinner comes up, I will write

write to you, and give you as full an account as I can of her illneſs.

Her diſorder began between eight and nine yeſterday morning. The doctors ordered her head to be ſhaved; and while it was doing, ſhe fell into a fit of the convulſion, or, as they thought, an apoplexy. This laſted near two hours, and ſhe was ſpeechleſs, and ſhewed little ſign of life during that time; but came to herſelf upon being blooded.

As ſoon as ſhe recovered, my lord *Bolingbroke* went to her, and told her the privy-council was of opinion, it would be for the public ſervice to have the duke of *Shrewsbury* made lord treaſurer. She immediately conſented, and gave the ſtaff into the duke's hands. The great ſeal was put to the patent by four o'clock. She continued ill the whole day. In the evening I ſpoke to Dr. *Arbuthnott*, and he told me, he did not think her diſtemper was deſperate. *Radcliffe* was ſent for to *Carſhalton* about noon, by order of council; but ſaid he had taken phyſic, and could not come. In all probability he had ſaved her life, for I am told the late lord *Gower* had been often in the

ſame condition with the gout in his head; and *Radcliffe* kept him alive many years after *. This morning, when I went there

* In the account, that is given of Dr. *Radcliffe*, in the *Biographia Britannica*, it is ſaid, that the queen was *ſtruck with death the twenty-eighth of July*: that Dr. *Radcliffe*'s name was not once mentioned, either by the queen or *any lord of the council*; only, that lady *Maſham* ſent to him, without their knowledge, *two hours before the queen's death*. In this letter from Mr. *Ford* to dean *Swift*, which is dated the thirty-firſt of *July*, it is ſaid, that the queen's diſorder began between eight and nine *the morning before*, which was the *thirtieth*; and that about noon, *the ſame day*, *Radcliffe* was ſent for by *an order of council*. Theſe accounts being contradictory, the reader will, probably, want ſome aſſiſtance to determine what were the facts. As to the time when the queen was taken ill, Mr. *Ford*'s account is moſt likely to be true, as he was upon the ſpot, and in a ſituation, which inſured him the beſt intelligence. As to the time when the doctor was ſent for, the account in the *Biographia* is manifeſtly falſe; for if the doctor had been ſent for only two hours before the queen's death, which happened inconteſtibly on the firſt of *Auguſt*, Mr. *Ford* could not have mentioned the fact on the thirty-firſt of *July*, when his letter was dated. Whether *Radcliffe* was ſent for by lady *Maſham*, or by order of council, is therefore the only point to be determined. That he was generally reported to have been ſent for by order of council, is certain; but a letter is printed in the *Biographia*, ſaid to have been written by the doctor to one of his friends, which, ſuppoſing it to be genuine, will prove, that the doctor maintained the contrary. On the fifth of *Auguſt*, four days after the queen's death, a member of the houſe of commons, a friend of the doctor's, who was alſo a member, and one who always voted on the ſame ſide, moved, that he might be ſummoned to attend in his place, in order to be cenſured for not attending on her majeſty. Upon this occaſion the doctor is ſaid to have written the following letter to another of his friends.

Dear

before nine, they told me ſhe was juſt expiring. That account continued above three

Dear Sir, *Carſhalton, Auguſt* 7, 1714.

I Could not have thought, that ſo old an acquaintance, and ſo good a friend, as Sir *J*——*n* always profeſſed himſelf, would have made ſuch a motion againſt me. God knows my will to do her majeſty any ſervice has ever got the ſtart of my ability; and I have nothing, that gives me greater anxiety and trouble, than the death of that great and glorious princeſs. I muſt do that juſtice to the phyſicians, that attended her in her illneſs, from a ſight of the method, that was taken for her preſervation by Dr. *Mead*, as to declare nothing was omitted for her preſervation; but the people about her, the plagues of *Egypt* fall on them, put it out of the power of phyſic to be of any benefit to her. I know the nature of attending crowned heads, in their laſt moments, too well to be fond of waiting upon them, *without being ſent for by a proper authority*. You have heard of pardons being ſigned for phyſicians, before a ſovereign's demiſe: however, ill as I was, I would have went to the queen in a horſe-litter, had either *her majeſty*, or *thoſe in commiſſion next to her*, commanded me ſo to do. You may tell Sir *J*——*n* as much, and aſſure him, from me, that his zeal for her majeſty will not excuſe his ill uſage of a friend, who has drank many a hundred bottles with him; and cannot, even after this breach of a good underſtanding, that ever was preſerved between us, but have a very good eſteem for him. I muſt alſo deſire you to thank *Tom Chapman* for his ſpeech in my behalf, ſince I hear it is the firſt he ever made, which is taken more kindly; and to acquaint him, that I ſhould be glad to ſee him at *Carſhalton*, ſince I fear (for ſo the gout tells me) that we ſhall never more ſit in the houſe of commons together. I am, &c.

JOHN RADCLIFFE.

But whatever credit may now be paid to this letter, or however it may now be thought to juſtify the doctor's

hours, and a report was carried to town, that ſhe was actually dead. She was not prayed for, even at her own chapel at *St. James*'s; and, what is more infamous, ſtocks aroſe three *per cent.* upon it in the city. Before I came away, ſhe had recovered a warmth in her breaſt and one of her arms, and all the doctors agreed, ſhe would in all probability hold out till to-morrow,

refuſal to attend her majeſty, he became, at that time, ſo much the object of popular reſentment, that he was apprehenſive of being aſſaſſinated; as appears by the following letter, directed to Dr. *Mead*, at *Child*'s coffee-houſe, in *St. Paul*'s *Church-yard*.

Dear Sir, *Carſhalton, Auguſt* 3, 1714.

I Give you, and your brother, many thanks for the favour you intend me to-morrow; and if there is any other friend, that will be agreeable to you, he ſhall meet with a hearty welcome from me. Dinner ſhall be on the table by two, when you may be ſure to find me ready to wait upon you. Nor ſhall I be at any other time from home, becauſe I have received ſeveral letters, which threaten me with being pulled to pieces, if ever I come to *London*. After ſuch menaces as theſe, 'tis eaſy to imagine, that the converſation of two ſuch very good friends is not only extremely deſireable, but the enjoyment of it will be a great happineſs and ſatisfaction to him, who is, *&c.* JOHN RADCLIFFE.

Radcliffe died on the firſt of *November* the ſame year, having ſurvived the queen juſt three months; and it is ſaid, that the dread he had of the populace, and the want of company in the country village, which he did not dare to leave, ſhortened his life. He was juſt ſixty-four years old.

except

except *Mead*, who pronounced, ſeveral hours before, ſhe could not live two minutes, and ſeems uneaſy it did not happen ſo. I did not care to talk much to *Arbuthnott*, becauſe I heard him cautious in his anſwers to other people; but, by his manner, I fanſy he does not yet abſolutely deſpair. The council ſat yeſterday all day and night, taking it by turns to go out and refreſh themſelves. They have now adjourned, upon what the doctors ſaid, till five. Laſt night the ſpeaker and my lord chief juſtice *Parker* were ſent for, and the troops from *Flanders*. This morning the *Hanoverian* envoy was ordered to attend with the black box*, and the heralds to be in readineſs to proclaim the new king. Some of the whigs were at the council yeſterday, but not one failed to-day; and moſt of the members of that party, in each houſe, are already come to town. If any change happens before the poſt goes out, I will ſend you word in a poſtſcript; and you may conclude her alive, if you hear no

* 'Containing the inſtrument nominating the perſons, in number thirteen, to be added as lords juſtices to the ſeven great officers of the realm.'

more from me, and have no better authority than poſt-letters to inform you of the contrary. For God's ſake don't think of removing from the place where you are, till matters are a little ſettled. *Ireland* is the laſt retreat you ought to think of; but you can never be better than you are now, till we ſee how things go.

I had your's with the printed pamphlet, as well as the other, and ſhould have ſent it away to-morrow. Pray let me hear from you.

Have you had all mine? I have failed you but one poſt (I think it was the laſt) for a fortnight, or more.

Eleven at Night.

The queen is ſomething better, and the council again adjourned till eight in the morning.

LETTER CLIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Miſs VANHOMRIGH.

Auguſt 1, 1714.

WHO told you I was going to *Bath*? No ſuch thing. But poor lord *Oxford* deſires I will go with him to *Herefordſhire*; and

and I only expect his anſwer, whether I ſhall go there before, or meet him hereabouts, or go to *Wimple*, (his ſon's houſe) and ſo with him down: and I expect to leave this place in two or three days, one way or other. I will ſtay with him till the parliament meets again, if he deſires it. I am not of your opinion about lord *Bolingbroke*; perhaps he may get the ſtaff: but I cannot rely on his love to me. He knew I had a mind to be hiſtoriographer, though I valued it not, but for the public ſervice; yet it is gone to a worthleſs rogue, that no body knows †. I am wrote to earneſtly by ſomebody, to come to town, and join with thoſe people now in power; but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but gueſs the perſon. I told lord *Oxford*, I would go with him, when he was out; and now he begs it of me, I cannot refuſe

† He preſented a memorial to the queen on the 15th of *April*, 1714. humbly deſiring her majeſty to appoint him hiſtoriographer; which does not ſeem to agree with his declaration in his letter to *Pope*, dated 10th *Jan.* 1721. that "this place was deſigned him, but that as it was at the diſpoſal of a perſon, who had not the ſmalleſt ſhare of ſteadineſs or ſincerity, he diſdained to accept it." See the memorial, in the volumes publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift*. See alſo Dr. *Arbuthnott*'s letter of *July* 17, 1714.

him.

him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a miniſter of ſtate; but you know his perſonal kindneſs to me was exceſſive. He diſtinguiſhed and choſe me above all other men, while he was great; and his letter to me, the other day, was the moſt moving imaginable. When I am fixed any where, perhaps I may be ſo gracious to let you know; but I will not promiſe. Adieu.

LETTER CLV.

Mr. JOHN BIRCH to Dr. SWIFT.

MR. DEAN! Wantage, one o'clock, Aug. 1, 1714.

AT twelve a clock lord *Bolingbroke's* man rid through *Wantage*, to call Mr. *Packer* to *London*, the queen being dead. I am confounded at the melancholy news; yet could not forbear ſending it to you. Your truly humble ſervant,

J°. BIRCH.

To the Reverend the dean of St. *Patrick's*, *Letcomb*.

LET-

LETTER CLVI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN, Auguſt 3, 1714.

THE earl of *Oxford* was removed on *Tueſday*; the queen died on *Sunday*. What a world is this; and how does fortune banter us? *John Barber** tells me, you have ſet your face towards *Ireland*. Pray don't go. I am againſt it. But that is nothing; *John* is againſt it. *Ireland* will be the ſcene of ſome diſorder, at leaſt it will be the ſcene of mortification to your friends. Here every thing is quiet, and will continue ſo. Beſides which, as proſperity divided, misfortune may perhaps in ſome degree unite us. The tories ſeem to reſolve not to be cruſhed; and that is enough to prevent them from being ſo. *Pope* has ſent me a letter from *Gay:* being learned in geography, he took *Binfield*† to

* Afterwards alderman, and choſen lord-mayor in *September* 1732. In 1733, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the oppoſition to what was called the *Exciſe Scheme*.

† 'A village where Mr. *Pope*'s father lived, and whence ſeveral of Mr. *Pope*'s letters were written. It is in *Windſor-foreſt*, and lies in *Berkſhire*.'

be

be the ready way from *Hanover* to *Whitehall*. Adieu. But come to *London*, if you ſtay, no longer than a fortnight. Ever your's, dear *Jonathan*, moſt ſincerely.

I have loſt all by the death of the queen, but my ſpirit; and I proteſt to you, I feel that increaſe upon me. The whigs are a pack of *Jacobites*; that ſhall be the cry in a month, if you pleaſe.

LETTER CLVII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Tueſday, Auguſt 3d, 1714.

I AM overwhelmed with buſineſs, and therefore have only time to tell you, I received your's of *Auguſt* the 1ſt, and think you ſhould come to town, to ſee how the world goes: for all old ſchemes, deſigns, projects, journies, *&c.* are broke, by this great event. We are ill prognoſticators. Every thing goes on with a tranquillity we dur'ſt not hope for. Earl *Berkeley* commands the fleet. Lord *Dorſet* compliments the king. The duke of *Bolton*, lord-lieutenant of *Southampton*. *Addiſon*, ſecretary to the regents.

LET-

LETTER CLVIII.

Mr. JOHN BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR, Auguſt 3d, 1714.

YOU may eaſily imagine the concern we were all in at the ſudden ſurpriſe of the queen's death. I have hardly recovered it yet. Lord *Bolingbroke* told me laſt *Friday*, that he would reconcile you to lady *Somerſet* *, and then it would be eaſy to ſet you right with the queen, and that you ſhould be made eaſy here, and not go over. He ſaid twenty things in your favour, and commanded me to bring you up, whatever was the conſequence. He ſaid further, he would make clear work with them. But all vaniſhed in a minute; and he is now threatened and abuſed every day by the

* We are told in the life of *Swift*, prefixed to *Bathurſt*'s edition of his works, that before his acquaintance with lord *Oxford*, a biſhopric was intended for him by the queen; but that archbiſhop *Sharp*, and *a certain great lady*, having miſrepreſented his principles and character, her majeſty gave it to another. The ducheſs of *Somerſet* was this certain great lady. She was firſt lady of the bed-chamber, and lady of the robes. See an account of her interpoſing between her majeſty's favour and the dean, with her motive, in Vol. XIV. of *Swift*'s works, 8vo. edition.

party,

party, who publicly rejoice, and ſwear, they will turn out every tory in *England*.

Incloſed you have a letter from my lord; he deſires you would come up, and be any where *incognito*.

The earl of *Berkely* is to command the fleet to fetch over the king, and the duke of *Argyle* is to go to *Scotland*. I ſend you the liſt of twenty-five kings †. Poor lady *Maſham* is almoſt dead with grief.

The parliament meets to-morrow, which will hinder me from coming down for three or four days; but if you reſolve to ſtay in the country farther, I will certainly come down; for I muſt needs ſee you. Pray favour me with a line. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant. Pray come up.

When my lord gave me the letter, he ſaid, he hoped you would come up, and help to ſave the conſtitution, which, with a little good management, might be kept in tory hands.

† The lords of the regency.

LET-

LETTER CLIX.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Doctor SWIFT.

London, Auguſt 5th, 1714.

I HAVE writ to *Dawſon* for a licence of abſence for you; but you know you muſt take the oaths in *Ireland* within three months. There are a great many here in the ſame circumſtances; and, in all probability, ſome of them will deſire an act of parliament to have leave to do it here. In that caſe, it will be no difficult matter to have you included. Mr. *Lewis* tells me, he wrote to you to come up to town, and I ſee no reaſon why you ſhould not. All matters go on very quiet, and we are not apprehenſive of any diſturbances. Stocks never roſe ſo much in ſo few days. This is imputed to the hatred of the old treaſurer, and the popularity of the new one. The whigs were not in the council when he was recommended. Lord *Bolingbroke* propoſed it there, as well as to the queen; and, I hope, they two are upon very good terms, though Mr. *Lewis* ſeems poſitive of

the contrary. I never heard of any pique the duke had to him, but that he was to be chief miniſter: and that being at an end, why may not they be reconciled? The *dragon* was thought to ſhew more joy upon proclaiming the king, than was conſiſtent with the obligations he had received from ——. He was hiſſed all the way by the mob, and ſome of them threw halters into his coach. This was not the effect of party; for the duke of *Ormond* was huzza'd throughout the whole city, and was followed by a vaſt crowd to his own houſe, though he uſed all poſſible endeavours to prevent it. There was an attempt to affront the *captain* in the cavalcade, but it did not ſucceed; and though a few hiſſed, the acclamations immediately drowned the noiſe. Not a ſingle man ſhewed the leaſt reſpect to the *colonel*; and laſt night my lord *Bingley* * was beaten, by miſtake, coming out of his houſe. I doubt he has diſobliged both ſides ſo much, that neither will ever own him; and his enemies tell ſtories of him, that I ſhall not believe till I find you allow them.

* 'Who had been appointed ambaſſador extraordinary to the court of *Spain*, in the room of lord *Lexington*, in *December* 1713.'

The lords juſtices made a ſpeech to the parliament to-day. If it comes out time enough, I will ſend it you; but I hear it only contains their proceedings upon the queen's death; that they have yet received no directions from the king, and to deſire the commons to continue the funds, which are expired. I am told, our regents are already divided into four parties. The greateſt uſe they have made yet of their power, is to appoint my lord *Berkley* to command the fleet, which is to bring over the king, and to make the duke of *Bolton* lord lieutenant of *Hampſhire*.

I ſend you a *Gazette**, though I am aſhamed to have it ſeen. I had writ a great deal more of the queen's illneſs, an account of her birth *&c.* but I could not find out Mr. *Lewis*, and had nobody to conſult with, and therefore choſe rather to ſay too little, than any thing I doubted might be improper. Yeſterday the duke of *Marlborough* made his public entry thro' the city: firſt, came about two hundred horſemen, three in a row, then a company of train-bands, with drums, *&c.* his own chariot with him-

* He was gazetteer.

ſelf, then his ducheſs, followed by ſixteen coaches with ſix horſes, and between thirty and forty with two horſes. There was no great mob when he paſſed through the *Pall-Mall*, but there was in the city: and he was hiſſed by more than huzza'd. At *Temple-bar*, I am aſſured, the noiſe of hiſſing was loudeſt, though they had prepared their friends to receive him, and the gathering of others was only accidental. You may gueſs how great a favourite he is, by ſome old ſtories of his behaviour at the camp, when —— was there, and afterwards at *Hanover*; and by the ſhare he and his family have in the regency. But to be ſure, this diſcreet action will endear him more than any ſubject in *England*. We had bonfires, *&c.* at night. From the liſt of the lords juſtices, and ſome other things, we imagine to ourſelves there will not be many changes, but that the vacancies for ſome time will be filled up with whigs.

What I blotted out in my laſt, was ſomething, that paſſed between the *captain* and *Barber*, relating to you. After I had writ, they told me all letters would be opened, which made me blot out that paſſage. *Barber* ſays, he gave you ſome account of it, though

though not a full one. I really believe lord *Bolingbroke* was very ſincere in the profeſſions he made of you, and he could have done any thing. No miniſter was ever in that height of favour; and lady *Maſham* was, at leaſt, in as much credit, as ſhe had been in any time of her life. But theſe are melancholy reflections. Pray ſend me your poem *, *Hoc erat*, &c. or bring it up yourſelf. *Barber* told me, he had been ſeveral hours with the *captain*, upon a thing, that ſhould have come out, but was now at an end †. He did not tell what it was; and I would not aſk many queſtions, for fear of giving him ſuſpicion.

LETTER CLX.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Whitehall, Auguſt 7, 1714.

IT is true you have nothing to do here; but what have you to do any where elſe till you go to *Ireland*, where you muſt in-

* This poem is an imitation of part of the ſixth ſatire of the ſecond book of *Horace*, and is printed in vol. VI. of *Bathurſt*'s 8vo. edition of 1754, p. 55.

I often wiſh'd, that I had clear,
For life, ſix hundred pounds a year, &c.

† *Free Thoughts.*

deed be before three months end, in order to qualify yourſelf? The law requires it, as much as if your deanry was but now conferred upon you.

Arbuthnott is removed to *Chelſea*, and will ſettle there. The town fills every moment. We are as full in the houſe of commons as at any time. We are gaping and ſtaring to ſee who is to rule us. The whigs think they ſhall engroſs all. We think we ſhall have our ſhare. In the mean time we have no diviſion at council, or in parliament. I ſent twice to *Kenſington*, to enquire after lady *Maſham*'s health: Next week I will go to ſee her, and will keep up my acquaintance, in all events, if ſhe thinks fit. I will ſtay here till our commiſſion is either renewed to us, or given to another. I am, your's, *&c.*

LETTER CLXI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Whitehall, Auguſt 10, 1714.

I NEVER differed from you, in my opinion, in any point ſo much, as in your propoſal

propoſal to accommodate matters between the *dragon* and his *quondam* friends. I will venture to go ſo far with you, as to ſay he contributed to his own diſgrace, by his petiteſſes, more than they did, or ever had it in their power to do. But ſince they would admit of no terms of accommodation, when he offered to ſerve them in their own way, I had rather ſee his dead carcaſe, than that he ſhould now tamely ſubmit to thoſe, who have loaded him with all the obloquy malice could ſuggeſt, and tongues utter. Have not *Charteris**, *Brinſden* †, and all the runners, been employed to call him dog, villain, ſot, and worthleſs? And ſhall he, after this, join them? To what end? I have great tenderneſs for lady ——— ‡, and think her beſt way is to retire, and enjoy the comforts of a domeſtic life. But ſure the earth has not produced ſuch

* The celebrated colonel *Charteris*, whoſe character and epitaph may be found in the works of Mr. *Pope*.

† 'He is ſaid, by Mr. *Boyer*, *Political State*, vol. iii. for *January*, 1711-12, p. 52, to have been an occuliſt, and a private agent of lord *Bolingbroke*; and to have been employed by the government in *January*, 1711-12, to attend on prince *Eugene*, when his highneſs arrived in *England* in the beginning of that month.'

‡ *Maſham*.

monſters as *Mercurialis* ‖, and his companion §, and the prelate ✝. The laſt openly avows he never had obligations to the *dragon*, loads him with ten thouſand crimes; tho' his greateſt, in reality, was preferring him. But to come out of this rant; What ſhould they be friends for? *Cui bono?* Are we in a dream? Is the queen alive again? Can the lady * hereafter make any figure, but be a *perſona muta* in a drama? If the *dragon* declares againſt the man of *mercury*, he may ſtrike in with the *tertium quid*, that will probably ariſe; but with him he can never be otherwiſe than ſpurned and hated. The natural reſult of this is, that however I may, for my private ſatisfaction, deſire to ſee you here, I cannot but think you ſhould go to *Ireland* to qualify yourſelf, and then return hither, when the chaos will be jumbled into ſome kind of order. If the king keeps ſome tories in employment, the notion of whig and tory will be loſt; but that of court and country will ariſe †. The

‖ Lord *Bolingbroke.*

§ 'Probably the lord chancellor *Harcourt.*'

✝ The biſhop of *Rocheſter.*

* Lady *Maſham.*

† This is a remarkable prediction, which we have ſeen fulfilled.

regency

regency has declared in favour of the whigs in *Ireland*. I believe Mr. *Thomas* will ſtand his ground. We ſhall be diſſolved as ſoon as we have ſettled the civil liſt. We have no appearance, that any attempt will be formed by the pretender.

LETTER CLXII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Auguſt the 11th, 1714.

I SWEAR I did not imagine, that you could have held out through two pages, even of ſmall paper, in ſo grave a ſtile. Your ſtate of late paſſages is right enough. I reflect upon them with indignation, and ſhall never forgive myſelf for having truſted ſo long to ſo much real pride and aukward humility; to an air of ſuch familiar friendſhip, and a heart ſo void of all tenderneſs; to ſuch a temper of engroſſing buſineſs and power, and ſo perfect an incapacity to manage one, with ſuch a tyrannical diſpoſition to abuſe the other, *&c.* ‡

‡ He means lord *Oxford.*

But

But enough of this, I cannot load him as k——, without fixing fool on myſelf.

For you I have a moſt ſincere and warm affection, and in every part of my life will ſhew it. Go into *Ireland*, ſince it muſt be ſo, to ſwear*, and come back into *Britain* to bleſs me, and thoſe few friends, who will enjoy you.

Johannes Tonſor † brings you this. From him you will hear what is doing. Adieu, love me, and love me the better, becauſe after a greater blow than moſt men ever felt, I keep up my ſpirit; am neither dejected at what has paſſed, nor apprehenſive of what is to come. *Mea virtute me involvo.*

* 'That is, to take the oaths to the government on king *George*'s acceſſion to the throne.'

† *John Barber.*

END OF VOL. I.

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